

Canadian Bookman

With which is Incorporated The Canadian Bookseller and Library Journal

VOL. I, No. 2

TORONTO, APRIL 1, 1915

PRICE 10 CENTS
\$1.00 per Annum

Subscription

Canada, \$1; United States, \$1.50; Great Britain and Colonies, 4s. 6d.; elsewhere, 6s.

Published Monthly

Office—12-14 Sheppard Street, Toronto.

Editorial Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to the Editor, 12-14 Sheppard Street, Toronto.

Notes and Trade News of General Interest to The Manager, 12-14 Sheppard Street, Toronto.

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Notes and Comments

That the first number of our new series fills a long-felt want in literary circles is evidenced by the spontaneous expressions of goodwill and encouragement that have reached the Editor from readers all over the Dominion. These letters are cherished not only for the promises of support they convey, but also and much more for the assurance they bring of the awakening of the national consciousness in our midst—a growing national pride in the development and success of Canadian undertakings, of which the “Made-in-Canada” movement is but one among many of the outward and visible signs. The material prosperity of our country is assured. Of that no one expresses any doubt. The willingness and ability of the Dominion to lend substantial aid to the Motherland in the hour of trial has been attested in South Africa and on the bloody fields of Flanders and France. Our place among the self-governing nations of the Empire is no longer questioned. It has been won by men of great force of character, and above all by men of large vision and undying faith in the destiny of Canada. In the popular mind, however, the greatness of Canada has been associated almost exclusively with material progress. In the higher regions of thought and culture there has been a tendency to regard Canada as dependent upon external influences. There has been a depressing indifference regarding the internal forces that shape the course of national life. In regard to literature and the arts there is a dull acquiescence in the popular belief that nothing good can come out of Canada. In “The Year Book of Canadian Art—1913” (J. M. Dent & Sons), Miss Marjory MacMurchy, in an article on “Fiction,” writes: “The truth seems to be that Canadians have little gift for writing fiction. In writing verse the contrary is true.” To this she adds:

“These are splendid days to live and work in Canada but the great novel is not yet.” No country offers such a field for the imagination of the artist, painter, novelist or dramatist, as Canada. There must be something radically wrong when a country with such a background—the background of the Old as well as the New World—fails to produce a succession of front-rank novelists and dramatists. Canada is not behind any country in the world in the opportunities she presents, in the history of her rise and progress, to authors of real genius.

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The change of title from *The Canadian Bookseller* to *The Canadian Bookman* will be appreciated by a wide circle of readers. This is not in any sense a trade journal, and the change of title expresses the keen desire of the Editor and promoters to make it an independent literary review for the use of the bookbuyer. Anything which helps to stimulate a taste for reading must of necessity be a benefit to publishers, but *The Canadian Bookman* appeals to the wider constituency of ardent booklovers who, hitherto, have had no distinctively Canadian magazine to minister to their long-felt needs. The letters that have been received indicate the hold which this monthly literary review already has among men qualified to measure its worth in the life of Canada. New features will be added from time to time as circumstances warrant, and the reader is invited to co-operate with the Editor in any suggestions for improvement that may appear desirable. The change in title has been accompanied by a change in the form of *The Canadian Bookman* which adds greatly to its attractiveness as a literary journal. Our sole desire is to minister to the needs of our own times by supplying a journal where men and women of literary tastes may keep in touch with the world of literature.

*

On April 5 and 6 the Fifteenth Annual Meeting of the Ontario Library Association will be held at the Reference Library, Toronto. The chief topic of interest centres around “Canadiana.” The addresses and papers are bound to be of great interest to all our readers and in our next number we shall deal very fully with the various subjects under discussion. One of the most important matters to be discussed will be introduced by the evening speaker, Mr. Peter McArthur. His theme “The Rural Library” deserves the most serious consideration at the hands of the Association and there is no one more competent to lead in the discussion than the selected speaker. The back-to-the-land movement is bound up with a demand for brighter social conditions in the rural districts. Sir Donald Mann, speaking in Toronto recently, voiced the

opinions of the agricultural communities when, as one who had been brought up on an Ontario farm, he urged the necessity for a more intelligent and sympathetic handling of the problem of how to keep the young people on the land. Among the chief attractions of the alluring city Sir Donald places public libraries and anyone who reads the latest report of the Toronto Public Library will understand what a good library means to young people. The Governments can do much to improve social life in rural Canada, and in addition to providing the farmer with more primary markets and better credit facilities should not neglect the intellectual and spiritual side. The provision of good rural libraries would go far to brighten the lives of the rural inhabitants. If the boy or girl is to be kept on the land the city must be brought to the country. The demand for rural libraries is not only reasonable, but one which it will pay the Provincial Governments to carry into effect. We shall look forward with considerable interest to the discussion on "The Rural Library" and to the practical results that may follow.

*

No one familiar with his Byron, an English writer points out, need be reminded that the Gallipoli Peninsula, across which the Allies are bombarding the Dardanelles from the Gulf of Saros, is identical with the Thracian Chersonese of classical geography—by pre-eminence, "the Chersonese" simply. There reigned Miltiades, in the earlier days of the Greco-Persian War—in his private capacity a plain citizen of the Athenian Republic, in his public capacity the "tyrant" (i.e., autocratic ruler) or the Chersonese. The advance of the Persians drove him home to Athens, where, in command of the army, he overthrew the invader on the bloody field of Marathon and saved Europe from Asiatic subjugation.

The tyrant of the Chersonese

Was Freedom's best and bravest friend.

That tyrant was Miltiades.

O that the present hour could send
Another tyrant of the kind!

Such chains as his were sure to bind.

*

The death is announced of Mr. Frank Bullen, the well-known writer of sea stories. He was a visitor to Canada a few summers ago. He served for years before the mast. There are plenty of men who have had interesting experiences and cannot write of them, while there are those who can write and have to take their information second-hand. In Frank Bullen the combination of these two qualifications resulted in books that will be popular for many years to come.

*

A writer in *The London Nation* says of the late Miss Braddon:

"I have heard her praised by a novelist who rather prides himself on his artistic conscience, and I have also been present when a group of Georgian young men, who in the days before the war did not balk at Futurism, were not ashamed to confess their

liking for her work. The truth is that, like Alexandre Dumas, she was a born story-teller, and she told her tales with so much zest that the reader never thinks of applying critical standards. Her plots are all ingenious and carefully constructed. As to which of her three score and ten novels ought to be placed first, I find great difference of opinion, though "Ishmael" and "Joshua Haggard's Daughter" would each get a large number of votes. People who care for literary anniversaries may like to be reminded that the year of Miss Braddon's birth—that of the accession of Queen Victoria—saw the publication of Carlyle's "French Revolution," Lockhart's "Life of Scott," Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella," and Dickens' "Pickwick," while in the same year Cruikshank was at work on the illustrations to "Oliver Twist."

*

That eminently pastoral poet, Wordsworth, is still a favorite among the contributors to England's outburst of war poetry, says *The New York Times*. His popularity in such a role, notwithstanding the place that he holds in our minds as the poet of nature, of philosophic reflection, is really natural enough. Like others of the poets of his day, the great historical crisis of the period furnished material for profound thought and inspiration. The French Revolution was a memory from his youth; the wars of Napoleon became the bitter experience of middle age. Hence, there was an abundant reason for the "Napoleonic Sonnets." In the great mass of poetry, and of such varying excellence, left by Wordsworth, the latter have come dangerously near oblivion. They are not characteristic of the poet, and they have belonged apparently to the literature of a rapidly receding epoch. As these sonnets are revived in the light of the present war they seem to be singularly appropriate in a number of instances, although far from equal in eloquence and inspiration.

*

The visit of Dr. Sarolea, the famous Belgian Consul, and author of "How Belgium Saved Europe," brought home to many Canadians the gravity of the war in its effects upon European countries ploughed by the gun-carriages of contending armies. Dr. Sarolea made a most favorable impression upon all who heard him, and the emphasis he laid in his speeches on the future of Belgium—his careful avoidance of exaggerated appeals to public sympathy regarding the horrors of war as he found it in his native land—added weight to his utterances.

HEROES

(From *The Toronto Globe*)

A heaven for all heroes there must be

Who have attained the goal through blood and fire—

A great reward, a high felicity,

A happy land surpassing their desire.

And we who read the record of their deeds

Thank God that He has heroes for the fray,

And that humanity in direst need

Finds valiant, high-souled champions such as they.

H. ISABEL GRAHAM.

My Favorite Author

By REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD

JOHN KEATS, the poet of pure natural beauty, is the author who appeals to me most of all. There is a sorrow and pathos about his life and a transcendent inspiration in his genius, that places him in a temple apart. He is at once the Poet and the Priest of Nature and of Mother Earth; so much so, that the dryads of the grasses and the flowers and the trees seem to have become jealous of his stay amongst mere mortals, and to have hastened to spirit him away for themselves to a place where, in his own words, "he could feel the daisies growing over him." How did this choice spirit, beloved and endowed by the gods, come to be born of common folk and in a livery stable? How did his genius expand amid such sordid surroundings? Rudyard Kipling has written a strange story showing how an ordinary, sickly, chemist's apprentice, placed in the same circumstances and surroundings as Keats, and primed with opium, made a great struggle to rise to the heights of Keat's genius, and even, after many abortive attempts, succeeded in writing something strongly reminiscent of his "magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas." But the story was a failure and a libel at the same time. John Keats did not write his great odes while under the influence of opium. There is nothing fantastic or visionary, or unnatural about the muse of Keats. He sees things in the white clear light of truth itself as if through the very eyes of the God of nature. Then his imagination is of the keenest and clearest. Take the celebrated lines:

(The song that oft-times hath)

"Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn."

These two lines are admitted to be the pinnacle of poetic imagination and of remote spiritual beauty. Could anything so exquisite and such gossamer-like fancy and perfection be evolved from the chimera-haunted, monstrous, and amorphous visions of an opium fiend? The "Ode to A Nightingale," which, in my opinion, is the most poetical and beautiful pastoral poem in the English language, could not have been written by any man under the influence of any sort of drugs. Houghton, in his life of Keats, says:

"In the spring of 1819, a nightingale built her nest next Mr. Brown's house. Keats took great pleasure in her song, and one morning took his chair from the breakfast table to their grass-plot, under a plum tree, where he remained between two and three hours. He then reached the house with some scraps of paper in his hand, which he soon put together in the form of this ode." There is no suggestion of opium here, and we may be certain that when Keats wrestled with his soul for three hours under the plum tree, producing the "Ode to A Nightingale," he had all his wits about him, and that when he came in with those scraps of paper, he was pretty well fatigued after his prolonged ethereal flight, like an aviator who has just accomplished a record in high-flying. In those perilous regions where Keats had sojourned for three long hours, there was need of a clear brain

and a steady hand, or woeful would have been the topple from such a giddy elevation!

An aviator's flight for a record height, is not a bad simile, I find, for John Keats' performance in the composing of this ode. Thus in the first stanza we find him lifting himself with infinite pains and labor from the earth—

"My heart aches and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense as though of hemlock I had drunk."

In the second stanza he leaves the world in noble and sustained flight, as if he had cast its trammels away for ever!

In stanza the third, however, he becomes too introspective, his woes become too apparent to him, his planes flag, and he comes back again towards the place from which he started—

"The weariness the fever and the fret
Here where men sit and hear each other groan."

He is oppressed by the thought of his own early death, and of the pitiless disease which is slowly dragging him to his doom.

In stanza four he casts away all such despondency and rises again, this time in determined effort—

"Away! Away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards."

In stanzas five and six he is in full flight again, far above the earth and soaring still farther up into the empyrean. In stanza seven he maintains his accustomed altitude, but towards the end, in the concluding lines of the stanza, he keeps on higher, higher still, until he seems lost in the very fires of the sun itself! This altitude record he makes when he bids us gaze into the "magic casements" of the poet's fairy land!

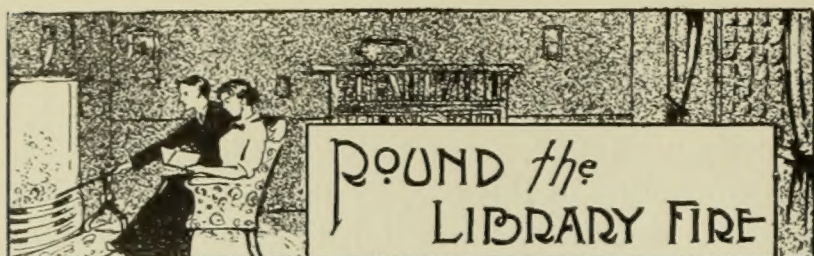
In the last stanza he slowly and gracefully planes downward, and lands on the earth, a little bewildered from the dazzling heights he has explored—

"Was it a vision or a waking dream?
Fled is the music: Do I wake or sleep?"

There is not much room to give extracts from many poems. If John Keats wrote no other poem but "The Nightingale," he would still be my favorite author.

I will conclude with a sonnet on Keats, which I find in my latest volume of poems. The sonnet is remarkable for nothing except the large amount of Keatsian terminology interspersed:

By magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn,
Haply his spirit dwells, to joy reborn,
And hears the nightingale in his true home,
Where nevermore can grief or sadness come,
Or leaden-eyed despairs or cruel scorn,
But verdurous glooms resound the beetle's horn
And vibrant wings round lush musk-roses hum!
There doth he drink the blushful Hippocrene
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim
And purple-stained mouth; and, crowding round,
Souls of the great come there, and angels lean
From golden parapets to gaze on him,
Rapt listeners to his lyre's mellifluous sound!



IN the choice of books we should bear in mind De Quincey's classification of them under the two heads, books of power, and books of knowledge. To these latter alone he cedes the palm of literature. Books of knowledge fill a big place, and the wise man will not ignore what may mark an epoch in human thought or speculation, but it is the books of power that rank with the immortals. Matthew Arnold's definition of poetry as "a criticism of life" may sound somewhat vague and mystifying, but at bottom the test of real literature seems to me to be the light it throws on the great spiritual drama of man's existence. The one thing of absorbing interest to us all is man—man in all his varying moods and passions. The master-minds who have the power to show us life, life abundant, move us profoundly. It is this power that distinguishes the true artist from the mere writer. It is the touchstone of all literature. Brought to this test we realize why some books live. It is to these we turn in our varying moods, it is these that should find a place among the books *intimes*. Here again we must remember that it is not the books but we ourselves that count.

*

Who has not pitied the man of much wealth and a limited capacity for real enjoyment. Out of his newly-acquired wealth he builds a palatial home and, at considerable expense, furnishes it with great taste. Among his chief joys is his handsome library, and with pardonable pride he points out the superb collection of books that adorn the shelves. Here are the great masterpieces—a noble throng of the mighty who have the power to quicken men's souls. They are richly adorned in all the glory of new leather and gold. The room has a seductive atmosphere, with its inviting chairs, and romantic landscape that catches the eye from its mullioned windows. Above all there is this prodigal wealth of books that would delight a scholar's heart. There is no mistaking his look of pride. Here are marshalled the great thinkers who have moved the world: Poets, historians, philosophers—a deathless army of immortals. "It will take you some time to read these," a friend ejaculates, "enough to keep you occupied for the rest of your life." "Oh!" he exclaims, "I'm not a reading man, but I like to have everything of the best." Library! Books! This is not a library; these are not books, but simply part of the furniture of a comfortable home. The great men who live within the new leather bindings are nothing to the man who owns the library. To him they are dead and worthless. In this room he has riches that Solomon in all his glory never possessed. Yet he is as poor as Dives. The wealth which he has accumulated with the celerity of Midas cannot unlock the door of the kingdom of books or secure his entry into the society of the elect. I would not exchange

my humble den, its frayed and well-thumbed books, and my capacity to enjoy intercourse with the mighty spirits that dwell therein for all the gold the Cobalt or Chicago materialist digs out of his Golconda. His library is not a living room, but a mausoleum, in which his spirit is entombed. Wealth and a dead soul are a twin combination of all misfortunes the most tragic.

Books are but dummy fittings on the shelves unless they come into our lives. Unless they prove to be our guides, philosophers, and friends in our ordinary life they fail to serve one of their main uses. Life is a great struggle for most people. Happy the man or woman who has learned to turn to these true counsellors and consolers, as the storm rages fiercely around. Those who have visited the British metropolis will recall their first experiences of crossing London streets—the small islands, or safety strips, on which the pedestrian waits for an opportunity to reach the other side, secure for the time against the surging traffic. So it is with books. They provide us with sheltering nooks and grassy knolls—retreats to which we may retire for rest and guidance in hours of depression, or where we may quaff ruddy wine when in more jocund mood.

*

I confess to a failing, common to booklovers. Just beside my bed, where I can reach them in the dog watch, if awake, are the choice companions with whom I delight to commune. They are a motley collection, and not always am I in the mood to enjoy the intimacy of their friendship. But they are never obtrusive. Here is the immortal Shakespeare, with whom I have long been on terms of easy fellowship. There are few moods of my mind in which the great dramatist does not prove a boon companion. Other great writers appeal to one side of our nature. Shakespeare's universal mind touches us on all sides. Are you depressed and downhearted? Then you can satisfy your melancholy humor. Are you merry? Then you can join in the merry quip and jest with the rollicking company he provides. Are you grave and contemplative? Then in his society you may plumb the fathomless depths of life and probe its mysteries. There is no mood in which you may not turn for sympathy to the versatile bard. Hamlet is my prime favorite. In Henry VIII the master-hand draws for me great lessons on the vanity of ambition, the vicissitudes of fortune, and on the problems of life. Measure for Measure, The Tempest, and Macbeth are also on my bedroom shelf.

When I think of Shakespeare I think not of Stratford, but of London. The call of London is irresistible. It is the Mecca of the great to-day—with its broad avenues, palatial mansions and palaces, and open spaces—as it was then when it was a city of two hundred thousand inhabitants, with narrow streets, wooden houses, with no sanitation and no adequate water supply. Theatres now cluster around the heart of the metropolis and are most conspicuous in the night life of the city. In Shakespeare's day theatres were forbidden in the city proper. As the actor-dramatist ferried across to Blackfriars the city was spread out before

his eyes. London delighted in the romantic comedies of Shakespeare. It has been said that Shakespeare's plays seem almost to ignore the most momentous facts of his time. His England of the Merry Wives, or Falstaff's justices, is untroubled by the great religious controversies of the day. It was a period when men were experiencing a singular freedom from restraint, when the old religious labels had been torn off, and men were still discussing what should take their place. For individuality, it was the day of opportunity in the world of ideas. The movement toward fixity of ideas had gathered little way. It was an era of flux, a breathing spell from the tyranny of dogma. In this atmosphere the great dramatist lived and worked. He devoted himself not to the espousal of a cause or party, but to the study of men. The creator of Falstaff, Dogberry and Rosalind, found at his hand the material required in the drunkards of London inns, the country yokels of Warwickshire, and the fashionable nobles, squires and dames who came to London to revel in the pastimes and delights of gay society. Under the Tudors, and increasingly so in the days of the Stuarts, the Court was the home of pageantry, the school of manners, and the central authority controlling the morals and habits of the people. Little wonder, therefore, that Shakespeare came to deal so largely with kings and queens and court life. In the end, London, which had backed the gay Harry and the imperious Elizabeth against the nobles, became the Puritan foe of the Stuarts. But here am I, who set out to talk about my bedroom companions, wandering through Tudor London. But I love rambling—and especially round a subject so inviting as the London of Shakespeare's day.

*

Next to Shakespeare I like to turn for half-an-hour to my brilliant countryman, Oliver Goldsmith, who, in the words of his friend, Dr. Samuel Johnson, inscribed under the marble bust in Westminster Abbey, was, "Poet, philosopher and historian, who left no species of writing untouched or unadorned by his pen, whether to move to laughter or draw to tears." Brought to the test of true literature, Goldsmith rings true. We love him for his misfortunes, for his intensely human qualities, for his attitude toward life. What more chaste example of English literature than his "Vicar of Wakefield,"—a book that takes its place with the greatest. But to me the poet's championship of the cause of the poor and oppressed discloses the prophetic outpouring of a man who was a century ahead of his time. Many of the problems that confront statesmen to-day were the themes around which this great Irishman wove his most passionate and moving verse, inveighing against the political and social ills that led to rural depopulation, agricultural decline, and the social changes which he so poignantly deplores in "The Deserted Village" and in "The Traveller." Freedom is the passionate note that gives the key to his songs. Above the strife of warring creeds and platforms he looks for the bliss which only centres in the mind.

The Old Fogey.

The Spell of Dickens

BY E. T. JACQUES

THE Christmas Carol was published on the 19th December, 1843. Six thousand copies were sold on the first day, and before the end of 1844 the number had risen to fifteen thousand, the book retailing at five shillings. Such a record denotes remarkable popularity, and in reviewing the Chancery lawsuits which Charles Dickens instituted against booksellers and publishers for piracy of his writings ("Charles Dickens in Chancery": Longmans, Green & Co.), Mr. Jaques, in the opening pages, endeavors to analyze the secret of Dicken's hold on the popular imagination.

He says: "It would be a difficult and invidious task to analyze strictly the secret of Dicken's popularity with the classes to whom, notwithstanding our Education Acts, no other great writer makes any appeal. The primary reason admits of no doubt whatever—he was a genius, much of whose writing was devoted to homely things. But it would not be quite honest to ignore the fact that possibly the defects of his qualities—I have in mind the melodramatic character of many of his plots and incidents—may have swelled the number of his readers. This is a thorny subject, and any discussion of it would be out of place in these pages. I wish, however, to disclaim the suggestion that there is of necessity any connection between a writer's popularity and his merits, or that his influence bears any proportion to the number of his readers. There I may leave the matter. For present purposes I am not concerned with Dicken's merits; and as regards his influence, I think it will be admitted on all hands that no one, literate or illiterate, can read him without being the better for it.

*

"I suppose it will be pretty generally admitted that of living writers Mr. Kipling is the only one whose influence upon the national life is in any way comparable with that exercised by Dickens. He is in a sense heir to Dickens, as Dickens and Thackeray were co-heirs to Scott, and Scott was heir to Fielding. But though his influence upon letters and the world at large is greater than that of any of his brother authors, his works do not top the list of "best sellers." Certain dexterous blenders of piety and sexuality—so dexterous in some cases that we seem to see the author introducing his, or her, nastiness with the scrupulous judgment of a doctor prescribing strychnine—beat Mr. Kipling hollow. Dickens, however, had both popularity and influence in a measure to which the annals of literature can furnish no parallel; his books were "best sellers" and literary masterpieces as well. Bishops and judges revelled in them, and Foster tells us of a charwoman, so illiterate that she could not read, who in company with her fellow lodgers subscribed a penny a month, and held a monthly symposium at which the landlord of the house read aloud the new number of *Dombey and Son*."

How I Began

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

THE question, "How did you begin to write?" is not an easy one for me to answer. I have no recollection of how I began to write. I never sat me deliberately down and said, "Go to, here is pen and ink; I will write me a book." But as far back as my remembrance goes, I was breathing, reading and writing. My earliest recollection of school-days is of writing a story about my cats on my slate, of being caught at it by my teacher, and—oh, horrors!—being made to "read it out" before the class. It was like tearing the veil from a shrine. That teacher, though he knew it not, committed dire sacrilege towards me.

*

But even this could not squelch the impulse in me that compelled me to write. I was an indefatigable small scribbler. Generally I wrote prose, and then all the little incidents of my not very exciting existence were described. I wrote descriptions of my favorite haunts, biographies of my cats, and even critical reviews of books I had read. Sometimes I wrote verse about moths and flowers, or addressed "lines" to my friends. Most of these productions were written on the blank backs of the long, red letter bills then used in the post offices. It was not easy for me to get all the paper I wanted, and those jolly old "letter bills" were positive boons. My grandparents kept the village post office and three times a week a discarded letter bill came my grateful way.

*

When I was thirteen, I sent a "poem," painstakingly written on both sides of the paper, to an American magazine. The idea of being paid for it never entered my head. Indeed, I don't think I knew at that time that people ever were paid for writing. People were paid for work. But writing was not, I thought, work. It was a delightful recreation and sally into fairyland, which was its own reward. My early dreams of possible fame were untarnished by any speculations regarding filthy lucre.

Well, the editor of that magazine sent my verses back—although I had *not* enclosed a stamp for their return, being in blissful ignorance of such a requirement. I have forgiven him. But at the time I thought I never could or would. I drained the cup of failure to the dregs. I was crushed in the very dust of humiliation. But as years went on, I found that there were so many similarly hard-hearted editor folk in the world that it was not worth while getting mad with them. Life was too short to wreak vengeance on them all. So the only revenge I took—it was a more cruel one than I then suspected—was to keep on bombarding them with similar stuff.

*

One day, when I was seventeen, I got a thin letter from the editor of a fourth-rate American periodical. It accepted a poem—on violets—which I had sent, and offered in payment two subscriptions to the

magazine. Those magazines, with their vapid little stories, were the first tangible recompense my pen brought me. The second was almost as overwhelming. A floral magazine allowed me to select fifty cents worth of seeds from its firm's catalogue in payment for a poem! After all, it was not such poor recompense, as anyone would have agreed who saw the resulting flower bed's splendor of crimson and gold and blue.

*

Then followed two lean years. I could not get even magazines and flower seeds for my stories and verses. My stuff invariably came back, save from those periodicals who thought that the glory of seeing



MRS. EWEN MACDONALD

Known to readers of "Anne of Green Gables," etc., as
"L. M. Montgomery"

one's name in print was sufficient reward. Then came another wonderful day, when I received a check for a short story. It was for five dollars—five whole dollars. I did not squander those beautiful dollars in riotous living. Neither did I invest them in necessary boots and hats. Instead, I hid me to the nearest bookstore and bought five volumes of the standard poets. I wanted to get something that I could keep forever in memory of having "arrived."

*

Followed several years of steady magazine work. I wrote hundreds of stories and verses. Every year new magazines opened their portals to the wayfarer on thorny literary paths. I gradually built up a clientele of editors on whom I could depend for a comfortable livelihood if I wrote just what they wanted and sawed it off into suitable lengths. This

was much to be thankful for, in a world where one must live; but it was not all I wanted—not what I had dreamed of when I wrote on my red letter bills in years ago.

*

I have told the story of the genesis of my first book so often that it must be very hackneyed now. I must tell it the same way every time, because I am stating facts, and cannot change or embroider them for the sake of variety. I had always intended to write a book some day. I knew exactly what kind of a book it would be—a very serious affair, with a complicated plot and a Dickensian wealth of character. But I never seemed to find time for it. Then the editor of a Sunday-school weekly asked me to write a seven-chapter serial for him. I looked through my note book of "ideas" and found an old, faded entry, "Elderly couple apply to orphan asylum for a boy; by mistake a girl is sent them." I thought this would do for a peg to hang my serial on and I blocked out seven Procrustean chapters. I intended to write a nice little yarn about a good little girl, with the usual snug little moral tucked away in it, like a pill in a spoonful of jam; and if I had had time to go on with it at once I suppose that is all it would have been.

*

But I did not have time, and in the weeks that followed I "brooded" the tale in my mind. *Anne* began to develop in such a fashion that seven chapters could never hold her. So I wrote another little tale for the Sunday-school editor and I let *Anne* do as she would in her own history. The result was my book, "Anne of Green Gables"—a very different sort of book from the one I had fondly dreamed of writing. But perhaps 'tis as well.

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will."

ISLAM'S LAST MARCH

(The Turkish army is marching from Jerusalem, through Beersheba, to the Suez Canal.—*News-Despatch*.)

The Moslem cometh from our Holy Place,
He marches from his stronghold, overbold,
Where all too long the Christian nations cold
Have left him to profane the very trace
Of Jesus' footprints—eager to efface
The glory and the holiness untold
That crown those hills; as with resplendent gold,
The Temple once Moriah's Mount did grace!

The shades of great Crusaders loom around:
Baldwin and Godfrey, Raymond, Bohemond,
Richard and Tancred (noble names they sound),
They gaze upon the scene with yearning fond!
The moment of their souls' desire is nigh;
No more on Zion's walls shall Islam's banners fly!

REV. J. B. DOLLARD.

Toronto, Feb. 4.

The New Poetry

In a letter to the *New York Sun*, a correspondent replies to some of the letters that have been appearing with regard to this interesting topic. The question of the New Poetry has been brought home to Canadians by the recent book of poems by Robert W. Service, who in this volume set at defiance the conventional belief in rhyme. The *New York Sun* correspondent says:

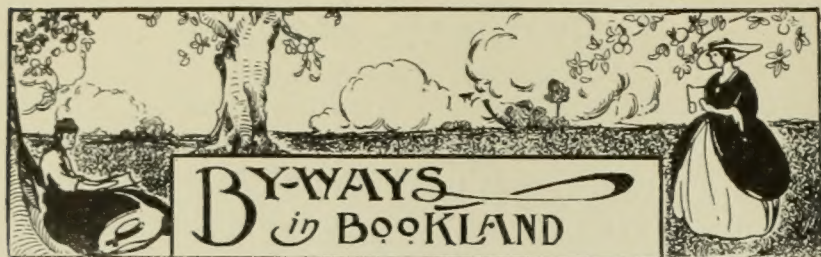
"We have the New Freedom, the New Woman, the New Thought and various other novelties to flout in the teeth of the ancient saw that 'there is nothing new under the sun.' Nevertheless I am bold enough to ground myself in the wisdom of the ancients and level a lance against the prancing novelties of the hour. I am for the old poetry, the old freedom and the old woman.

"For the nonce I joust against the New Poetry alone. Inasmuch as it is new it is not poetry, and inasmuch as it is poetry it is not new. This is not a new way of stating the fact, but it is true.

"In the theory of the New Poetry two propositions are emphasized, one that poetry consists essentially in images, the other that poetical expression should be free from the trammels of the law of numbers, that is, measured language. The first is true, but no novelty; the second is novel, but nonsense. Poetical expression is primarily and essentially in analogue, one thing garbed in the image of another; as when the poet speaks of man in the sere and yellow leaf, he is telling us that he is old. From Homer down to Francis Thompson the analogue has been the essential element of poetic utterance. The point is neither old nor new; poetry is poetry.

"The crux comes in the second proposition, that measured language is not essential to poetry. Here the heresy looms bald. Art is the sensible expression of beauty in space or time. Architecture, painting and sculpture are its spatial expressions. Music and poetry are its temporal utterances, and both must perforce conform to the law of numbers. The law of numbers demands a unit of measure within a fixed limit, and the asthetic sense requires a unity with a variety, a likeness with a difference. A bird soars on its wings, a poet soars on his rhythm. Clip the bird's wings and he flutters and flounders on the ground. Without measured language the poet fails to rise. Poetic utterance seeks measured language as naturally as the bird outstretches and beats his wings in flight. Verse is no more free than the bird's wings are free from the law that governs its flight.

"Indeed it is only by submission to the law that the bird flies at all. So must the poet submit to the law if he is to soar at all. His power is by virtue of the law. Free verse is a misnomer. Verse may be loose or bad but free verse, however it may shout for freedom, adumbrates perforce a measured limit. The New Poetry gets itself printed in lines (verses), couples lines (verses) of equal length together, simulates a unit of measure, and in spite of its theory often falls into strictly measured language."



NO small and well-chosen library should be without Kinglake's "Eothen." A choice of editions may be had as it has been printed many times. I know of no more delightful book of travel. Written as to a friend this account of travels in the East reveals the human touch, the intimate contact with life, the simplicity of style, and penetrating insight of the keen observer rarely found in books of this description. It is one of the classics of the English language and just now, when war's alarms have pierced the stoical silence of the desert lands and hilly country over which Kinglake wandered the book will be found a noteworthy contribution to the literature bearing upon the war, especially in regard to that phase of the campaign in which Syria and Egypt are involved.

*

The author, Alexander William Kinglake, was born in 1806 at Taunton, Somersetshire, England, in a country famous as the headquarters of Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. His mother was his earliest and best teacher. From her he learned to read Pope's Homer, and how to keep a safe seat in the saddle as they galloped across the rough moorland together. Educated at Eton and Cambridge, he was later called to the Bar, but the fortune bequeathed him by his father made him independent of his profession. His chief delight was in travel. In 1845 he set out for Algeria and witnessed the French onslaught on the Arabs who, under Abd-el-Kadr, so bravely defended their country. After a tour through Spain, Kinglake, in 1834-5, journeyed through Turkey, Syria, the Holy Land, and Egypt. In "Eothen" he gives an account of these wanderings. Kinglake, as befits the leisurely ways of a traveller in the Orient, took ten years to prepare the book for the printers. Twice he essayed the task and recoiled in disgust. As he himself states he finally completed it in a form most agreeable to him, that of an open letter to a friend who was undertaking a similar tour in the near East. "Eothen" has a chaste and dreamy beauty all its own, as if the author had imbibed deeply of the spirit of the Orient. The call of the East has always had a wonderful fascination for poets and writers. With "Eothen" for our guide we may recline in our easy chair and watch the moving panorama as Kinglake unfolds it to our gaze—places familiarized by recent war despatches. Semlin, now in the hands of the Austrians, and southward over the broad Danube to the Servian capital, Belgrade—the gateway to the "splendour and havoc of the East." In Kinglake's day the two towns were kept apart as much by the raging pestilence as by the racial differences between Magyar and Serb and Turk. Less than a gunshot apart the two towns held no communion, and breach of

the laws of quarantine brought instant death and a hastily dug grave in the Lazaretto—for the offender. Once across the Save, Kinglake and his companions bade farewell to Christendom for many a day. From Belgrade "Eothen" carries us to Stamboul with its mosques and minarets reflected in the Bosphorous, and through its streets where the lustrous eyes of Ottoman ladies stare from behind the yashmak, and where old Moostapha, or Abdallah or Hadgi Mohamed waddles up from the water's edge bearing the merchandise for his bazaar which he has bought out of a Greek brigantine. The Turks have not moved much as traders since Kinglake's time. The export trade is in the hand of foreigners, the Mussulman still sitting in his nook in the bazaar, squatted upon the counter, while his wares are displayed before the counter. Here he "sits in permanence," in contemplative mood smoking his tchibouque, waiting stoically for the best price that can be got in an open market. To-day British guns are thundering in the ears of old Moostapha as the blue ensign forces its way up the Dardanelles. Then, it was the plague that stalked abroad in the noonday, men fearing to touch each other in the narrow streets lest they too would fall a victim to the dread malady.

*

Cairo, Suez, the Pyramids, the Sphinx, Gaza, Damascus, Lebanon, and other historic scenes and monuments are passed in review. At Cairo Kinglake met Osman Effendi an easternized Scotchman, who landed in Egypt as a drummer lad with Fraser's force. Taken prisoner he preferred the Koran to death, and gave a pledge of his conversion to Mohammedanism by preferring two wives to one. One Scottish tradition the practices of the Moslem creed could not eradicate. In vain men called him Effendi—his pride of race asserted itself in the joy with which he revealed possession of three shelves of books—"Thoroughbred Scotch"—"The Edinburgh this and the Edinburgh that"—and, above all his "Edinburgh Cabinet Library."

*

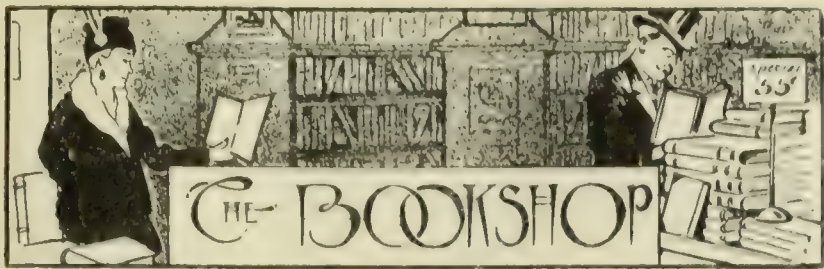
Kinglake's Eothen recalls one of the strangest romances in the history of the British ruling classes. Granddaughter of the great Chatham, and niece of Pitt, Lady Hester Stanhope ruled the most exclusive political salon in the world and came into contact with all the great personages of the period. Imperious and self-willed, she later exercised her autocratic sway over the minds of the mystical people that lived on the Lebanon Ranges, where she had built her retreat. Kinglake's interview with her is quoted at considerable length in "The Life and Letters of Lady Hester Stanhope" (John Murray) by her niece, the Duchess of Cleveland, the mother of Earl Rosebery.

The Bookworm.

*

"Came the challenge from the foe;
Naught we did to court this fight;
But since they will have it so,
Let them have—what they invite."

—R. M. FREEMAN.



T FISHER UNWIN has added to their war list a timely volume, "Contemporary Belgian Literature," by Jethro Bithell, in which the author surveys the main aspects of the intellectual life of the Belgian people, and quotes at length from the works of the principal writers.

The author of "How to Be Happy Though Married," has written a delightfully sympathetic book on Tommy Atkins, entitled, "The British Soldier: Hero and Humorist." For many years a chaplain in the army, Rev. E. J. Hardy is particularly qualified to write of the British soldier. The book is published by T. Fisher Unwin.

Putnam's have in hand a new volume by Norman Angell. The author of "The Great Illusion" has taken as his subject, "America and the New World State," which cannot fail to interest all who are following the trend of world events.

Mr. Heinemann is bringing out a "History of the United Kingdom." The first volume, to be issued this spring, is entitled "The Making of the People," and covers the period down to the general application of machinery to industry. The new History will be written by Mr. Stanley Leathes, one of the editors of "The Cambridge Modern History."

Sir James George Fraser has followed in the footsteps of John Richard Green with another selection from Addison's essays, published by Messrs. Macmillan, in their "Eversley Series."

Mr. John G. Wilson, the latest to join the ranks of London publishers, is bringing out "Reticence in Literature," by Mr. Arthur Waugh. The author deals with leading movements in Victorian poetry, and the book also contains appreciations of various writers from Crashaw to George Gissing.

"General Pichegru's Treason" is a new book by Sir John Hall, the author of "The Bourbon Restoration" and "England and the Orleans Monarchy." It will be published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. It deals with an important epoch in French history, the conspiracy for the return of Louis XVIII.

"The Literary Year Book" (London: Heath, Cranton & Ouseley), appears once more. Mr. Basil Stewart has made it an indispensable book of reference.

Students of the science of government will find in Mr. Basil Edward Hammond's "Bodies Politic and their Governments" (Cambridge University Press) a scholarly analysis of the various forms of government in Europe from the earliest times.

Mitchell Kennerley has a new novel by the author of "Altogether Jane," who still preserves her anonymity. It is called "Elbow Lane," and is about a little girl who grows up to become a famous sculptress.

"Dandies and Men of Letters" (Duckworth & Co.), by Mr. Leon H. Vincent, is a series of delightful pen pictures of the Beau Brummell, Samuel Rogers, William Beckford, Bulwer Lytton, and other famous dandies of the nineteenth century.

"Aspects of Modern Drama," by Frank Wadleigh Chandler (Macmillan & Co.), displays a wide knowledge of the European stage. The collected papers were originally delivered as lectures at Columbia and Cincinnati Universities.

The tenth edition of Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" is a storehouse of familiar and unfamiliar quotations which is invaluable to writers.

"In the Oregon Country," by George Palmer Putnam (G. P. Putnam Sons), is a charming account of wanderings in Oregon, Washington and California.

"Pan-Americanism," by Roland G. Usher, author of "Pan-Germanism," (The Century Co.), will appear this month. The somewhat startling sub-title of the book is "A Forecast of the Inevitable Conflict between the United States and Europe's victor." Professor Usher is Professor of History at Washington University.

Maurice Hewlett's "A Lover's Tale" is promised for early publication by the Scribners. It is a historical romance of Iceland in the days of the Vikings and is said to be full of action, strife, and strenuous human endeavor.

A posthumous novel by Canon Sheehan, promised for early publication by Longmans, Green & Co., is called "The Graves at Kilmorna: A Story of '67." Some time in March this house will bring out the second volume in Sir Rider Haggard's trilogy of the revived Allan Quatermain. Its title will be "Allan and the Holy Flower."

One of the most interesting books of the month is Major-General S. B. Steele's "Forty Years in Canada." The author had the misfortune to fall from his horse during the recent parade of the second contingent of Canadian troops and dislocated his shoulder. A book of reminiscences covering forty years in the life of the Dominion, by one who writes out of the fulness of a ripe experience is an unusual event in the book world and a most valuable contribution to Canadian history.

Mrs. L. M. Montgomery, of "Green Gables" and "Avonlea" fame, has just delivered the manuscript of a third "Anne" story—"Anne of the Island"—a sequel to "Anne of Green Gables" and "Anne of Avonlea," to her publishers, The Page Co. The new story will be published promptly on June first.

Harper & Brothers announce the following books: "The Mind and Art of Shakespeare," by Edward Dowden; "Principles of Banking," by Charles A. Conant; "Farm Ballads," by Will Carleton; "Wuthering Heights," by Emily Brontë; "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning," and Vols. VIII, XIII, and XXV of "The American Nation. A History."

Anne Warner has written another comedy tale in "The Taming of Amorette."



DEAR YOUNG CANADIANS:

The other day as I was puzzling over the matter of how to make our book talks interesting, some good fairy dropped at my door a large parcel. When I opened it I found it contained a number of beautiful books for children. Oh, how eagerly I seized upon them! and to-night, with these newly-found treasures piled high on my desk, I am going to try to tell you something about a few of them.

*

First I shall talk to the wee tots for they will want to hear of their books before nurse comes and carries them off to Dreamland. There are two dear little stories for them. One is called "I Want to Read." It has a pretty cover with a cunning picture on it, and throughout the book are a number of very attractive colored plates. At the beginning we find all the letters, A, B, C, right up to Z. Then there are ever so many funny rhymes and little stories of all sorts and descriptions. In short it is just the kind of book to make a kiddie "want to read."

*

The other is called "The Matilda Book" and is the very thing to charm a little girl. Indeed, I can almost hear her crows of delight when she sees the picture on the outside of the cover. Within are twelve of the loveliest colored plates you ever saw, all illustrating the little story of Matilda's visit to her Aunt and Uncle. Matilda appears always in the daintiest of frocks and you love her from first to last, because she is so tiny and pretty and good.

*

Then for little girls from eight to ten years of age, I find a story entitled "Lickle Tickle." This is the name of a very interesting little creature who has some wonderful adventures. You must coax your mothers to buy you this book and read for yourselves "How Tickle Rode a Cow," "How Tickle Went a-fishing," "How Tickle was Kind to the Monkey," and best of all how Tickle tried to wash white and clean a real black baby. She used up three cakes of soap, and scrubbed the poor little fellow with a brush, but she only succeeded in making baby exceedingly cross and in bringing down on her head the indignation of all his friends. The book is bound in white and gold and contains some pretty pictures.

*

Ah! here is a splendid book—especially for boys. It is called "A Book About Ships." In these war times we are all feeling a special interest in ships, and this volume can teach us a good deal. It is bound in blue and gold and on the cover is a picture of a great battleship. The first chapter tells of a naval review at Spithead at the time of King George's

Coronation, and the other chapters deal with the Sailing Ship, the Lifeboat, the Liner, the Yacht, the Excursion Steamer, the Lightship and the River Boat. There are fifty-two pages of interesting reading, and no boy could help liking the eight large colored plates that decorate the book at intervals.

*

Now for the larger children. Lying beside me is a very imposing looking volume with a very grand name. It is called "A Pageant of English Literature." Its four hundred and eighty pages contain a great deal of interesting information, and any one who reads and remembers this book will know a great deal. The first chapter tells of how people loved to hear and tell stories long before they could read or write. Another tells of the bards and minstrels, and another of how we got our alphabet. Then follow delightful sketches of great writers down to the present time, including Chaucer, Caxton, Sir Thomas More, Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, Addison, Goldsmith, Byron, Burns, Wordsworth, Ruskin, and Tennyson. Thirty-two beautiful colored plates decorate the book, besides many studies in black and white. No one should miss this opportunity of making the acquaintance of great writers, some of whom, we hope, may be your intimate friends in after life.

*

There is another book about which all boys and girls will like to hear. It is "Stories from Northern Myths," by Emilie Kip Baker (Macmillan & Co.), who has also written a charming series of "Stories of Old Greece and Rome." "Northern Myths" opens in the long, long ago when everything began, away back to the Creation. It was the age of the giants and the gods and magicians and wonderful things were always happening—battles, court festivities, in which kings and queens figure—all beautifully illustrated. This is just the kind of book that stirs the imagination and every little boy and girl that sees the big dragon on the outside will want to have the book to read.

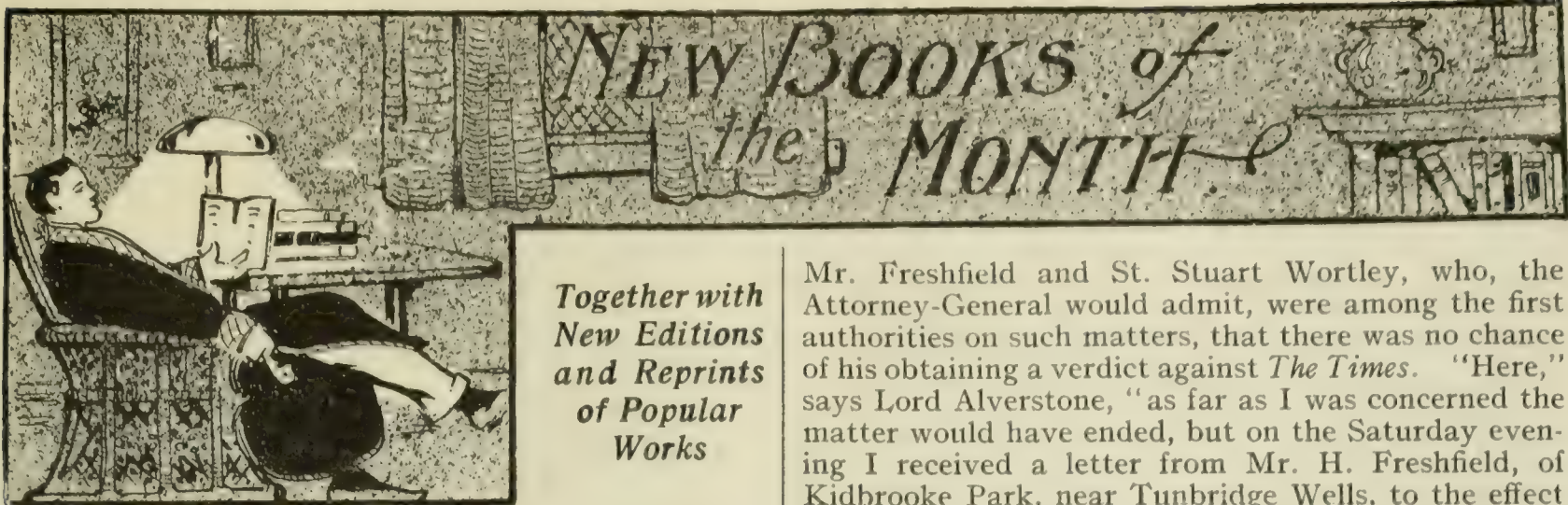
*

But I have written long enough and must say good-night.

Your faithful
AUNT JO.

The following books may be procured from Thomas Nelson & Sons, 95-97 King Street, East Toronto.

"A Pageant of English Literature," by Sir Edward Parrott, \$1.75; "Lickle Tickle," by Jean Lang, 75c.; "A Book About Ships," 70c.; "I Want to Read," 35c.; "The Matilda Book," 35c.; "Story of Canada," by E. L. Marsh, 35c.; "Story of the British People," 35c.; "Pageant of British History," by Sir Edward Parrott, \$1.75; "Voyage Round the World," by W. H. G. Kingston, 60c.; "Gardening," (The Hobby Books), 30c.; "Pets," (The Hobby Books), 30c.; "The Panama Canal," by Saxon Mills, 70c.



Together with
New Editions
and Reprints
of Popular
Works

Recollections of Bar and Bench, by Lord Alverstone. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price \$3.75.

Better known, perhaps, as Sir Richard Webster, Attorney-General of England, and afterwards Lord Chief Justice, from which he retired in 1913, the author was one of the most famous lawyers of his day. A counsel for *The Times* before the famous Parnell Commission, he displayed remarkable powers. His wonderful grasp of details, powers of rapid analysis, and uncanny memory, were remarkable. The Parnell trial was one of the most dramatic events connected with the Irish Nationalist movement. Parnell's signature, as it afterward transpired, was forged by Pigott, one of the principal witnesses for *The Times*. The forged letters had been published in the celebrated "Parnellism and Crime" series of attacks on the Irish leaders, which were re-issued in pamphlet form. They attributed to Parnell a guilty knowledge of the conspiracy that led up to the Phoenix Park assassinations in May, 1882, when Lord Frederick Cavendish, the newly-arrived Chief Secretary, and Mr. Burke, the under Secretary, were stabbed to death in broad daylight, on the main road in front of the Vice-Regal Lodge, Dublin. Earl Spencer, the Lord Lieutenant, was looking out of the window at the time, and in the distance saw what he thought was a drunken brawl. That evening the British people stood aghast at the news of the foul murder, and for twenty years after the memory of this crime retarded the conversion of the "predominant partner" to the principle of Irish self-government.

The Times case against Parnell collapsed with the flight and suicide of Pigott after a gruelling cross-examination by the then Sir Charles, afterward Lord Russell of Killowen.

Gladstone's Memory at Fault

In connection with this case Lord Alverstone incidentally recalls a strange lapse of memory on the part of Mr. Gladstone.

In the course of the debate, prior to the passing of the Bill appointing the Parnell Commission, an incident occurred which was a striking example of the way in which Mr. Gladstone could bring himself to believe, and believe honestly, in a state of things which was entirely erroneous. Lord Alverstone intimates that he was one of many members who doubted the wisdom of appointing a Commission, inasmuch as they thought that Mr. Parnell and any others complaining, should have been left to their remedy in the law courts. In the discussion which took place in the House of Commons prior to the passing of the Special Commission Bill, this view found expression. Thereupon Mr. Gladstone said he could easily understand why the Irish members had not taken action against *The Times* as he (Mr. Gladstone), had been charged by that journal with high treason in connection with his work as Commissioner to the Ionian Islands, and he had been advised by

Mr. Freshfield and St. Stuart Wortley, who, the Attorney-General would admit, were among the first authorities on such matters, that there was no chance of his obtaining a verdict against *The Times*. "Here," says Lord Alverstone, "as far as I was concerned the matter would have ended, but on the Saturday evening I received a letter from Mr. H. Freshfield, of Kidbrooke Park, near Tunbridge Wells, to the effect that whilst he was very much flattered by the complimentary way in which Mr. Gladstone had spoken of his late brother, he thought it right to tell me that his brother died two years before Mr. Gladstone went to the Ionian Islands as Commissioner." After consulting the leader of the House of Commons, Mr. W. H. Smith, Lord Alverstone says he decided not to bring the matter up in the House, but to see Mr. Gladstone privately. This he did. Mr. Gladstone had also received a letter from Mr. Freshfield. "Well," he said, "you have hit me very hard. I cannot account for it. I had the distinct impression that I had consulted Mr. Freshfield, and that he had given me the advice which I have repeated. But I am going down to Hawarden at Easter, and will search through my diaries and endeavor to see how I came to make such a blunder." Mr. Gladstone did not refer to the matter again until two years later when, meeting the Attorney-General in the lobby of the House, he said, "Oh, Mr. Attorney! I have never been able to get to the bottom of that mistake I made. I could not find anything which gave me any explanation. I searched my books, diaries, and memoranda, but they threw no light on what I believed to have been the case."

Lord Alverstone at one time was very unpopular in Canada over the Alaskan boundary, when his note, as the British representative on the Commission, gave the United States the practical victory. It is only fair that the attention of Canadian readers should be drawn to his statement of the case. He says:

"The papers were very voluminous, and after studying them carefully and hearing all the arguments, I came to the conclusion that I could not support the main contention of Canada as regarded the boundary, and acting purely in a judicial capacity, I was under the painful necessity of differing from my two Canadian colleagues. I need scarcely say that as I had appeared in Canada with success in the Behring Sea Arbitration, I only came to the decision with the gravest reluctance, and nothing but a sense of my duty to my position influenced me. I mention this because my conduct in giving this decision was the subject of violent and unjust criticism on the part of some Canadians; this feeling lasted for a considerable time, but I am bound to say that I think reflection and later consideration of the questions involved have resulted in a fairer judgment. I have always felt since that arbitration that in any dispute between nations, some members of the tribunal dealing with the questions should be of a nationality independent of the two contesting parties. In this case, as I have shown, the United States and Great Britain were both represented by their own nationals, and it puts a great strain on the members of the tribunal in such cases when they have to decide against the country by which they have been nominated without having the support of any independent jurists of another nationality."

His chapter on "International Arbitrations" deals largely with cases in which Canada was deeply con-

New Books of the Month—Continued.

cerned, including the Behring Sea fishery dispute, when his services were retained as junior. Sir Charles Tupper was named as agent for the British side. Of Sir Charles Tupper, Lord Alverstone writes:

"Mr. Tupper had the most intimate knowledge of every detail in the case, and had studied it for months. The case he had prepared contained every material statement of fact, but on its perusal it failed to produce the impression it should have done, one reason, among others, being that prominence was constantly given to the same point, thus giving the reader the impression that it was the most important fact. I never felt placed in a more difficult position. I made a brief statement, lasting some twenty minutes or half-an-hour, of the case as it appeared to me. When I had finished, Mr. Tupper said to me: 'Sir Richard, you have absolutely appreciated the salient features, and I shall be only too delighted to adopt what you have said as the outline for the British case.' Nothing could have been more generous, and from that day until the conclusion of the Arbitration we worked in perfect accord."

"McCaul: Croft: Forneri," by John King.
Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada, Ltd. Price, \$1.25.

Breathing much of the mellow fragrance of ripe scholarship abounding in the three men who gave the book its title, "McCaul: Croft: Forneri" creates its own atmosphere once its pages have been opened. Every line is written with understanding love of the three godly scholars and right manly gentlemen who laid the foundations of the University of Toronto when stormy seas of controversy made the work hazardous and difficult. The dramatic details of lives that were full of color are told with a simplicity which is at once scholarlike and attractive.

Of Dr. McCaul—Principal of Upper Canada College, 1839-1842, and first President of the University—we get a pen-picture in keeping with the portrait which hangs in Convocation Hall. The keen frankness of eyes in which humor lurks, and the mouth, curved boyishly, even in old age, prove the human side of the great scholar who matriculated at Trinity College, Dublin, at thirteen, and before he was twenty-one had won the Bishop of Cashel's mathematical prize, the gold medal in Classics—the highest honor the University bestows—the Berkeley medal in Greek and the University examinership in Classics. Small wonder such a man, a classical editor of high standing, a musician widely gifted, with horizon widened by a sportsman's interests, and character deepened by his priestly office, should have found, for a brief period after his arrival, the crudity of social and intellectual life and the uncertainty of educational matters trying in the extreme. But, as Mr. King gracefully remarks, "Canada is indebted to one of her own daughters for reconciling the waverer to his new home," and with his marriage to Emily Jones the young Irishman turned his back on the easy paths of promotion in his own land and settled to a career of forty-seven years of helpfulness to the young country's life. "He taught us to have the instincts of a gentleman," says an old Upper Canada College boy, and of the man who insisted that the door of the University should be an open one and color no bar to entrance there, his chronicler, sometime a student, writes: "He found a fallow field, but the earth was kindly and chief husbandman skilled, and he left it a comely vineyard, hardy, vigorous and abiding."

Scientist and Soldier

School days and student life for Henry Holmes Croft, First Professor of Chemistry, in the University, were vividly picturesque. Taught first by a dashing sabreur who had staked and lost with Napoleon,

then by a fiery Spanish refugee, the founder of the University Rifle Corps got a taste for chemistry under Maturin and his brilliant colleagues at John Walker's, and a good idea of military discipline from the Duke of Wellington and others about the Ordnance Office in the days of clerkship there. On the great Faraday's advice this "persistent potterer in stinks," who outraged his family sense of smell by experiments in a cupboard under the kitchen stairs, was sent to Germany, achieving such scholastic fame that on graduation, Sir Charles Bagot, the Governor-General, appointed him to the King's College staff. As horticulturist, entomologist and musician, Croft's sincerity and social charm, as well as his catholicity of taste, led him from favor unto favor, and his influence abides. His researches in toxicology were invaluable, and many guiltless but suspected poisoners owe their life to him and through his agency more than one enemy to society was removed from the possibility of committing further crime. A church in San Diego where he died, and his laboratory at the University, built after the style of the Abbot's Kitchen in famous Glastonbury, and now called "The Croft Chapter House," are tangible memorials to a soldier and a scientist, who taught the value of chemistry as applied to farming and practised the graces of good breeding in his daily life.

Forneri the Crusader

Brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, but later joining the communion of the Anglican Church, James Forneri was, in essentials, a crusader. More than his armorial bearings came to this scion of a noble Italian house from ancestors who went forth to wrest the Holy Sepulchre from Moslem grasp, and his story, told with graphic brevity by Mr. King, is one long, chivalrous romance from childhood in the Piedmont hills, to old age in his Canadian home. Under arms in France, Italy, Spain, always on the side of liberty, regardless of lost fortune and imperilled life, James Forneri found himself, at thirty-five, a political refugee in London with five shillings in his pocket and no word of English to help him find a friend.

By those who know his eldest son, Canon Richard Sykes Forneri, now of St. Luke's, Kingston, and others of his family, the story of the instant favor won by this courteous aristocrat from Italy will be quickly realized. And old 'Varsity students who imbibed their love of Moderns at his feet, can vouch for the brilliance of an intellect which could in a few months, master a new language and set its possessor in a place of power in educational work.

Delightful as Mr. King's book is on its narrative side it may also play its part in disabusing the minds of many present-day students of the idea that scholarship cannot walk hand in hand with grace of speech and manner.

McCaul: Croft: Forneri—these three, and the secret of the power of each was culture of this triune personality. G. C. M. WHITE.

From Dublin to Chicago: American Impressions, by George A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran & Co. Price, \$1.50 net.

"Dublin to Chicago!" What visions these widely separated points conjure up for an Irishman! But when that Irishman is George A. Birmingham, we sit back waiting for the curtain to rise on an entertaining comedy of American life and manners. Nor are we disappointed. Whether we be Irish, Canadian or American, we cannot fail to be impressed by these shrewd and lively first impressions by one whose great success as a writer is due primarily to his keen powers of observation, coupled with a rare fund of sparkling humor, delightfully Irish in its spontaneity and freedom from anything that would hurt or offend.

New Books of the Month—Continued.

In his novels portraying Irish life, George A. Birmingham gives us characters which every Irishman knows to exist. They are real flesh and blood, and in this respect, perhaps, the genial author of "General John Regan" comes nearer Dickens than any of our living writers. We can talk about his characters as old acquaintances and laugh over their foibles.

Many books have been written about the people of the United States, but in many of them we discover more about their failings than their virtues and rise with a feeling of detachment as if we had been inspecting a cage of gorillas and chimpanzees. "From Dublin to Chicago" brings us into intimate relations with our neighbors across the border, and we begin to shake off many of the prejudices we entertained regarding the great Republic. George A. Birmingham, with that wonderful adaptability for which the Irish are noted, puts us at once on the most friendly terms with our Yankee cousins. There is no attempt to be smart at the expense of the American, and we rise from a perusal of the book with a real desire to become better acquainted with the manly men and the charming women the author has met.

The book touches on the phases of American life in which most people are interested—newspaper men and politicians, the hustler, railways, the negro, woman, men and husbands, colleges and students, the Irishman abroad. All these come under the critical gaze of the humorist from Ireland, whose observations are racy and shrewd, but never ungenerous or unkindly.

The American Woman

So much has been said and written about the charms of the American woman that our first impulse was to satisfy our curiosity by reading what George Birmingham says about her. "The American woman is singularly charming," he says. What more could one say? Her environment, her whole social existence, is arranged to enable her to be charming. "American social life seems to me—the word is one to apologize for—gynocentric. It is arranged with a view to the convenience and delight of women. Men come in where and how they can." Price Collier discovered a great difference between the social life of Britain and of America, the English home being ordered to suit the convenience of the man. This is one of the things in which Canada has followed the lead of the Republic. It is an open question how far this tendency to segregate the sexes, to create a social order in which man comes in where and how he can, is to the advantage of society in general. Certain it is that the plan fits in and that woman is not less charming, although her men folk are forced to live their own lives without much of her society. One wonders how much the Canadian and American men have lost by this dominant feminist note in the social order of the respective countries.

Another point which the author touches is the freedom of the American woman compared with her English sister. Here again one may question the wisdom of extending this liberty so fully to the younger generations. It will come as a surprise to most men on this side to know that, left to his own devices, the Englishman has succeeded better than the American in getting the most out of life. The author takes up the question of club cooking, which is better in England than in America: "You may, and often do, get excellent dinners in private houses in England; but you are surer of an excellent dinner in a first-rate club. In America it is the other way about." The American has not succeeded so well in his own domain as woman has in her peculiarly feminist affairs. So thinks the author, who remarks: "The American woman has made the very most of

her opportunities and has succeeded both in looking nice and in being an agreeable companion. In the art of putting on her clothes she has no superior except the Parisienne, and even in Paris itself it is often difficult to tell, without hearing her speak, whether the lady at the next table in the restaurant is French or American." The American woman, he holds, has an extra sense—the instinct for clothes. Much more the author has to say about the American woman and her husband which we leave the reader to enjoy in the full-length portraits found in the book itself.

Ireland Abroad

"The educated American seems to have a great deal of affection for Ireland, but is not over fond of Irishmen." The Irishman in America has become unpopular through the doings of Tammany Hall. Another thing about him is that he never ceases to be Irish. He has a dual citizenship, but unlike the Ulster Irishman the southern and western emigrant never becomes thoroughly Americanized. Even his hatred of England is a thing apart from his American citizenship, and its remote cause not easily explained. Of the political changes in Ireland the author shrewdly observes: "The sense of nationality has to a very large extent passed out of Irish political life. The platform appeal of the politician to the voter in Ireland now is far oftener an appeal to Irishmen as part of the British democracy than to Irishmen as members of a nation governed against its will by foreigners. The ideas of John O'Leary, even the ideas of Parnell, have almost vanished from Irish political life. Instead of them we have the idea of international democracy."

The book is full of suggestive material. The reader may sometimes question the author's conclusions, but he cannot fail to be charmed and impressed by the keen powers of observation revealed, and by the racy and thought-provoking deductions, crisp from the pen of a smiling Irishman who came straight from the cloisters of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, hallowed by memories of Swift and Stella.

Essays on Books, by William Lyon Phelps. Toronto: The Macmillan Co., Ltd. of Canada. Price, \$1.50.

Contributions in the first instance to various magazines, the author has done well to preserve these entertaining essays in more permanent and readable form. He covers a wide range in these essays and is always interesting and informative. The first essay on "Realism and Reality in Fiction" ought to be read and re-read by all writers of fiction. After reading it carefully the public might be spared some of the rare novels that flood the market. Zola was, perhaps, the greatest of modern realistic writers, but he was untrue to life as a whole. "What difference does it make whether a woman sweats in the middle of her back or under her arms? I want to know how she thinks not how she feels." So, exclaimed the Russian novelist, Turgenev, when discussing with George Moore the appearance of Zola's *L'Assomoir*. This, as the author rightly concludes, indicates the true distinction between realism and reality. Or, to take another of his homely illustrations: "Zola was an artist of extraordinary energy, sincerity, and honesty; but, after all, when he gazed upon a dunghill, he saw and described a dunghill. Rostand looked steadfastly at the same object, and beheld the vision of Chantecleer." The cardinal error of realism is that it selects one aspect of life, usually a physical aspect, and then insists that it has made a picture of life. "You cannot play a great symphony on one instrument, least of all on the triangle." Surely the following applies to many modern novels: "The Parisian dramatists are living in an atmosphere of half-truths and shams, grubbing in the divorce courts and

New Books of the Month—Continued.

living upon the maintenance of social intrigue just as comfortably as any bully upon the earnings of a prostitute. How shall we discern reality in the welter of realism?" Reality, by its very essence, is spiritual, and may be accompanied by a background that is contemporary, ancient, or purely mythical. . . . Compare *La Traviata* with the first act of *Die Walkure* and see the difference between realism and reality."

Liberty of the Imagination

Another keynote struck by the author in this most entertaining chapter, is his insistence upon liberty. "A fixed creed, whether it be a creed of optimism, pessimism, realism, or romanticism, is a positive nuisance to an artist. In this most people will concur. The world is getting away, more and more, from the cramping, enervating influence of fixed creeds."

"Joseph Conrad, all of whose novels have the unmistakable air of reality, declares that the novelist should have no programme of any kind and no set rules. In a memorable phrase he cries, 'Liberty of the imagination should be the most precious possession of a novelist.' Optimism may be an insult to the sufferings of humanity, but, says Mr. Conrad, pessimism is intellectual arrogance. He will have it that while the ultimate meaning of life—if there be one—is hidden from us, at all events this is a spectacular universe."

A Word for the Critics

Mr. Phelps holds that every critic ought to have a hospitable mind. "His attitude towards life in general should be like that of an old-fashioned host at the door of a country inn, ready to welcome all guests except criminals. It is impossible," he adds, "to judge with any fairness a new poem, a new opera, a new picture, a new novel, if the critic have preconceived opinions as to what poetry, music, painting, and fiction should be. We are all such creatures of convention that the first impression made by reality in any form of art is sometimes a distinct shock, and we close the windows of our intelligence and draw the blinds that the fresh air and the new light may not enter in. Just as no form of art is so strange as life, so it may be the strangeness of reality in books, in pictures, and in music that makes our attitude one of resistance rather than of welcome."

Who are the truly great novelists? After a century it is possible to write their names in the Hall of Fame. But we should be able to distinguish them while in the flesh. Arnold Bennett says a great novelist must have great qualities of mind. He must be able to conceive the ideal without losing sight of the fact that it is a human world we live in. Above all, what counts most is the texture of his mind. "Fielding lives unequalled among English novelists because the broad nobility of his mind is unequalled." Mr. Phelps contends that the great novelist is not only in harmony with life; "his characters seen to move with the stars in their courses." Above all the great novelist must have faith: "The mind, heart and soul of Dickens were ablaze with faith—faith in God and in humanity. This is one of the reasons why he succeeded so well in the great work of cheering us all up. Faith was the furnace that warmed every room in the great structures he built." "Essays on Books" will while away many a pleasant hour.

A Far Journey: An Autobiography, by Abraham Mitrie Rihbany. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. Price, \$1.75 net.

A volume that reveals an intimate acquaintance with Syria, is "A Far Journey," an autobiography,

by Abraham Mitrie Rihbany, and published by the Houghton, Mifflin Company. The author was born in Syria, was brought up in its primitive social life, and is one of the thousands of foreign immigrants to the New World who have become westernized. The rich coloring of the East, when painted by an artist like Kinglake, opens up to us a new world, peopled by strange people, but when the artist is native-born there is the added wealth of atmosphere and feeling which reflects the national sentiment. This does not imply that a greater than Kinglake is here, but rather that the life-story of a westernized native-born Syrian is stranger and more interesting to the westerner than the travel talk of one of his own race.

An Immigrant from Syria

Some twenty years ago the lad Abraham Mitrie Rihbany arrived at Ellis Island with nine cents in his pocket, a robust constitution and a firm belief that the crock of gold was to be found by following the star of Columbus. To-day he is an American clergyman. His story first appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, where it attracted wide notice. Working with his father as a stone mason in the primitive social order of his native Syria—much the same to-day as it was ten thousand years and more, when it formed the background of Biblical narrative—the author steps into the lights and shadows of New York, the gateway to the most modern and progressive country in the world. The sudden transition from the stagnant Orient to the palpitating Occident; from the incense-laden atmosphere of the Greek Orthodox Church to the Puritanical simplicity of the American Protestant communion, is vividly recalled in a book rich with impressions of a most realistic flavor. What seductive spell lures the simple Oriental to the great Democracy of the West, and, having lured him, makes him its own? Five years after landing on American soil we find this Syrian fired by "the disgrace and ultimate ruin of cheap money," taking part in the political campaign of 1896, one of the most spectacular campaigns in the history of the Republic.

Graphic Pen Portraits

But it is in the descriptions of his native Syria, his home life and the graphic pen portraits of Oriental types that the reader will enjoy a quiet hour with the author. The customs and habits of the people are those of the Bible period. The crowd of friends on the flat housetop watching the coming of the bride, the bridegroom's procession—all recall the Biblical scenes as witnessed two thousand years ago. Syria cannot fail to be influenced by the world-events now shaking the foundations of society, and the author reveals to us a people not wholly indifferent to the yearnings of a national existence which has been so long denied them.

How Belgium Saved Europe, by Dr. Charles Sarolea, Belgian Consul in Edinburgh, with a preface by Count Goblet D'Alviella, Belgian Secretary of State. Toronto: The Musson Book Co., Ltd.

There is no one better qualified than the author to write of the achievements of the gallant Belgians in this campaign. Dr. Sarolea is a Belgian, and has acted as war correspondent for *The London Chronicle* since the outbreak of the European conflict. A close personal friend of the King of Belgium, and in intimate touch with Belgian affairs, the author writes with the authority of one who knows whereof he speaks. When the war broke out his father and mother were arrested, and his wife and children just succeeded in escaping from the country twenty-four hours before the arrival of the German hordes.

He spent four years as a student in Liege, and knows every street of the Walloon City that held up the German advance.

New Books of the Month—Continued.**Belgium's Part**

It is sometimes forgotten that Belgium actually saved Europe. Too late to prevent the violation of Belgian neutrality, the Anglo-French allies have been unable to save that country from the horrors and atrocities of German occupation. Unaided, the Belgian army had to bear in splendid isolation the full force of the German invasion, and, unaided, checked the advance at Liege sufficiently long to enable France and Britain to get their armies into the field. When the French committed the gigantic blunder of invading Alsace-Lorraine and advancing on Muelhausen northern France was practically left unprotected. But for the Belgian defence Paris and Calais would have been in the hands of the enemy in the first mad rush of invasion, and France crushed by her powerful foe.

The author gives a most vivid account of the other battles that preceded the fall of Namur, Brussels and Antwerp. Of the atrocities laid at the door of the Germans Dr. Sarolea writes at length, and makes out a convincing case against the despoiler of Louvain and Rheims.

Sizing Up Uncle Sam: Vest Pocket Essays (not especially serious) on the United States, by George Fitch. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Uncle Sam has been photographed, cinematographed and sketched from every conceivable angle of view, but it has been left to George Fitch, seventenths a Yankee, to discover in his Uncle some peculiarities and virtues that have been overlooked by the conducted tourist in search of copy for travelling expenses. George Fitch does not pretend to treat the subject seriously. Decked in cap and bells, he pokes fun at the forty-eight States, each of which "has some separate and distinct excuse for extreme pride." But beneath the raillery and satire may be discovered some gems of truth, telling thrusts that pierce the ribs of the toughest pachyderm that bosses Tammany in New York or cans pig's cheeks in Chicago. It is a running commentary on men and movements, an encyclopedic survey of the manners and customs, the vices and virtues of eighty million people. Nothing escapes the lynx eye of the author as he wanders from Dan to Beersheeba—from the Atlantic to the Pacific seaboard.

LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

The Influence of King Edward and Other Essays, by Viscount Esher. London: John Murray. Price, 7s. 6d. net.

A reprint of articles from *The Times*, the *Westminster Gazette*, the *New Statesman*, and the *National & Quarterly Reviews*, that covers a wide range of topics relating to the problems of Empire.

Origins and Destiny of Imperial Britain, by Prof. J. A. Cramb. Toronto: The Musson Book Co. Price, \$1.25.

Reprint of a course of lectures delivered in 1900 by the Late J. A. Cramb, Professor of Modern History, Queen's College, London. The author of "Germany and England" in these lectures traces the growth of Imperialism from the earliest times and deals with the future of Britain and her Imperial mission.

A Book About Authors, by A. R. Hope Moncrieff. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd.

In this delightfully breezy volume the author celebrates his jubilee as a maker of books, which were published under the name of Ascott R. Hope and other pseudonyms. His views on books and writers are highly entertaining. There is much

solid advice for would-be authors and sidelights upon great writers which the reader will thoroughly enjoy.

Studies in Literature and History, by the Late Right Hon. Sir Alfred Lyall, P.C. London: John Murray. Price, 10s. 6d.

Essays from the pen of a distinguished man of letters which charm as much by their style as by their matter.

Essays on Books, by William Lyon Phelps. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd. Price, \$1.50 net.

Bright, entertaining and critical the author discusses in thirteen essays some of the great masters of literature.

The Nation's Library. 12mo. Five volumes.

Eugenics, by Edgar Schuster; **Modern Views of Education**, by Thiselton Mark; **Principles of Evolution**, by Joseph McCabe; **Socialism and Syndicalism**, by Philip Snowden; **The Star World**, by A. C. de la Crommelin. Baltimore, Md.: Warwick & York. 40c. each.

First five volumes in a series intended to give "specialized information by the most capable and competent authorities" on subjects of current interest. The series as planned so far contains twenty-one titles.

Essential of English Speech and Literature, by Frank H. Vizetelly. 12mo. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$1.50.

Outlines the origin and growth of English and describes the various influences to which it has been subjected.

George Bernard Shaw: Harlequin or Patriot, by John Palmer. 12mo. New York: The Century Co. 50c.

An appreciative tribute to Mr. Shaw by the man who has succeeded him as literary and dramatic critic of *The London Saturday Review*.

Windbells of Summer, by Leone Scott. 12mo. Boston: Richard Badger. \$1.00.

Prose sketches interspersed with music.

The Letters Which Never Reached Him, by Baroness von Heyking. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.35.

New edition of letters of an imaginative woman, a number of which are descriptive of the Boxer Rebellion.

Stultitia, by a former Government official. 12mo. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.00.

A play in four discussions, taking up the problem of our national defences. Reviewed in *New York Times Book Review* for Jan. 24 before its appearance under the imprint of the present publishers.

Plaster Saints, by Israel Zangwill. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.

A drama in which the central character is a clergyman and the scene a provincial English town.

Children of Earth, by Alice Brown. New York: The Macmillan Co. of Canada. \$1.25 net.

The play that won the Winthrop Ames \$10,000 prize.

How to See a Play, by Richard Burton. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada. \$1.25 net.

Aspects of the Modern Drama, by T. W. Chandler. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00 net.

Essays on Books, by W. L. Phelps. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada. \$1.50 net.

The Musical Faculty, by William Wallace. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. Price \$1.50.

A NEW SHERLOCK HOLMES NOVEL

READERS of the Life of Scott may recollect an anecdote that shows how eagerly the public of those days welcomed the latest novel from the pen of the Author of Waverley. In this case the book was "The Fortunes of Nigel." Constable, the publisher, then near London, wrote as follows to Sir Walter Scott: "I was in town yesterday, and so keenly were the people devouring my friend Jingling Geordie, that I actually saw them reading it in the streets as they passed along. I assure you there is no exaggeration in this. A new novel from the Author of Waverley puts aside—in other words, puts down for the time—every other literary performance. The smack Ocean, by which the new work was shipped, arrived at the wharf on Sunday; the bales were got out by one on Monday morning, and before half-past ten o'clock, 7,000 copies had been dispersed."

Scott, of course, was the literary giant of those

days—more than that he was pre-eminently a popular author. At the present day, one of the authors most eagerly read by the mass of the people is undoubtedly Sir A. Conan Doyle, and of all his books those relating to Sherlock Holmes are the favorites of the public. Unusual importance, therefore, attaches to the announcement by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., of a new full-length Sherlock Holmes novel—the first in ten years—entitled "The Valley of Fear."

When the reader finds the Wizard of Baker

Street investigating the dark mystery of an old English moated mansion and apparently waiting for his unknown prey in the darkened study of the Manor House of Birlstone, armed with nothing more formidable than Dr. Watson's crook-handled umbrella—while Inspector Macdonald, of the official force and the local police are wasting their energies looking for a man in a yellow overcoat who is reported from Leicester, Nottingham, East Ham, Richmond and a dozen or so other places throughout the length and breadth of the land—he may guess that this is a book that is a worthy successor to the "Adventures" and the "Study in Scarlet."

The scene of the second part of "The Valley of Fear" is laid in the coal and iron districts of America, and tells how a powerful criminal organization spread terror for miles around, but was eventually run to earth. In the background of the picture is the figure, or rather the sinister influence, of Holmes' old enemy, the powerful and cunning Prof. Moriarty.

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New Books of the Month—Continued.

Songs of Kabir, by Rabandrinith Tagore. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada. \$1.25 net.

Crack O' Dawn, by Fannie Stearns Davis. 12mo. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.00.

Short poems by the author of "Myself and I."

The Witch-Maid and Other Verses, by Dorothea Mackellar. 12mo. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.00.

Short lyrics, many of which have appeared in Australia.

Plays, by Leonid Andreyeff. 12mo. Translated from the Russian by Clarence L. Meader and Fred. Newton Scott. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Contains three of Andreyeff's plays, "The Black Maskers," "The Life of Man," and "The Sabine Women," with a critical appreciation.

Rhymes of Little Folks, by Burges Johnson. 12mo. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00.

A companion volume to Mr. Johnson's "Rhymes of Little Boys."

Creation, by Horace Holley. 12mo. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

A collection of post-impressionist poems.

The Dramatic Works of Gerhart Hauptmann, Edited by Ludwig Lewisohn. 12mo. New York: B. W. Huebsch. Volume V., Symbolic and Legendary Dramas. \$1.50.

Contains translations of second group of Hauptmann's Symbolic and Legendary Dramas, "Schluck and Jau," "And Pippa Dances," "Charlemagne's Hostage."

SCIENCE, POLITICS AND SOCIOLOGY

Cancer: Its Cause and Treatment, by L. Duncan Bulkley. 12mo. New York: Paul B. Hoeber. \$1.50.

Analysis of what has been done regarding this disease. The author, senior physician at the New York Skin and Cancer Hospital, gives his experience during thirty years in its dietetic and medical treatment.

Practical Talks on Farm Engineering, by R. P. Clarkson. 12mo. Toronto: The Musson Book Co., Ltd.

The author, Professor of Engineering, Acadia University, Nova Scotia, has been connected for years with the Rural New Yorker.

Wild Flower Preservation, by May Coyley and C. A. Weatherby. 12mo. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.35.

Practical advice and illustrations to serve as a collector's guide.

The Rights and Remedies of Creditors Respecting Their Debtor's Property, by Garrard Glenn. 8vo. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Contains the substance of a special course of lectures delivered at the Law School of Columbia University.

Nature and Nurture in Mental Development, by F. W. Mott. 12mo. New York: Paul B. Hoeber. \$1.50.

Treats of mental hygiene in relation to the inborn characters of the child and its environment.

Getting the Most Out of Business, by E. St. Elmo Lewis. 8vo. New York: The Ronald Press Co.

Discusses the "application of the scientific method to business practice."

Practical Tropical Sanitation, by W. Alex. Muirhead. 12mo. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.50.

Intended as a "manual for sanitary inspectors and others interested in the prevention of disease in tropical and sub-tropical countries."

The State, by Franz Oppenheimer. 12mo. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Sociological view of the State's history.

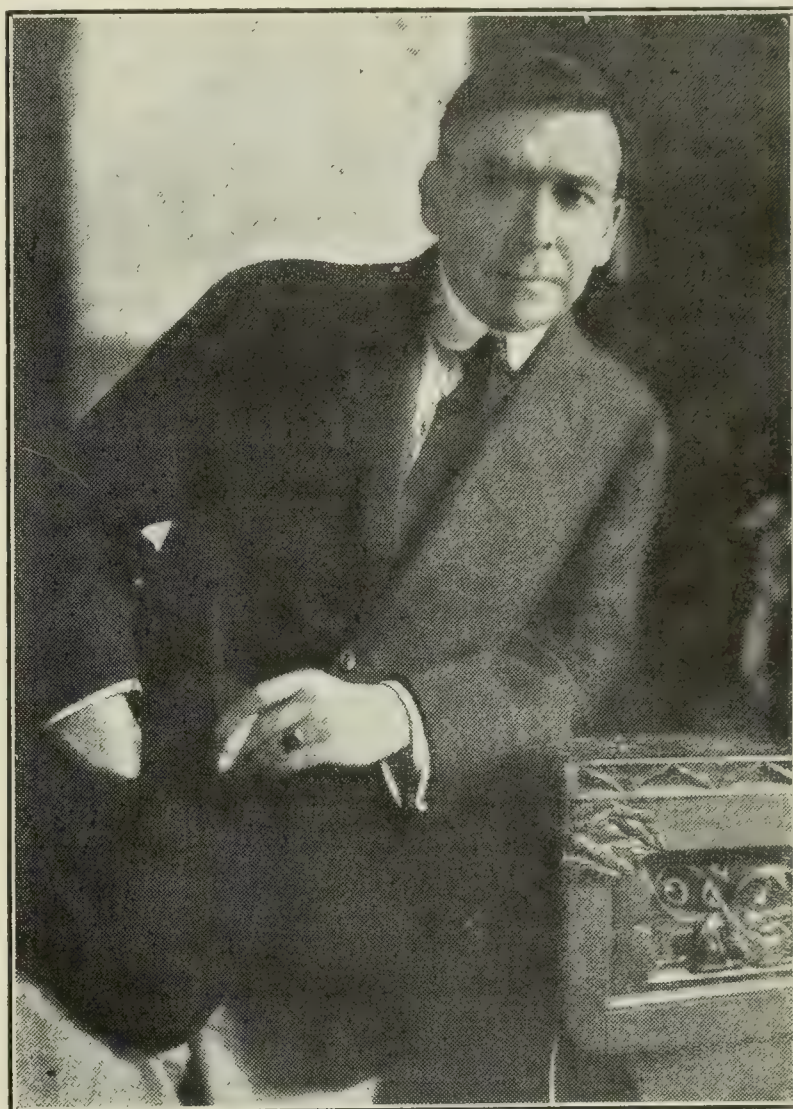
International Trade and Exchange, by H. G. Brown. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada. \$1.50 net.

Year Book of Social Progress, 1914-1915. Toronto: Thomas Nelson & Sons. 5s. net.

FICTION

Arundel, by E. F. Benson. 12mo. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$1.25.

Starting in India, the story moves to suburban England. The hero is a young man accustomed to prosperity who has some rude "awakenings."

**BOOTH TARKINGTON**

Author of "The Turmoil," one of the most striking books of the year

The Man of Iron, by Richard Dehan. 12mo. Toronto: S. B. Gundy. \$1.35.

A historical novel laid in the time of the Franco-Prussian war. The principal interest centres upon Bismarck.

Through Stained Glass, by George Agnew Chamberlain. 12mo. New York: The Century Co. \$1.30.

The story has to do with certain Southern people, who went to Brazil shortly after the civil war. The scenes are laid in Brazil, Europe, and New England. The author's first novel, "Home," appeared anonymously a year ago.

A Lover's Tale, by Maurice Hewlett. 12mo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

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The eyes of youth, looking toward the City, see a glittering horizon, and Mr. Ford—who knows his City as few men know it—tells with skill and a good-humored brilliance what is behind the reflections of the great mirage. Frontispiece. Post 8vo, Cloth, \$1.35 net.

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Pals First

Francis P. Elliott

A delicious story, full of spirit and dare-devil romance and humor. Two picturesque vagabonds are traversing a broad highway in the South. They come to a stately old mansion. The negro servant who meets them welcomes the younger as the long-absent master of the house. Frontispiece. \$1.30 net.

The Ladder

Philip Curtiss

The history of a casual man who found it easier to climb than to fall. A hopeful, optimistic story of the possibilities in American life. The hero is successively farm-boy, factory-worker, soldier, reporter, state senator, and playwright. Frontispiece. Post 8vo, \$1.30 net.

A Dealer in Empires

Amelia Josephine Burr

This historic novel relates the dramatic story of the greatest statesman of his day—Oliver, Prime Minister of Spain—who dreamed of welding an empire that should conquer the world. The author has reproduced the startling contrasts of the Spain of Philip IV. Illustrated. \$1.25 net.

Limp Leather, Thin Paper Edition of MARK TWAIN

An important event in book-publishing is this new edition of the works of the great humorist. The volumes are light and easy to hold, printed on carefully selected paper and bound in limp red leather. Two volumes or more are being published each month. 16mo. Frontispiece in each volume. Titles in one volume sold at rate of \$1.75 net each. Titles in two volumes sold at rate of \$1.50 net each. Sets at \$37.00 net.

New Books of the Month—Continued.

The Valley of Fear, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. 12mo. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd. \$1.25.

Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson reappear in this murder mystery story. Half of the novel is laid in this country.

The Archbishop's Test, by E. M. Green. 12mo. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.00.

A story that aims to "show how the Christian may be 'free,' indeed, and how the Church may, by reverting to first principles, attain a vitality and spirituality now too often lacking."

Sanine, by Michael Artzibashef. 12mo. New York: B. W. Heusch. \$1.35.

Characterized by Professor William Lyon Phelps as "the most sensational novel published in Russia during the last five years." Translated by Percy Pinkerton, with a preface by Gilbert Cannan.

Red Fleece, by Will Levington Comfort. 12mo. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.25.

The story of the Russian advance in the present war.

The Flying U's Last Stand, by B. M. Bower. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.30.

A story of Montana ranch life by the author of "Chip of the Flying U."

The Empty House and Other Ghost Stories, by Algernon Blackwood. 12mo. New York: Donald C. Vaughan. \$1.35.

Mr. Blackwood's first published book of short stories, out of print for many years, and now appearing for the first time in this country.

The Seven Darlings, by Gouverneur Morris. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.35.

The story of six sisters and a brother, who are suddenly left penniless by the death of their father.

Patricia, by Edith Henrietta Fowler, (Hon. Mrs. Robert Hamilton.) 12mo. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

Story of a woman who incorporates in a biography, at her publisher's instigation, letters not intended for publicity.

Sinister Island, by Charles Wadsworth Camp. 12mo. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

A mystery story of an island in the Mississippi delta that used to be the resort of pirates and slave traders.

Stories and Poems, by Bret Harte. 12mo. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50.

Most of the material comes from files of old Californian newspapers and was contributed during Bret Harte's "formative period." It is practically a new volume of the author's prose and verse, and appears as Vol. XX in the Riverside Edition.

Myriam and the Mystic Brotherhood, by Maude Lesseuer Howard. 12mo. Elkhart, Ind.: Occult Publishing Co. \$1.25.

First of a series of mystical novels "aiming to impart some of the more important occult teachings."

The Taming of Amorette, by Anne Warner. Boston, Mass.: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.00.

Describes humorously the method employed by a husband "to cure his attractive wife of her interest in other men."

Molly, by Jean Louise de Forest. 12mo. New York: Sully & Kleinteich. \$1.25.

Romance of American village life.

Martha of the Mennonite Country, by Helen R. Martin. 12mo. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.35.

The story of a novelist hunting for "local color" in a "Pennsylvania Dutch" town.

Mrs. Martin's Man, by St. John G. Ervine. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada. \$1.25.

The Turmoil, by Booth Tarkington. Toronto: The Musson Book Co., Ltd.

The White Man's Burden, by T. Shirby Hodge. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.00.

"A satirical forecast" of an epoch some thirty centuries hence, when the negro is described as "the representative of the highest civilization."

Little Comrade, by Burton E. Stevenson. 12mo. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.20.

A story of the European war, in which a young American Surgeon, who has been attending the Congress of Surgeons at Vienna, is caught in the Belgium campaign.

Angela's Business, by Henry Sydnor Harrison. 12mo. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$1.35.

Describes the search of "a very modern young man, who thought he understood the opposite sex," for "a womanly woman."

A Reluctant Adam, by Sidney Williams. 12mo. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.35.

A story in which five women fall in love with the hero.

Pepper, by Holworthy Hall. 12mo. New York: The Century Co. \$1.30.

A story of undergraduate life at Harvard University.

Bealby, by H. G. Wells. 12mo. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.35.

A humorous story telling of an English boy's revolt against certain plans that were made for him and who "ran away" in consequence.

Lieutenant What's His Name, by Jacques and May Futrelle. 12mo. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.25.

A story of American army life, involving the Philippines.

Lost Sheep, by Vere Shortt. 12mo. New York: John Lane Co. \$1.25.

A story of the French Legion in North Africa.

A Siren of the Snows, by Stanley Shaw. Boston: Mass: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.30.

A story of the United States Secret Service. The scenes are laid in Canada, New York, and Vermont.

Brunel's Tower, by Eden Phillpots. 12mo. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

A story of life in a pottery community in the West of England.

Sheep's Clothing, by Louis Joseph Vance. 12mo. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. \$1.25.

Much of this story of adventure takes place on an Atlantic liner, and involves the attempt to smuggle valuable jewellery through the Custom House.

The Voice in the Fog, by Harold MacGrath. 12mo. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 75c.

The story starts with a London fog. The heroine is the only child of a multi-millionaire.

Amarilly of Clothes-Line Alley, by Belle K. Maniates. 12mo. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart. \$1.00.

Tells of the influence on various people of a small scrub-girl.

Musson's Monthly Chat

IT has been said that the man with a hobby is never at a loss for amusement; and when that man lights upon a guide book for his particular interest as complete as Mr. Reed's latest work, "The Canadian Bird Book" (The Musson Book Co., Ltd., \$3.00 net), he may count himself fortunate indeed. For while there are various pocket guides that are useful enough in their way to the student of bird life in his country rambles, their compass is naturally limited by considerations of size and portability. But here is a veritable reference library for the enthusiast. And any city dweller who regularly takes a summer vacation and who has never interested himself in this subject can have but little idea of the amount of enjoyment that can be derived therefrom. The writer knows this from a former acquaintance with an enthusiastic bird-fancier. Mr. Reed's book contains illustrations in colors of more than five hundred birds of all varieties from every part of the country. These illustrations being more than an inch in height, every detail of real life is faithfully reproduced. There are also many hundred representations (not in color) of eggs in life size and numerous unusual photographs of birds in flight and in their natural haunts. The descriptions are in great detail, showing the Latin names, the colors of the birds, their size and appearance, their eggs and nests, the range of their habitat and their habits.

Readers of W. W. Jacobs' "Short Cruises" may call to mind the third game of draughts played by Mr. Nathaniel Clark and Mrs. Bowman—"It had been a difficult game for Mr. Clark, the lady's mind having been so occupied with other matters that he had had great difficulty in losing. Indeed, it was only by pushing an occasional piece of his own off the board that he had succeeded." His object was to lose the game. In "Lee's Guide to the Game of Draughts" (The Musson Book Co., Ltd., Cloth, 60c. net), the art of winning the game is the object aimed at. Most people on this side of the Atlantic know this pastime by the name of "Checkers," but it is the same fine old game. This is a new edition of "Lee's Guide"—a book that has made many friends—revised and extended by John W. Dawson. It gives the standard rules, a host of problems, and examples of numerous games played to win or draw. There is what appears

to be an ancient form of draughts much played in French Canada, on a very large board, and with some intricacies foreign to the usual game, which is well worth examination by lovers of indoor amusements.

"The Competitive Nephew," by Montague Glass (The Musson Book Co., Ltd., Illustrated, \$1.25), is a volume containing the cream of Mr. Glass's work for the past year or two. The author is known far and wide in America as the creator of "Potash and Perlmutter." That delightful pair took New York and London by storm for a whole year, and the present tales are of the people our author knows so thoroughly and whose virtues and weaknesses he lights up with such humour and sympathy. In the title story, "The Competitive Nephew," the black vice of nepotism has its obverse side, and a very shining one at that. O. Henry would have

enjoyed the plight of Bessie in "His Wife's Relations," for she was confronted with the distressing alternative of approaching the altar with no bridegroom at all or with two. And don't miss "The Sorrows of Seiden." In truth the tales are all worth while, full of laughter and human kindness, and one puts down the volume with a feeling that to have read it is to have opened a door on a new world of men and women whose lives are full of tender, amusing, picturesque things.

"Johnny Appleseed," by Eleanor Atkinson, author of "Greyfriars Bobby" (The Musson Book Co., Ltd., Illustrated, cloth, \$1.25 net), is a sympathetic interpretation of a real character into whose unusual and quaint personality the author has succeeded in penetrating as she did into the dog nature of the real "Greyfriars Bobby." All

the poetry of early American frontier life, with its hardships, its courage, its sacrifices, and its joys, fills the pages of the book with as delicate a fragrance as that of the apples "Johnny" loved. It is a portion of American border romance that waited to be written, not the fighting only, but the upbuilding, the conquering of the forests, the making "the wilderness blossom like a rose."

About

Musson's New Books

THE CANADIAN BIRD BOOK—by Chester A. Reed, B.S.

LEE'S GUIDE TO THE GAME OF DRAUGHTS

THE COMPETITIVE NEPHEW—by Montague Glass.

JOHNNY APPLESEED—by Eleanor Atkinson

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New Books of the Month—Continued.

The Haunted Heart, by Agnes and Egerton Castle. 12mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.35.

A love story depicting the gradual healing of an estrangement that had come between two lovers.

The Dusty Road, by Therese Tyler. 12mo. Toronto: Thomas Langton. \$1.25.

Story of the daughter of a Philadelphia woman of high social position but with little means.

The Final Verdict, by Sidney L. Nyburg. 12mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.00.

Six stories hinging upon "the question as to whether human law does not often defeat its own end by being unable to deal with problems" outside of its realm.

The Rose-Garden Husband, by Margaret Widemer. 12mo. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart. \$1.00.

Described as a "cheer-up book," in which is given the love story of a librarian.

The Mystery of Lucien Delorme, by Guy de Teramond. 12mo. Toronto: Thomas Langton. \$1.25.

A mystery story involving the murder of a Paris millionaire, and calling forth the psychic powers of one of the characters for its solution.

On the Fighting Line, by Constance Smedley. 12mo. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35.

Analyzes social conditions and tendencies, but is not a story based on the European war.

A Far Country, by Winston Churchill. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada. \$1.50.

Betty-All-Alone, by Meg Villars. Toronto: McLeod & Allan. \$1.25.

The Secret of the Reef, by Harold Bindloss. Toronto: McLeod & Allan. \$1.30 net.

The Seven Darlings, by Gouverneur Morris. Toronto: McLeod & Allen. \$1.35 net.

A novel of healthy, modern, out-of-door adventure and romance.

Little Sir Galahad, by Phoebe Gray. Toronto: McLeod & Allen. \$1.35 net.

Story of a little invalid boy.

The Voice in the Fog, by Harold MacGrath. Toronto: McLeod & Allen. 75c. net.

The Ragged Messenger, by W. B. Maxwell. Toronto: McLeod & Allen. \$1.35 net.

A book which comes at a time when the world needs to hear a new the messenger crying: "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Felix Tells it, by Lucy Pratt. 12mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.

The ten-year-old Felix tells a story, founded on his own experience, "about the nature of fathers and mothers."

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

The Early Church, by George Hodges. 8vo. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.75.

History of the Church from Ignatius to Augustine.

The Bible and Life, by Edwin Holt Hughes. 12mo. New York: The Methodist Book Concern. \$1.00.

First series of "The Mendenhall Lectures," delivered at de Pauw University. The author is a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Challenge of the Church: Rationalism Refuted, by George H. Bennett. Cincinnati: The Methodist Book Concern.

A reply to the Oregon Rationalist Society.

Social Messages, by Charles W. Barnes. 12mo. New York: The Methodist Book Concern. 50c.

"The New Sanctification" defined as the "cleansing of the social order from selfishness, injustice, and wrong."

The Christian Year, by the Rev. Walker Gwynne. 12mo. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 75c.

A popular manual describing the purpose and history of the Christian Year.

The Revelation of Discovery, by the Right Rev. Charles H. Brent. 12mo. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.00.

A series of papers on religious subjects, some of which have appeared in *The Churchman*, by the Bishop of the Philippine Islands.

Jesus As He Was and Is, by Samuel G. Craig. 12mo. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.00.

This book's purpose is "to show that Jesus is the dynamic through which the best aspirations of our age may be realized."

Child Study, by the Rev. G. H. Dix. 12mo. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 50c.

Has special application to religious teaching. The author is a teacher and lecturer on psychology and "a hard-working parish priest."

What Ought I to Do? by George Trumbull Ladd. 12mo. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50.

The second volume in a new series of books by Prof. Ladd treating of practical questions in popular psychology.

A Sunday-School Tour of the Orient, by Frank L. Brown. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Issued under the authority of the World's Sunday-School Association.

The Rise of Modern Religious Ideas, by Arthur Cushman McGiffert. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.

An effort to contribute to an understanding of the modern situation by showing the relation of the religious thought of the day to the theology of the past.

The Stewardship of Faith, by Kirsopp Lake. 8vo. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50. (Lowell Lectures.)

A study of early Christianity based on a series of lectures given last year by the Professor of Early Christian Literature in Harvard University.

The Gospel of Jesus and the Problems of Democracy, by Henry C. Vedder. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada. \$1.50 net.

Vital Elements of Preaching, by Arthur S. Hoyt. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada. \$1.50 net.

Social Christianity in the Orient, by J. C. Clough. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada. \$1.50 net.

Paul's Doctrine of Redemption, by H. B. Carre. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada. \$1.25 net.

Christian Psychology, by Professor J. Stalker. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton. \$1.25.

Democracy and Christian Doctrine, by W. H. Carnegie. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada. \$1.25.

The Rise of Modern Religious Ideas, by A. C. McGiffert. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada. \$1.50.

Modern Religious Movements in India, by J. N. Farquhar. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada. \$2.50 net.

Everyman's Corner

THE March list of new volumes of Everyman's Library contains 21 volumes, well distributed as usual over the various branches of literature. One of the most important of these is undoubtedly Carlyle's English and Other Critical Essays. For whereas there are many popular priced editions of the author's more famous works such as the French Revolution, Sartor Resartus, etc., this is the first time that these miscellanies have been made readily accessible to the general public. This volume, for instance, contains the essay on the Signs of the Times never before included in an edition at this price. This essay, together with those on History, Chartism, Corn Law Rhymes, Biography, Boswell's Johnson and Election to the Long Parliament.

In the realm of fiction there is that old favorite, Tom Cringle's Log, one of the books of the old school of rollicking tales of the sea that are the delight—as Mark Twain has it—of "young people of all ages." Here is depicted in all its truth of local coloring the reckless life of the sea and of the West Indian plantations, and the rapidly shifting narrative places the reader at once amidst the wonders and the terrors of a torrid clime, while inwoven with the story is a thread of boisterous fun that recalls the humor of Marryat or Smollett. The book was originally contributed as a series of papers to Blackwood's Magazine, and was pronounced by Coleridge, in his "Table Talk" as "most excellent." It is interesting at the present time, to note that Tom Cringle's Log enjoyed great popularity on the Continent, especially in Germany, where it has been more than once translated.

It is not given to everyone to be able to understand Carlyle's "French Revolution"—for Carlyle's word pictures of that great social convulsion presuppose a considerable historical knowledge in his readers. His is essentially the work for the ripper scholar. This led the publisher of Everyman's Library to offer to the public Mignet's more matter-of-fact history, which will be found much more suitable for the general reader, who, if he has read Carlyle's work, will find the narrative of the French writer most valuable as a complimentary volume. There is an introduction by Mr. L. Cecil Jane.

A list of the new Everyman's follows:

- 701—Life of R. Browning, by E. Dowden.
- 702—Caesar's Gallic War and Other Commentaries.
- 703—Carlyle's Essays: Vol. I, Scottish and Other Miscellanies.
- 704—Carlyle's Essays: Vol. II, English and Other Critical Essays.
- 705—Froude's Short Studies, Vol. II.
- 706—The Story of a Peasant, by Erckmann-Chatrain, Vol. I.
- 707—The Story of a Peasant, by Erckmann-Chatrain, Vol. II.
- 708—The Subaltern, by G. R. Gleig.
- 709—Windsor Castle, by W. Harrison Ainsworth.

Wayfarer's Library—The New Volumes

It's a positive pleasure to handle the books of the Wayfarer's Library. First, they are remarkably light in weight, and therefore excellent for the pocket. Secondly, the printing is exceptionally clear and good, while many of the volumes are illustrated throughout. Thirdly the artistically colored title-page and frontispiece constitute an attraction that is rarely found in books at this price.

At a time when the famous old regiments of Britain are winning fresh glory in France and Flanders, the Publishers considered it opportune to add to the Wayfarer's Library another section entitled "The Story of the Regiments." These stories are intended for the general reader and for all who are interested in the stirring tales of the heroic deeds of the British Army in the past—all who appreciate such achievements as those recorded by Napier of the "unconquerable British Soldiers"

on the ridge at Albuera. Consequently the narratives will not be hampered by technical details of military operations which deservedly bulk large in the standard works on war, but such details will not be omitted when they make an action more intelligible. The Stories will be written by Mr. L. Cope Cornford, and the first of the issue (March) will be "The Black Watch."

The new volumes of the Wayfarers' Library are:

- 67—The Face of Clay, by H. A. Vachell.
- 69—The Delectable Duchy, by Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch.
- 68—Chippinge, by Stanley Weyman.
- 71—A Jay of Italy, by Bernard Capes.
- 70—The Pride of Jennico, by A. & E. Castle.
- 72—Some Literary Portraits, by Clement K. Shorter.
- 73—The Black Watch, by L. Cope Cornford.

Everyman's Library

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New Books of the Month—Continued.

TRAVEL AND SPORT

The Home of the Blizzard, by Sir Douglas Mawson. 8vo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Two volumes. \$9.00.

The story of the Australasian Antarctic Expedition, 1911-1914, illustrated in color, black and white, and with maps.

Antarctic Adventure, by Raymond E. Priestley. 8vo. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$5.00.

Describes the adventures of Capt. Scott's "Northern Party," composed of six men, led by Commander V. L. A. Campbell. There are 150 illustrations and a map.

The British Isles, by Frederick Mort. 12mo. Cambridge, Mass.: University Press. \$1.00.

Treats of the climate, geography, and industries of the British Isles.

The American Indian in the United States, by Warren K. Moorehead. 8vo. Andover, Mass.: The Andover Press.

An illustrated history of the Indian during the transition period, 1850-1914, by the Curator of the Department of American Archaeology, Phillips Academy.

Borderlands and Thoroughfares, by W. W. Gibson. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada. \$1.25 net.

Artificial Waterways of the World, by A. B. Hepburn. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada. \$1.25 net.

Through the Grand Canyon from Wyoming to Mexico, by Ellsworth. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada. \$2.00 net.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Life of Benjamin Disraeli, by William Flavelle Monypenny and George Earle Buckle. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd. Price, \$3.00.

The third volume of "The Life of the Earl of Beaconsfield" covers the period 1846-1855 and is profusely illustrated. The death of Mr. Monypenny within ten days after the publication of the second volume of this biography devolved upon Mr. Buckle the task of completing the work which in the hands of his predecessor gave such rich promise of rare performance as biographer of one of the great figures of the Victorian era.

Mr. Buckle, under great difficulties, has achieved remarkable success with the wealth of materials placed at his disposal by the Trustees of the Beaconsfield estate and by the King. The period covered, although short, is one of great interest in the career of Disraeli. The present volume opens with the resignation of Peel in 1846 and the formation of a Whig Cabinet under Lord John Russell, with Palmerston as Foreign Secretary, and closes with the controversies arising out of the Crimean War.

Kitchener, by Harold Begbie. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25 net.

A biography of Lord Kitchener made at the height of his power as a commander.

Edward Rowland Sill: His Life and Work, by William Belmont Parker. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.75 net.

The first biography to appear of the popular American poet.

A Playmate of Philip II, by Lady Moreton. New York: John Lane Co. \$3.00 net.

Being the history of Don Martin of Aragon, of Alhambra, and of Dona Luisa de Borja,

Napoleon's Russian Campaign of 1812, by Edward Foord. 8vo. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$4.00.

A new history, profusely illustrated, written with the help of documents recently brought to light by the French and Prussian War Offices.

Life and Writings of Alfred Lord Tennyson, by Arthur Turnbull. 12mo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A short biography appearing in the "Great Writers" Series.

WAR LITERATURE

The Audacious War, by Clarence W. Barron. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.00 net.

Relating the commercial causes, financial aspects, and the cost in men and money for the first six months of the war.

Six Weeks at the War, by Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 50c. net.

An impression of the German invasion of Belgium during the first weeks of the war.

What I Found Out in the House of a German Prince, by an English-American Governess. 12mo. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.25.

The author gained her position in 1909 through the influence of Prince Henry of Prussia. She reports what she claims to have heard in German Court circles.

How Belgium Saved Europe, by Dr. Charles Sarolea. 12mo. Toronto: The Musson Book Co., Ltd. 75c.

The author is a prominent Belgian scholar. At the time of the invasion of Belgium he was special correspondent of *The London Daily Chronicle*. The preface is by the Belgium Secretary of State.

Belgium in War, by J. H. Whitehouse. 12mo. New York: G. Putnam's Sons.

A record of the author's personal experiences.

Can Germany Win? by an American. 12mo. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00.

The author's "sympathies are with England," but in this book he points out "hitherto unsuspected strengths in Germany," a country with which he is said to have had long and intimate dealings.

Germany, France, Russia, and Islam, by Heinrich von Treitschke. 12mo. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

Essays published between 1871 and 1895, now translated into English for the first time, in which Treitschke discusses Germany's relations to the "Eastern Question," France, Russia, etc.

The Christian Equivalent of War, by D. Willard Lyon. 12mo. New York: Young Women's Christian Associations, United States of America.

Suggested by Professor James' Book, written a few years ago, entitled "The Moral Equivalent of War."

Pan-Americanism, by Roland G. Usher. 12mo. New York: The Century Co. \$2.00.

Discusses the effect that the war will have on the Monroe Doctrine and the possibility of the "clash between the United States and Europe's victor."

Are We Ready? by H. D. Wheeler. 12mo. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50.

A consideration of our military preparedness. Contains an introduction by Major General Leonard Wood.

Read Other Books For What You Wish
But For a Good Laugh, Read

RUGGLES OF RED GAP

By HARRY LEON WILSON

This book promises to take the country by storm and repeat the success of "David Harum." To borrow a much abused phrase, "it's a scream"—one continuous laugh from end to end—the most refreshing, wholesome, clean humor in a book that we have come across in years. No straining after effect, no pilfering nor making over old "jokes," nothing imaginary nor unreal, but something genuine, mirth inspiring, that could happen every day, and perhaps is happening, but which has never been utilized in story form until now. It is a cure for the blues.

Ruggles is the valet of a down-and-out English nobleman who wagers him in a game of draw poker with a Western American senator, and—loses him. In consequence, Ruggles becomes an inmate of the senator's household, and his particular duty is to tutor an uncouth nephew of the senator's wife in the matter of dress and deportment. Mrs. Senator has great social ambitions and desires to assume the role of mentor of the amenities of the social life of her home town on her return to the States.

While in Paris in company with the valet, Gilbert, the nephew, meets an old friend from the West, and the greetings of the two and the astonishment and wonder of Ruggles create the most intensely humorous situations possible to conceive. Incident after incident of a ludicrous nature follows closely, and is kept up to the end of the book.

It is impossible for Gilbert, with his Western democratic ideas, to reconcile the relations of master and valet, and he accepts the arrangement simply because he thinks it is the custom but still an infringement on the rights of the free-born American citizen. He introduces Ruggles as "my friend, the Colonel," to all his acquaintances, and carries this to such an extent on their arrival at home, that the local papers announce that the senator has as a house guest the distinguished English military strategist, Col. Ruggles, which forces the family to play him off as such instead of utilizing his services as valet to Gilbert. The entrance of the valet into the social life of Red Gap as the distinguished guest of the senator brings him into the social adventures of town society.

The newspapers were filled with the daring exploits of the Colonel, and introductions were sought, until the aunt was submerged with confusion. The valet plays his new role with all the dignity, supergrand air native to the aristocratic army set of England.

There is a bitter social warfare being carried on in Red Gap between the bohemian and the ultra-fashionable stratas, the former headed by a Klondike divorcee and the latter by the aspiring aunt. Finally the Klondike crowd captures the valet-colonel by providing the necessary funds to start him in the restaurant business.

His old English master visits him, becomes a social lion, but alas! he falls in love with the Klondike woman. The valet, horrified, sends for his old master's brother, the Earl of — to come and save his brother from making an unfortunate alliance. The Earl arrives, goes to the home of the senator as the most exalted specimen of English nobility that ever happened, seeks his brother at the home of the Klondike person, expostulates with him, but he also falls a victim to her charms and marries her.

Then the fashionable for the first time discover what a wonderful personage the new duchess is, and by overwhelming her with praise and attention secure her tacit forgiveness. Ruggles marries his cook and becomes a hero—but why continue, everyone must read **RUGGLES OF RED GAP**.

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266-268 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

Canadian Bookman

REGISTERED, CANADA, 1915

With which is Incorporated The Canadian Bookseller and Library Journal

VOL. I, No. 3

TORONTO, MAY 1, 1915

PRICE 10 CENTS
\$1.00 per Annum

CANADIAN BOOKMAN

Registered, Canada, 1915

With which is Incorporated The Canadian Bookseller and Library Journal

HEAD OFFICE

IMPERIAL BANK BUILDING, Yonge & Queen Streets
TORONTO, CANADA

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Subscription

Canada, \$1; United States, \$1.50; Great Britain and Colonies, 4s. 6d.;
elsewhere, 6s.

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Notes and Comments

The extent to which the war continues to absorb the public mind is nowhere more visible than in university circles. Take, for instance, the current issue of *Queen's Quarterly*. Of the nine special articles, eight relate to the war. This, after all, is not astonishing, having regard to the momentous issues at stake. Money and men play a not unimportant part in the final balancing of accounts between us and our enemies, but the value of national concentration should not be underestimated. The task of our statesmen and generals will be considerably lightened and the morale of our soldiers sustained in the fight, by the knowledge that those behind are eagerly following the fortunes of the contending armies, realizing that this is a war of life or death, of liberty or slavery. One reason, perhaps, why our University magazines give such prominence to articles bearing on the war is that the country looks to the universities for a lead in the discussion of the political and ethical questions involved. In Germany it is the university professors who mould and direct public opinion. The difference between German professors and those of the British Empire arises out of the essential differences between the outlook of the two peoples, which is well set out in *Queen's Quarterly* by Mr. David H. Browne in an examination into the mainsprings of Anglo-Saxon action. Mr. Browne finds the key to national character in the fact that the Anglo-Saxon, "by his training and tradition, by his education, his religious and moral habit, and his instinctive philosophy, looks upon himself as a free, willing agent, responsible for the progress of himself and his fellow-men. He conceives of himself primarily as an individual with free choice of action." On the other hand, the proneness of the German mind is to "flow into and fill the moulds provided therefor." This applies to German professors and people alike.

Another topic of discussion at the present time is the claim the Germans make to be the most cultured and progressive nation in the world. Mr. E. F. Scott, writing on "Germany's Contribution to Modern Culture," pricks the Prussian bubble and while conceding to Germans a high place as a gifted people, qualifies very considerably the Germans' own estimate of their claim on the gratitude of the world. Other writers have been active along the same line of thought. An article by Mr. Clintern Sibley in the April number of *The Canadian Magazine*, summarizes the relative claims of Briton and German in the broad field of human thought and activity, and shows very clearly the preposterous character of German pretensions. Several books on the same subject have been added to the wealth of war literature. One of the most noteworthy is a symposium on "German Culture: The Contribution of the Germans to Knowledge, Literature, Art and Life." It is edited by Prof. W. P. Paterson of Edinburgh University, and the writers include the following distinguished authorities: History, Prof. Richard Lodge; philosophy, A. D. Lindsay; science, Prof. J. Arthur Thomson; literature, Dr. John Lee; art, Prof. Baldwin Brown; music, Prof. D. F. Tovey; education, Dr. Michael Sadler, C.B.; politics, Prof. D. H. Macgregor; religion, Prof. W. P. Paterson. The book is an authoritative guide to all who desire fuller knowledge on the subject of German culture. It is published by Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack, of Edinburgh.

*

What do the Germans mean by Culture? In a preface to the foregoing book, the editor, Prof. W. P. Paterson, writes: "German Culture is a title which requires some definition. The German term to which 'Culture' has hitherto been treated as an equivalent is *Bildung*. This was the usage of Matthew Arnold, who meant by culture an individual intellectual possession—the quality, and also the contents, of a mind which has been refined, disciplined and stored with the best that has been thought and uttered. *Kultur* is ordinarily used by the Germans where we should speak of civilization. *Kulturgeschichte*, the history of *Kultur*, is the equivalent of our "History of Civilization." The shade of difference is sometimes said to be that while in speaking of civilization we give prominence to its material aspect, and think specially of the extension of man's power over nature through his discoveries and inventions, the Germans shift the emphasis to the intellectual and moral side, and think of *Kultur* as 'the organization of a people's life in which the ideals of religion, morality, and science come to realization.'"

A writer in *The Contemporary Review* suggests that not in Germany only is there need of watchfulness against the deadening influences of materialism.

"Never, since the Middle Ages, in the history of England," he affirms, "has the need for a new struggle against materialism been so evident. . . . The struggle over football and racing—not as forms of exercise and pure sport, but as objects of betting and spectacular amusement—over mad fashions in women's clothing, over restrictions on the sale of alcohol, is a mere outward sign of a struggle between social materialism and what is condemned as rigid Puritanism. Whatever the results of this titanic European war may be, there are trembling in the balance the results of an even greater war in social life, and in this war those who are not striving in Flanders against one form of materialism, must be striving on one side or the other at home."

•

The fifteenth annual meeting of the Ontario Literary Association was a most successful event, the fine room at College Street Library, Toronto, being packed when the President, Mr. W. O. Carson, Chief Librarian, London, Ont., rose to address the delegates. He urged Canadians to think Imperially and held that public libraries were doing much to keep the public informed in regard to the problems of the day. "Bureaus of information," was his description of the libraries, which were promoting vocational education and encouraging good reading. The new President is Mr. David Williams, editor of *The Collingwood Bulletin*, for many years an ardent enthusiast in library work. The following officers were also elected: First Vice-President, George H. Locke, M.A., Toronto; Second Vice-President, Miss M. J. L. Black, Fort William; Secretary-Treasurer, E. A. Hardy, B.A., D.Paed., Toronto; Councillors, H. J. Clarke, B.A., Belleville; D. M. Grant, B.A., Sarnia; W. J. Sykes, B.A., Ottawa; F. P. Gavin, B.A., Windsor; W. H. Murch, St. Thomas; Technical Committee, D. M. Grant, G. H. Locke, E. A. Hardy, Miss B. Dunham and W. A. Carson.

Mr. Peter McArthur charmed every one present by his address on "Rural Libraries." It bubbled over with McArthurisms. He has discovered in his own neighborhood a new type of public library, a sort of communistic scheme which he calls a "spontaneous library." He described how, in his search of a copy of 'Huckleberry Finn' which he had loaned, he discovered it had passed through a number of hands before finally tracing it to a neighbor in his vicinity. It is a good thing to see private copies of good books going into circulation, but this is rather an argument for than against rural libraries. Librarians will, no doubt, find in Mr. McArthur's address some valuable hints as to the needs of rural communities. Above all, there is much truth in his statement that "a companionable librarian is just as important as a good library." That librarians as a class are doing a splendid work will generally be admitted. Individuality counts for much in their work. It is often overlooked that to the sympathetic co-operation of librarians we owe thousands of volumes issued yearly. It is only necessary to turn to the preface of any book that has necessitated research work by its author, to find some librarian foremost among those to whom he is indebted for

assistance. "Bureaus of information" is, on the whole, the most expressive term by which to define their chief sphere of usefulness to the community. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who sent a letter to the Association, defined the main functions of a library in the following words: "One great value of the public library as a social force is its position as one of the most important educational agencies of the community. For centuries the library has ranked high as a preserver of the written word. In the last generation it has added to that function the aggressive and helpful office of message-bearer, carrying books to the homes of the people, to their schools, to their work-a-day world, and to their playgrounds."

Other speakers were: Clarence M. Warner, President of the Ontario Historical Association, and Miss Mary S. Saxe, Librarian, Westmount, Que. We commend to our readers the advice of Miss Mary S. Saxe, Librarian, Westmount, Que., to "back up their own authors."

•

The literary world is the poorer by the deaths of two distinguished men, Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury, author of "Studies in Chaucer," and Mr. Rupert Brooke, the brilliant young poet of the Georgian school. With the death of Prof. Lounsbury, the greatest living authority on Chaucer has passed away. In Mr. Rupert Brooke—whose death, at the early age of twenty-seven, took place while on active service with the British navy, at the Dardanelles—England loses one of the most gifted of her younger poets. By many he was regarded as the future Poet Laureate. A couple of years ago Mr. Brooke made a tour of Canada and was agreeably surprised to find that his fame had preceded him.

The following poem, written by Mr. Rupert Brooke since the outbreak of war, is sadly prophetic of a glorious end:

If I should die, think only this of me:

That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be

In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,

A pulse in the eternal mind, no less

Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England
given;

Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

•

Writing in *The London Nation*, "Penguin," referring to Mr. Cyril Falls' eulogistic study of Kipling (London: Martin Secker), says: "Whatever be the cause, Mr. Falls is constrained to admit 'a temporary falling-off in Mr. Kipling's popularity,' though he believes that the falling-off is rather in the estimation of critics than of the public. Is it not the truth that the element of surprise and novelty which caused so much extravagant eulogy of Mr. Kipling has now lost its effect, and that he is now judged more as an artist, and less as the discoverer and exhibitor of a new vein in the mine of English fiction?"

A writer in an American journal points out that the Aisne River in France, the scene of so much of the struggle for French soil, is historic in war and, 2,000 years ago, was the battle-ground over which Julius Caesar's legions fought. But a correlated fact is less generally known, namely, that several of the officers among the combatants are using "Caesar's Commentaries" as an up-to-date text book in tactics for this region. Attention is called to an article by an Italian war correspondent upon this subject in the New York *Corriere della Sera*:

"A few weeks ago he visited his friend, a commanding colonel of a French regiment, in his trench, which was furnished with bare necessities only. In a corner, on a small table, lay the open volume of 'Commentarii Cæsaris,' which the visitor took into his hand out of curiosity in order to see what passage the colonel had just been reading. There he found the description of the fight against the Remi, who, at that time, lived in the neighborhood of the present city of Reims. Principally with the aid of his Numidian troops, Cæsar at that time had prevented the Remi from crossing the River Axona, to-day called the Aisne.

"This colonel had received the order to cross the River Aisne with Moroccans and Spahis, and for this purpose he had studied the description of Cæsar. To the astonished question of the reporter, what made him occupy his mind with the study of Cæsar, the Frenchman replied: 'Cæsar's battle descriptions form a book from which even in this present-day war a great deal may be learned. Cæsar is by no means as obsolete as you seem to think. I ask you to consider, for instance, that the trenches, which have gained so much importance in this war, date back to Julius Cæsar.' "

Publishers come in for a word of well-deserved praise from *The London Globe*:

"It is, we believe, "in no small measure due to the persistent faith of the groups of men who advocated 'Business as Usual' that business has been so usual as it has. The case of the book trade is a useful example. The pessimists six months ago among the publishers and booksellers talked about a three-years' war, during which no books were to be sold. Optimists like Mr. Fisher Unwin did their best to maintain their output and to let the public know by advertisement what they were doing. Soon it was whispered around that one firm had made £15,000 profit out of a single book during the first two months of this period in which no books were to be sold! This week's *Bookseller* admits that the position of the business at this moment is far better than anyone in the trade had dared to hope. That things go so well, we venture to believe, is largely the work of those men who kept their heads, concealed any fears they may have had, spoke and wrote optimistically, and nailed to the mast their flag of 'Business as Usual.' "

When Lord Aberdeen decided to drop Tara from his new title, and substitute the archaic synonym Temair, Mrs. Green, the well-known Irish historian,

and widow of J. R. Green of "Short History" fame, entered a vigorous protest. She points out in a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette* that "teamhair" was, and is, the name of the famous hill in Meath, and that "Tara" is merely an Anglicised form of the genitive of that word. Lord Aberdeen threw dust in the eyes of the Irish people by adopting a nominative instead of a genitive form.

A correspondent writes to an English journal: "The Shakespeare festival at Stratford-upon-Avon is not to be dropped this year, but it is to be shortened to a fortnight's duration. It will open on April 19, and conclude on May 1, and Mr. F. R. Benson will again direct it, so some of the right kind of acting may be expected. If, as some optimists expect, the war ends in the summer of this year, the August festival, which of late years has been the more popular of the two, will, perhaps, be revived; but the general feeling on the subject is not particularly hopeful. However, it is well that the birthday, at any rate, is sure of commemoration. And next year, the tercentenary year, we may hope for a celebration that shall make good all the inevitable omissions of 1915."

Among the numerous congratulatory messages that have reached us, we publish the following:

Mr. G. B. Scholfield, Provincial Librarian, Victoria, British Columbia, writes:

"Many thanks for specimen copy, which, if continued as it has begun, and developed as the needs of the country grow, will meet a long-felt want. I shall be greatly obliged if you will place the name of the Provincial Library of British Columbia on your mailing list, to receive the paper regularly as issued."

Mr. D. W. Nye, Doubleday, Page & Co., says:

"I congratulate you upon the first number. I have not had an opportunity to read it through yet, but I am looking forward to that pleasure. After I have gone over it, I shall be glad to write you again with reference to it. I have just returned from Boston and have been very busy, but I hope to write you more fully in a short time."

Mr. Arthur H. Brook, of Glasgow, Brook & Co., Toronto, writes:

"I spent a very pleasant half hour last evening with *The Canadian Bookman* and wish to congratulate you on your splendid start. This journal fills a distinct need, and under your skilful guidance I am confident that it will render a genuine service to the country in directing our people to the best publications. You may put us down as annual subscribers. Wishing you much success in the undertaking."

Dr. George Locke, Chief Librarian, Toronto, sends "Heartiest congratulations on first number and best wishes for success."

The branch of the Dramatic League established in Toronto should focus attention on the needs of Canada in this department. It is a most commendable project as the ground is already prepared for the seeds of a native drama. Young dramatists are bound to arise when they know that Canada is ready and willing to encourage native talent.

How to See a Play

BY RICHARD BURTON

President of the Dramatic League of America

HOW many of the thousands who frequent the theatre appreciate the good and bad points of a play? As in books the "best sellers" are not always the books that rank with, and live as real literature, so the popular dramas very often possess ephemeral qualities that only tend to vitiate the public taste. "The basis of all artistic genius," as Walter Pater insisted, "lies in the power of putting a happy world of its own creation in place of the meaner world of our common days." It is this spirit of our childhood days—of the days of make believe—that is in danger of being destroyed through the degeneration of the stage. As Duncan Phillips expresses it in "The Enchantment of Art:" "Let us make believe. And so to humor there is added the sense of glamour, and to glamour the sense of humour; and because the spirit of man must expand and express its joy in the magic of the mysterious world, Nature supplies the materials for creations of mimetic and imaginative beauty, and Art comes into being that a richer life may result." Why should this Golden Age be the joy only of the Ancients? That the theatre has sadly degenerated as an artistic expression of Life and Beauty few will deny who witness some of the travesties that are presented on the modern stage.

*

As President of the Dramatic League of America, Mr. Burton, in "How to See a Play" (The Macmillan Co.), seeks to popularize the principles of good drama, so that the man in the seat may be able to judge for himself how far the play ministers to his artistic and intellectual enjoyment. The veteran actor and playwright, Colley Cibber, was wont to blame the public for the low condition of the theatre: "It is not to the actor therefore, but to the vitiated and low taste of the spectator, that the corruptions of the stage (of what kind soever) have been owing. If the public, by whom they must live, had spirit enough to discountenance and declare against all the trash and fopperies they have been so frequently fond of, both the actors and the authors, to the best of their power, must actually have served their daily table with sound and wholesome diet." But the public needs to be educated in order to discriminate between the true and the false in Art, and this task must largely be voluntary and carried on by intellectuals who realize the importance of Art in the full-blooded life of a nation.

In simple language, free from technicalities, Mr. Burton sets out to educate the playgoer. The play, as he says, is a form of story telling—"such a manipulation of human happenings as to give a sense of unity and growth to a definite end. A story implies a connection of characters and events so as to suggest a rounding out and completion, which, looked back upon, shall satisfy man's desire to discover some meaning and significance in what is called life." From this simple formula the author takes the reader through all the maze of play production. The division of the play into

acts and lesser divisions of scenes, how the high lights of character and event must be emphasized within "the two hours' traffic of the stage" mentioned by Shakespeare; how dramatic effect is produced by omission, compression, stress and crescendo—how the drama, unlike some novels, must be direct, condensed, and rapid. While a great piece of fiction like *David Copperfield*, or *Tom Jones*, cannot be read in a day; a great play like *Hamlet*, or *A Doll's House*, can be absorbed in three hours while the playgoer sits in the theatre. The novel shows character in the process of development; the drama assumes that much of this has taken place before the rise of the first curtain. The play shows what character, developed to the point of test, will do when the test comes. In the drama character must for the most part be displayed in external acts, since action is of the very essence of a play. In short, a play in contrast with fiction tells its tale by word, act and scene in a rising scale of importance, and within briefer time limits, necessitating a far more careful selection of material, and a greater emphasis upon salient moments in the handling of a plot. Because of its wider appeal the play is the most democratic and popular form of story telling.

*

It is impossible to cover the whole ground in this brief article, and the reader will do well to study for himself what Mr. Burton has to say on the subject in this volume. An appreciation of the value of a play depends on the playgoer's previous acquaintance with the history of drama and the theatre, as well as with the laws and conventions that govern the playwright and actor. And then he must realize that "the thing that gives dignity and value to any play is to be found just here: a distinctive theme, which is over and above the interest of story—plot, sinks into the consciousness of the spectator or reader, and gives him stimulating thoughts about life and living long after he may have forgotten the fable which made the framework for this suggestive impulse of the dramatist." Thus, the theme of *Macbeth*, for instance, is the degenerating effect of sin upon the natures of the king and his spouse, and the theme of Ibsen's *A Doll's House* is the evil results of treating a grown up woman as if she were a mere puppet with little or no relation to life's serious realities. The true dramatist does not tell a story, as the author points out, because he has a theme he wishes to impose upon the audience. On the contrary, he tells his story because he sees life that way, in terms of plot, of drama, and in its course, and "in spite of himself" a certain view about life enters into the structure of the whole and emanates from it like an atmosphere. If the dramatist, in making the theme his own, is tempted to present a view of life eccentric and vagarious, a distorted vision of life rather than life as men in general experience it, he must take the risks of failure. Better plays will come as an ever-widening circle of theatregoers learn to discriminate between the true and the false, and take their artistic pleasures consciously, deliberately and critically with the learned love of the amateur.

Random Thoughts on Literature and Art

BY PROF. PELHAM EDGAR, B.A., Ph.D.

Professor of French Language and Literature,
Victoria, University of Toronto.

WHEN an editor informs you on the eighth evening of the month that he has reserved three columns for you and that he goes to press on the tenth, you usually decide that the magazine shall appear with its three columns vacant as far as you are concerned. This is what I should have decided to do, since at the nearest calculation I had four free hours at the most for my task, which was of such a nature as to impose at least half an hour's preliminary thought, to say nothing of the pains of composition. However, the command was so delicately worded that all resistance was at an end, and if the readers of *The Canadian Bookman* will tolerate a *currente calamo* discourse on the subject assigned to me, I am most completely at their service. My only stipulation is that I must treat the subject in my own way, and that must be, under the circumstances, to take the random thoughts that float into my mind and set them down for what they are worth.

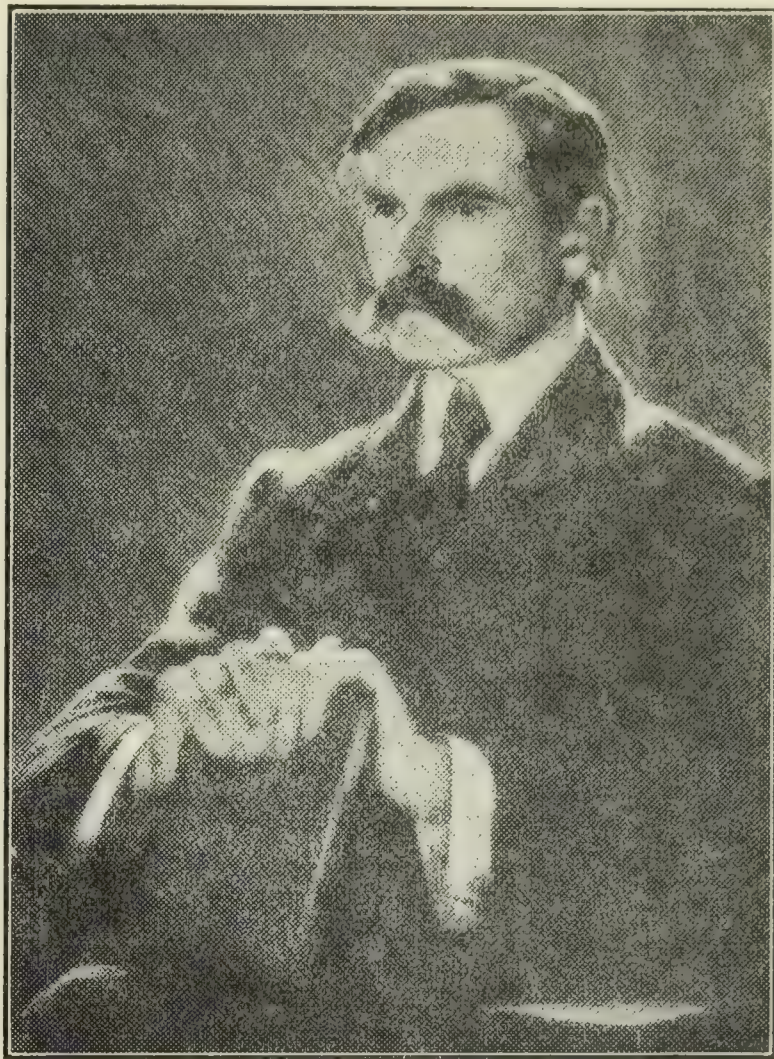
Most of us who are not professional workers in the arts seek at least to develop our receptivity and powers of enjoyment to the utmost. We do this for our own satisfaction, and it serves to make life tolerable. It is an advantage, I suppose, to go as far as one's capacity allows towards the conquest of some particular form of human expression. At the least, one reaps the reward of having reasoned convictions and acquires a standard of values that holds finally, at any rate, for oneself. Yet for my own part I have enjoyed keeping my mind purged of theory and preconception in one of the great arts—music, and my pleasure in music remains consequently primitive and pure. It is the only art that makes an elemental appeal to me, and I propose, for my own delight, to keep clear of all theorizing on harmony and counterpoint, diminished fifths and the diatonic scale.

I have been more unfortunate with the painter's art. I can dimly understand their jargon, and I have roamed enough about Europe to get the theory of the thing, and some idea of its historic development into my head. And yet I ought not perhaps to regret it, for I don't think that art can be enjoyed in quite the same elemental fashion as music. Elementalism in music carries us a long way beyond the tom-tom and the bag-pipe. We are permitted to enjoy vastly what we vaguely understand; and though much that is intellectual in a profound composition escapes us, our emotions still are adequately stirred, and our imaginations set free. No such untutored enjoyment of art is possible, for the untrained instinct naturally responds here only to what is basest, to the appeal namely of crude literalism and flabby sentiment. Through this barbarous stage we must all pass before we are made free of the world of art. I would like to say a word or two

as to the inter-relations of literature and art, and especially to investigate—no, that is too big a word for so slender a treatment—but rather to glance at the regions where these two modes of human expression seem to converge.

*

It is only in the last hundred years that literary men have concerned themselves much with pictorial art. Plato, to the abundant distress of his admirers, theorized upon it, but could see no further function for art than the reproduction with diminished



(From a painting, by George Reid, R.C.A.)

PROFESSOR PELHAM EDGAR

intensity of that which is already sufficiently illustrated in the world of apparent objects. As these objects themselves are only a reflection of reality, Art is nothing more than an imitation of an imitation. Aristotle seemed to be on a more solid foundation when he affirmed that Art might be a corrective of nature. But, alas for Aristotle! it is industrial art for which this function is reserved. Tables don't grow in the forests nor pots in the fields, so man in his ingenuity supplies this deficiency. All down the ages we find a good deal of theorizing on the principles of beauty, and gradually a saner æsthetic is evolved. But art criticism in the modern sense is of late development. We may be certain that many shrewd remarks passed to and fro between the artists who were learning their trade in the Brancacci Chapel at Florence, and the world now would give much to have a fragment of those comments, or an hour revived of Michael Angelo's impassioned discourse on art with Vittoria Colonna in the intervals of his own creative work.

These men, we may be sure, had thought out

the problems of their art, but they did not deem it worth while to subject a picture to analysis and set down their impressions in writing. It seemed too cold-blooded a process. The men who could paint, painted, and the men who could not, contented themselves at most with giving us gossip accounts of the men who could. Diderot, in his *Salons*, was the first man of letters to discover that painting could be written about, and with that discovery he created a new form of literary art.

*

As to its value, there is much dispute. The merely literary man, it is urged, looks at a picture to find only what may be called its literary qualities, that is, its power of telling a story, illustrating an idea, or presenting a dramatic situation. In other words, the significance he finds in a picture has the smallest concern with technical considerations; texture, tone, the manipulation of light and shadow, the distribution of mass, are all lost in the general impression which the composition makes upon the imagination. Lamb and Hazlitt are two of our earliest men of letters to concern themselves with art, and it is something more than a coincidence that the theme of their description is Hogarth's *Mariage à la Mode*, because of its human situations and its human truth which they both commend with evident relish. Ruskin brought to his task very marked technical qualifications, yet artists complain that his work is marred by his literary prejudices, and by his importation into art criticism of a systematic moral philosophy which obscures the real issues involved. Pater imports no moral bias into his treatment of the subject, but there is a notable lack of relevant detail in his criticism, and at his dissolving touch the picture vanishes in a beautiful mist of poetic fancies. The passage in which his peculiar habit of interpretation is best exhibited is his famous description of Da Vinci's *La Giocanda*:

"Hers is the head upon which all 'the ends of the world are come,' and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed? All the thoughts and experience of this world have etched and moulded there in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form, the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the reverie of the Middle Age, with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias. She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen joy about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants; and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has

moulded the changing lineaments and tinged the eyelids and the hands." "Great heavens! was Monna Vanna all those things?" the artist cries, "and I have been wasting my time trying to discover the subtle touch by which Leonardo conveyed the elusive smile and expressed the mirthful melancholy of her drooping eyelids."

*

Art criticism has entered upon another path since Pater wrote. But has not Pater in many similar passages proved that literature may legitimately enlarge its boundaries by taking as its theme and point of departure not only the beauty and significance of the natural world, but the beauty and significance also of the world that man has made?

PELHAM EDGAR.

A New Pastime

A NEW pastime has been discovered by a New York woman, who is a journalist. She became interested in the reading-matter with which the travelling public while away the time in subway and overhead trains.

Reading in street cars is on the increase. The newspaper is still the popular literature of the travelling public. But quite a number read books. It is surprising how much reading may be done in the year by those who occupy an hour a day travelling to and from their place of work. The New York woman journalist made a note of the books read by travellers in street cars in that city. A majority of the book readers were women. The list is as follows: "Handy Andy," "Landmarks," "Folk Tales," "Italian Painters of the Renaissance," "Toilers of the Sea," "The Wall of Partition," "Self-Governing Clubs for Boys" (reader, a lad of 13 or so), "Hamlet," "With the Allies," "Jane Eyre," "Truth," the Bible, "The Virginians," "Marian Grey," "She's All the World to Me," "The Snake," "The Turmoil," "St. Elmo," "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," "Saturday's Child," "Within Prison Walls," "The Idiot," "Cy Whitaker's Place," "Fighting in Flanders," "Pan-Germanism," "Stevenson's Letters," "As You Like It," "Joyzelle," "The Doctor," "One Night's Mystery," "The Key of Heaven," "La Folle Histoire de Fridoline," "From an Island Outpost," "The Secret Orchard," "History of the Reformation," "The Light of Western Stars," "The Haunted Heart," "Stones of Venice," "Turner," "The Island Pharisees," "The Crossing," "The Plays of Oscar Wilde," "The Honor of the Name," "The Mill on the Floss."

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unused armour's rust,
Removing from the wall
The corslet of the hall.

A. MARVELL.

How I Began

BY REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD

It was a little "classical school" in the South of Ireland, where boys of sixteen and seventeen years of age were making their course in "belles lettres." The Revd. Professor, a great favorite with the pupils, was hearing the class in English essays. The subject given out had been "Coal and its uses," or some other dry-as-dust subject of that particular brand. What was the amazement of that class, therefore, when one of the boys, not specially noted for his high degree of intellect, handed in his essay in the form of verse, marked off into stanzas, with all the aplomb of a Wordsworth, or an Edgar Allen Poe! Worst of all, the Revd. Professor seemed to take quite kindly to the bizarre, and, indeed, preposterous idea, and proceeded to read the absurd production for us, in toto, with every sign of pleasure and approbation! A mass meeting of the boys was held outside the school during recreation, and it was then and there resolved that some manner of retaliation upon the budding poet was absolutely necessary, or we should be plagued every day with essays in as many stanzas as Scott's Marmion, or Spencer's Faerie Queen. Somebody must write a satire upon the poet himself, and I was unanimously appointed to the position of class satirist. Having thus settled the question, the boys went on with a rather rough game of football, leaving me to do all the worrying incident to the high honor conferred upon me.

It was then the question struck me with the force of a trip-hammer—how was I to write a satire in poetry when I had never written even one line of verse in my whole life? Moreover, I did not want to hurt anybody's feelings, particularly I did not want to hurt the feelings of the young poet who was a very good friend of mine. I resolved therefore that, if it were at all possible, I would write a satire that would seem to the victim the highest possible praise, and this was what was actually accomplished in the end.

Just as soon as I got home from school that evening, I set myself to the task with what I am now forced to admit was a most unaccountable self-confidence. Strange to say, the verses came to me quite rapidly, in ballad metre, and very soon I had written a "poem" of fourteen stanzas. The locality from which the poet came was a pleasant elevation called Tory Hill, and so I entitled the satire "The Poet of Tory Hill."

Here are the exact words of some of the stanzas:

Let Milton, Pope, and Walter Scott
Hide their diminished heads,
We have a Poet in Tory Hill
Who beats them all to shreds!

Each year new sages do arise,
Renowned for wit and skill;
But the last Sage, the prince of all
Is John of Tory Hill!

Arise ye Muses bright, and place
Your laurels on his brow,
And thank your stars you've got indeed
A poet to praise you now.

And when he strikes his tuneful lyre,
Let men and gods be still;
And hear the grand poetic fire
Of John of Tory Hill!

He'll praise in numbers round and sweet
His people great and grand,
And paint in lines of vigour meet
The glories of his land.

The satire then went on to describe the glories of local scenery, and of Irish History, which it would be the duty of the Poet of Tory Hill to celebrate. There was a legend that Oliver Cromwell, on his triumphal and sanguinary march through Ireland, had sat on the summit of Tory and exclaimed, "This is a country worth fighting for," and of course this had to be mentioned—

He'll sing of Saxon fraud and guile,
And how fierce Cromwell sat
On frowning Tory's rock-hew'd stile,
Beneath his huge cocked hat!

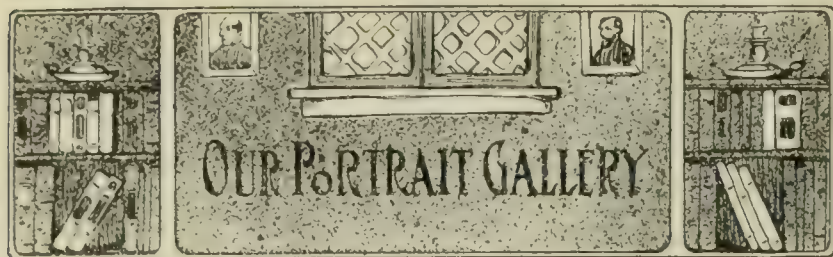
How, gazing down upon this vale,
He said, with savage grin:
"This land is worth a monarch's while
To plunder, kick and win!"

After this a few sly hits, which "brought down the house," were given to some others of the boys in the class, a few more items of scenery were thrown in for good measure, and the "satire" was brought to a close as follows:

I'll write no more of these fair scenes,
Lest I describe them ill;
I leave them to the master-hand
Of John of Tory Hill!

There was a regular furore in the class when this "poem" was read the next day. No first attempt at verse was ever more successful, to judge from its results. The Professor was delighted. He could hardly read it, for laughing, and afterwards he showed it all over the country, and even to the Bishop of the Diocese; the boys all clapped me on the back and said that they knew all along I could do it; and, best of all, the satirized Poet took it as his due meed of praise, and was so highly elated over it that, instead of reforming, he continued to deluge us with stanzas to the end of the chapter! But never thereafter was his claim to be known as the one and only original "Poet of Tory Hill" disputed.

JAMES B. DOLLARD.



FATHER DOLLARD

A BIG, cheerful, brown-haired, brown-eyed, broad-shouldered man with a large heart, a soft responsive tongue, a delicate imagery and the love of created things in his face. Such is Father Dollard. And when one dives into his poems, one finds a wistful memory and a turning of the mind to the old sod, and the smell of the peat, and the mist slipping over the shoulder of Slieve-na-mon. The banshee winks at you from behind the hedge and the spirit of dead Celts whisper in the light of the moon. Indeed, it is not a small thing to cross the water and bring so much of Ireland with you, Father Dollard.

It is beautiful verse with which "The Haunted Hazel" begins in this book of his:

"Adown a quiet glen when the gowan-berries glisten
And the linnet, shyest bird of all, his wild note warbles free;
Where the scented woodbine-blossoms, o'er the brooklet, bend to listen,
There stands, upon a mossy bank, a white-hazel tree."

And there is many a man who can respond to this in "Ould Kilkenny":

"I'm sick o' New York City an' the roarin' o' the thrains
That rowl above the blessed roofs an' underneath the dhraings!
Wid dust an' smoke an' divilment I'm moidhered head an' brains!
And I thinkin' o' the skies of ould Kilkenny!"

And there are not many that could write the "Song of the Little Villages".

Picturesque he is, this Father Dollard, getting the keen of the wind and the footstep on the grass into his lines. Note it in this last verse of "Moirin Ni Mara":

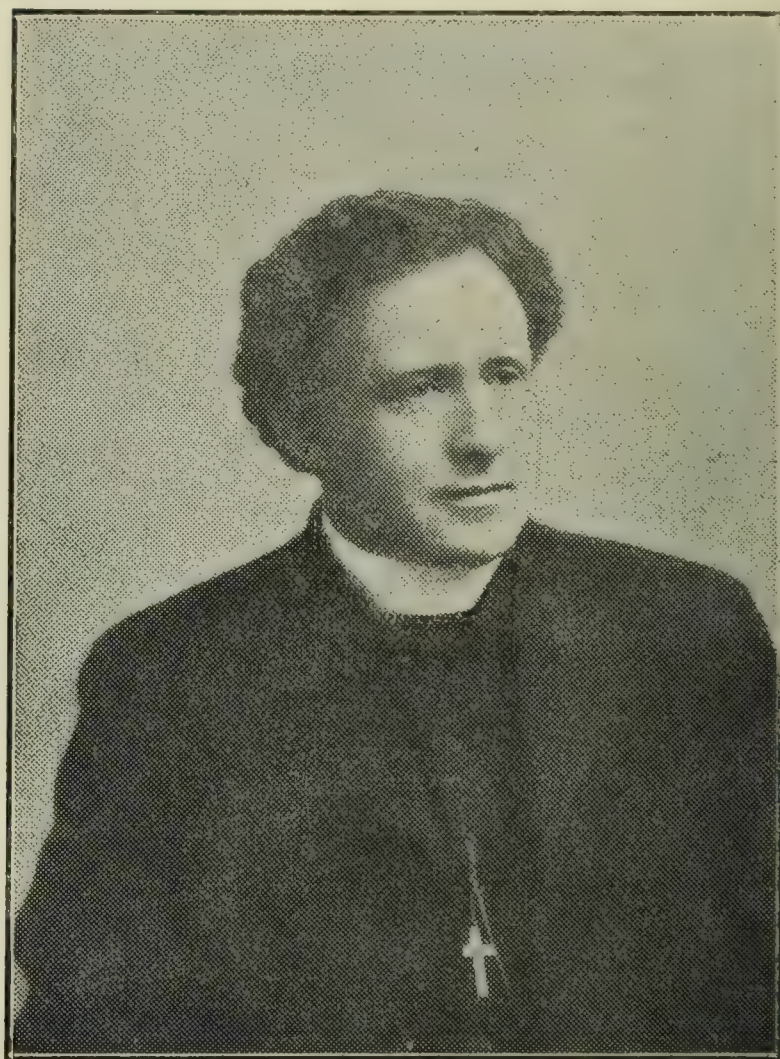
"Moirin Ni Mara!—they found her lying
Cold—all cold on the foam-flaked sand—
Far up above her the curlews flying
With frightened cries sought the wind-swept land.
They made her a grave where a wave sounds never,
A gray priest blessing the tranquil sward,
The sea-wraith's victim at rest forever,
Her white soul soaring to greet its Lord."

It is a matter of congratulation that he does not strain effects and search the dictionary for words strange and weird. His is the voice of a simple-minded man, at heart memorial and mystic, singing of the things that have moved his own soul. In *The Globe*, a few weeks ago, appeared "Tipperary" as Yeats would have rendered it. One line stood out among many others:

"And Ossian came there to meet us: gold-sandalled and silent he came."

Now, there are not many in America that could duplicate that line, because not only is its verbal music and consonance perfect and the sibilant alliteration extremely good, but the picture the very words create marches in wonderful step with the speech of the man who reads. There is a double and rare harmony.

It is to be hoped, Father Dollard, that you will not let yourself be grimed with the smoke and deafened by the noise of a distressfully commercial



REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD

country, but that you will keep the smell of the turf in your nostrils, and blackthorn in the fist of you, and fairies and goblins and mist and fog still before your eyes, and that you will long write as you do to-day, because your verses are like the little streams that do chuckle in the gorse and go leapin' down the side of Slieve-na-mon.

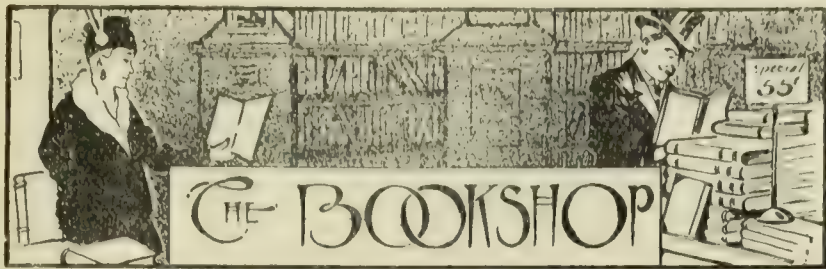
ALAN SULLIVAN.

TO REV. J. B. DOLLARD.

Thane of the laurelled lyre, within whose mind
Sweet harmony with lofty speech combined;
Whose fancy, grace and energy conspire
To match the fervor of a Sappho's lyre,
Whose genius Canada shall surely give
A wreath new culled, to bid her glory live;
For every Muse will lend her aid to scroll
That verse, the speaking tablet of thy soul.

Then from a lover of thy verses deign
To list the numbers of his artless strain,
Who oft in peaceful solitude has known
To feel the magic of thy melting tone;
For who insensible to song can be
When he, enraptured, woos the muse with thee?

(DEAN) W. R. HARRIS.



THE comic spirit in Russian literature is hardly even suspected of existence by most English readers," says *The Spectator*. "There is, therefore, reason to be grateful for a new edition of a twenty-year-old translation of Gogol's "Dead Souls" (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.), which Mr. Stephen Graham, in a new preface, rightly describes as 'the greatest humorous novel in the Russian language.'"

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton announce that the following awards have been made in their All-British £1,000 Prize Novel Competition:

The prize of £250 for the best Canadian story has been awarded to Mrs. A. E. Taylor, of 9 Dempster Terrace, St. Andrews, N.B., for a novel entitled "Land of the Scarlet Leaf."

The prize of £250 for the best Australian story has been awarded to Miss Katharine Susannah Prichard, of 64 Chelsea Gardens, for a novel entitled "The Pioneers."

The prize of £250 for the best South African story has been awarded to Mr. F. Horace Rose, of Maritzburg, Natal, for a novel entitled "Golden Glory."

The prize of £250 for the best Indian story has been awarded to Mr. S. Foskett, care of Mr. B. Foskett, 8 Chester Crescent, Newcastle-on-Tyne, for a novel entitled "The Temple in the Tope."

The judges were Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P., Mr. Charles Garvice, Sir H. Rider Haggard and Captain A. E. W. Mason.

Winston Churchill's new novel, "A Far Country," will not appear until June, but already readers of "The Inside of the Cup" are looking forward to the latest from the pen of this popular author. Macmillan's inform us that the new book deals with certain sociological questions, the title being taken from the parable of the Prodigal Son.

"The Turmoil," the new novel by Booth Tarkington, has not been off the Harper presses since the publishers began printing it on February 4th.

Constance Garnett's series of new translations of Dostoevski's works, the latest volume of which is "The House of the Dead," just issued (Macmillan), also comes in for Professor Phelps's commendation. "A fine series of translations," he says of it.

"Reticence in Literature and other Papers" (J. G. Wilson, 3s. 6d. net) is a volume of essays on literary subjects by Mr. Arthur Waugh.

The effect of Western civilization upon the Oriental mind is a large question, the fringe of which is touched upon by Mr. Clayton Sedgwick Cooper in "The Modernizing of the Orient" (T. Fisher Unwin, 8s. 6d. net).

John Burroughs, the author-naturalist, has issued a collection of essays entitled "The Breath of Life."

"Le Parlement Francais," by Ch. M. Couyba, 1 vol. H. Laurens. Among the new books announced is one by M. Couyba, Minister of Labor in the Viviani Cabinet as constituted before the outbreak of the war.

Dr. Bernard Bosanquet has just published "Three Lectures on Aesthetic" (Macmillan & Co., 3s. 6d. net), which were delivered by him at University College, London, during last autumn.

Mr. Robert Lynd, one of the brilliant group of Irish writers, has collected a number of his essays that have appeared in the columns of the *New Statesman*, and published them under the name of "The Book of This and That" (Mills and Boon, 4s. 6d. net).

Harper & Brothers are reprinting three of their new books: "When a Man Comes to Himself," by Woodrow Wilson; "The Woman Alone," by Mabel Herbert Urner, and "The Art of Being Alive," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

"Four Weeks in the Trenches," Fritz Kreisler's account of his experiences as a lieutenant in the Austrian army during the campaign before Lemberg, will be published by Houghton Mifflin Co. the 17th of this month. The introduction, by a member of the firm, tells how the book came to be written.

Houghton Mifflin Co. also announce the following books: "Love in Danger," by Mrs. Havelock Ellis; "The Nutrition of a Household," by Edwin Tenney Brewster and Lilian Brewster; "Doodles," by Emma C. Dowd; and a Riverside Pocket Edition of the works of Thoreau, in eleven volumes bound in limp leather.

Professor T. F. Crane, former acting President of Cornell University, advises reading of Cervantes in these troublous times because of the noble ideals of humanity it portrays. Motteaux' translation of Don Quixote, in two volumes, may be had in the Everyman Library edition, published by Dutton. This company also announces a new life of the great humanitarian by Robinson Smith. \$1.00.

Mr. Edward Neville Vose's "The Spell of Flanders," which is announced for immediate publication in the popular Spell Series of the Page Company, is the record of a tour through the beautiful old Flemish towns of Northern Belgium, beginning in May and ending early in July of the summer of 1914.

John Lane Company are publishing: "The Snare," by George Vane (Visconde de Sarmento); "Grocer Greatheart," by Arthur A. Adams, and "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," a comedy in two acts, by Anatole France, translated by Curtis Hidden Page.

Anyone who is interested in the topography of the war should read Mr. Donald Maxwell's "Adventures with a Sketch Book" (John Lane Co.). The same Company's publications also include a volume of translations of poems by Emile Verhaeren, the Belgian poet.

Sir Rider Haggard's new story, "Allen and the Holy Flower," is concerned with the further fortunes of Allan Quatermain.



ANOTHER companion of my bedroom shelf is Robert Louis Stevenson. I like Stevenson for his high courage and cheery optimism. Some writers on whom sentence of death has fallen grow so morbid, introspective, and melancholy. Poor Synge, for instance, the greatest of all Irish writers, and, in the opinion of some, second only to Shakespeare, gives poignant expression to his great sorrow as he passes wearily into the Valley of the Shadow. But Stevenson never falters as the grey shadows steal nearer. He is one of the most heroic figures in English literature. His life was one great struggle against the weakness of the flesh. His mighty spirit held the fort bravely to the end, never flinching as the flickering candle burned slowly to its darkening close in his island home beneath an alien sky.

A comparatively young man at his passing, Stevenson has left the world a rich legacy in his life-work—an amazing volume of work accomplished under all the tragic circumstances. Four-and-twenty volumes remind me of his genial and hopeful presence as I sit down to read in my quiet nook. There is no evidence of the tired body in these books. No slovenly writing mars his reputation. His indomitable spirit is everywhere triumphant. It is not at the cannon's mouth that the highest courage is always displayed. Stevenson's life was one continuous fight, and to the end he kept the flag flying. There is no evidence of a jaded spirit in his work.

His delight in balance and proportion, his exquisite joy in the beauty of form, his exuberant love of rhythm and music, combine to proclaim him a master artist. Like all great writers, he had his periods of ebb and flow. It was not always that the great craftsman was in the spirit. Inspiration is such a fickle jade! But Stevenson was possessed of the genius for taking infinite pains. No worker in mosaics or diamond cutter exercised such patient care upon his task as Stevenson did as the music of his words sounded in his ears. And there is joy in his music. No funeral marches, but the tripping measure of elated youth as it passes beneath Spring garlands. Throughout his books one hears the "flute-note of eternal youth." His was a world of romance, of sunny skies—a world of good cheer and fellowship. He does not bring us the odour of the hospital or convalescent ward, but the smell of the salt sea and the scent of the heathered hills. His "Master of Ballantrae" is no ordinary villain. Long John Silver can smile and be genial at times. For Stevenson's villains had something of the romantic about them. They never whine. It is this freedom from morbidity, this cheerful outlook on life that constitute his great charm as a writer and boon companion. His "Journey Across the Plains," and his "Travels With a Donkey" do not

give the impression of a man of sorrows, burdened with a galling load. No shadows of death creep across their pages. Only the sunshine, and the singing birds, and the blooming hedgerows. His mortal malady does not stifle the laugh that bubbles over with irrepressible cheerfulness.

"Kidnapped" and "Catriona"—give me these and a bunk on a cruising yacht, and the sough of the wind in the rigging, and the salt spume flying from the taffrail. Who does not love Alan Break? There are critics who hold that Stevenson was not a good storyteller, that he was faulty in construction. Another peculiar trait of this great writer of English romance was his shyness in feminine society. There are few women in his stories, and with the exception of "Catriona," they invariably play a subordinate part.

And then his style, which counts for so much. An old friend once discussing Stevenson's qualities as a writer, observed that there were parts of Thackeray that affected him like music; in George Eliot he discerned a noble stateliness when at her best, in George Meredith a magic grace and witchery of poetry, but in Stevenson, the greatest of them all, though occasionally one smells the lamp and catches the echo of voices heard before.

THE BOOKWORM.

INSTRUCTIONS OF KING CORMAC

"O, Cormac, grandson of Conn," said Carberry, "what were your habits when you were a lad?"

"Not hard to tell," said Cormac:

"I was a listener in woods,

I was a gazer at stars,

I was blind where secrets were concerned,

I was weak towards the feeble,

I was strong towards the powerful,

I was not arrogant though I was wise,

I did not deride the old though I was young,

I was not boastful though I was a good fighter,

I would not speak about anyone in his absence,

I would not reproach, but I would praise,

I would not ask, but I would give."

THIS AND THIS

(From *The London Nation*)

This was Summer, this was peace:—
Scarlet-laden apple trees,
Cows that munch the dew-grey grass,
Boys that whistle as they pass,
Flying flowers and gulls a-flap,
Honey fields on Golden Cap,
Earth a blue and shining thing,
To set the angels envying.

This was Summer, and this came;
This was a city, and is flame;
This was corn, and now is mud;
This was water, and is blood.
The beloved and the lover,
Carrion for earth to cover,
Youth and laughter and bright eyes,
The worm's rich prize.

SYLVIA LYND.



DEAR YOUNG CANADIANS:

I wonder how many of you know any real soldiers. I imagine that most boys and girls are interested in some brave Canadian lads who have gone to the war, and are reading every day what the newspapers have to tell us about the dreadful conflict being waged in Europe. Now, just because the subject of war is nearer than any other to the hearts of both old and young, I am going to talk to-day about books dealing with this theme.

Of course many of you know about "The Children's Story of the War," told for young readers by Sir Edward Parrott, M.A., LL.D. This book comes in monthly parts and will continue until the war is over and peace declared. It has been recommended for use in Public and High Schools by the Minister of Education. The first three parts deal with all that led up to the war, and gives the basis of historical and geographical knowledge, without which the story of the war would have no meaning. In No. 4, the description of the actual incidents of the war is begun, and throughout, you may be sure, this author, who knows so well how to write for little people, will introduce many intensely interesting incidents of heroism and self-sacrifice.

For the very little folks there are four wee books entitled, "A. B. C. of the Union Jack," "Our Warships," "Our Horse Soldiers," and "Our Foot Soldiers." These are full of pretty pictures, and have gaily decorated covers. The first one has four interesting colored plates illustrating the battle of Trafalgar, the battle of Waterloo, the battle of Blenheim, and the taking of Gibraltar.

"Our Warships," as its name indicates, tells about various kinds of ships used in time of war, and amongst the pictures is to be seen a boat being blown up by a floating mine.

"Our Horse Soldiers" gives a good idea of cavalry. There are illustrations of Dragoons, Lancers, Royal Scots Greys, Royal Irish Hussars, Royal Irish Lancers, and the book closes with a large picture of a splendid looking soldier on a beautiful charger. "Our Foot Soldiers" tells about the infantry and is just as attractive and as instructive as its companion, "Our Horse Soldiers."

No doubt you have heard the saying, "The Fleet of England is her all in all." It is not wonderful then that much is written about the navy. One fine little book for children is "The A. B. C. of the Royal Navy." It is a book, too, that will appeal to grown people, and contains in concise form much useful information about the operations of the British fleet. A companion volume is "The A. B. C. of the Army."

But one of the best and most attractive books, I think, is "Stripes and Types." Every other page is given up entirely to a picture of some particular type. Some of the officials pictured are: Flag Captain, Flag Lieutenant, the Commander, the Chaplain, the Fleet Surgeon, the Paymaster, the Midshipman, the Boatswain, the Writer, the Stoker, and the Boy Signaller.

"The Army and Navy in Peace and War," also abounds in illustrations, one of the most attractive being the "Flags of all Nations," showing seventy-seven flags of various countries. The book is full of good reading, and I can assure you any young people who read and digest these books I have told you about will know a good deal about the British Army and Navy.

In our list will be found books bearing on military subjects, and I hope you will look over them carefully and try to read some of them. But here comes a boy with a parcel! It contains books, I know. Will you excuse me while I open it? Yes, I was right, and the bundle included two beautiful tales for boys, "A Cadet of Belgium," and "In Defence of Paris." How sorry I am that there is not time for me to read them, but next month, perhaps, I will have something to say about them.

That the reading of such literature as we have talked about to-day may lead young Canadians to deeper love of the Empire and a greater hatred of war, is the sincere wish of

AUNT JO.

Our Warships. Musson Book Co. Price 15 cents.

Our Foot Soldiers. Musson Book Co. Price 15 cents.

Our Horse Soldiers. Musson Book Co. Price 15 cents.

A. B. C. of the Union Jack. Musson Book Co. Price 15 cents.

Official Crests of the British Army. Musson Book Co. Price 15 cents.

Official Medals of the British Army. Musson Book Co. Price 15 cents.

Our Army—Our Navy in Peace and War. Musson Book Co. Price 35 cents.

Stripes and Types of the Royal Navy, by F. W. R. M. and J. S. M. Musson Book Co. Price 35 cents.

A. B. C. of the Royal Navy, by Herbert Russell. Musson Book Co. Price 35 cents.

A. B. C. of the Army, compiled by Captain J. Atkinson. Musson Book Co. Price 35 cents.

The Children's Story of the War, by Sir Edward Parrott, M.A., LL.D. Toronto: Thos. Nelson & Sons. Price 8 cents, a monthly part.

The Child's A. B. C. of the War, by Geoffrey Whitworth and Stanley North. Toronto: Oxford University Press. Price 30 cents.

British Soldier Heroes. 2 vols. Toronto: Oxford University Press. Price 50 cents each.

British Sailor Heroes. Toronto: Oxford University Press. Price 50 cents.

The Story of the British Empire for Children, by Francis M. Anderson. Toronto: Oxford University Press. Price 60 cents.



Together with
New Editions
and Reprints
of Popular
Works

Paths of Glory, by Irvin S. Cobb. Toronto: The Musson Book Co. Price \$1.50 net.

On the staff service of a leading American journal in the western zone of the European war, Mr. Cobb relates his experiences,—some of them of a really thrilling kind,—with that snap and virility which distinguish this well-known writer. There is nothing humorous in this book. It is a serious document, written evidently under the stress of war experiences of a character that profoundly impressed the author.

He writes of the war as he saw it himself, as it came into his life as a war correspondent. The book sets out his experiences in Belgium, France, Germany and England during the first three months of hostilities. It is not a military manual, but simply a stirring pen-picture of events pregnant with stern reality. There is something of the realistic touch of Zola in some of the chapters, reminiscent of *The Downfall*. One can see the soldiers come around the bend of the road, hear the shrieks of the women and children as they run for refuge from the bullets and shells, and smell the heavy odor of disinfectants as train load after train load of wounded pull into the hospital base, depositing their loads of mangled human beings.

As a guest of the Kaiser during a period of the war,—having stumbled accidentally into the arms of the German army,—Mr. Cobb writes most entertainingly of his interviews with high personages, and of all he observed at the German headquarters. German troops are noted for three things—singing, eating and drinking. Wherever the author went, the trail of the German army was marked by empty beer bottles, the only evidence that German troops had passed that way. The attack on La Buissiere on August 24, the fight at Maubeuge, and the coming of the Germans to Louvain—are related in graphic language by Mr. Cobb. Ten thousand troops lay in front of Louvain with their batteries of rapid-firing guns, hauled by raw-boned dogs, disappearing like the Old Testament locust plague before the German hordes that swung in never-ending columns through the streets of the city.

Pathetic in the extreme is his description of the long line of refugees carrying thousands of umbrellas as their only shelter against the inclemency of the weather, and in handkerchiefs and bundles their household gods and what little food they could carry away. "The legs of the children wavered under them, sometimes through weakness, or maybe through weariness, but I did not hear a single whimper, or see a single woman who wept, or hear a single man speaking above a half-whisper. When the Germans came, the people who remained were crouching in their doorways as quiet as mice. The scuffle of wooden-shod feet on the flags made a sliding, slithering sound, which some way carried a message of warning more forcible than any shouted word or sudden shriek. We looked where their fingers aimed, and, as we looked, a hundred feet away through a cloud of dust a company of

German foot soldiers swung across an open grass-plot, where a little triangular park was, and straightened out down the road to Brussels, singing snatches of a German marching song as they went."

The author's description of fighting in the trenches, his view of a battle from a balloon, the battle of the big guns in France, and the sorrowful scenes in the hospitals, altogether provide a picture more thrilling than any work of fiction. There is no bias. He treats the facts as he sees them. It is the plain, unvarnished tale of an observant journalist who was privileged to see war under some of its ugliest phases.

Songs from the Clay, by James Stephens. Toronto: Macmillan.

James Stephens' new book of poems, "Songs from the Clay," has just been issued. The author of "Demi-Gods" and other prose works is equally at home in verse, where his strong individuality, Stephens-style, and quaint philosophy find happy expression in poems that reek of intimacy with Mother Earth. As showing something of Mr. Stephens' style and philosophy the following poem, called "The Road," is a good example:

"Because our lives are cowardly and sly,
Because we do not dare to take or give,
Because we scowl and pass each other by,
We do not live; we do not dare to live.

"We dive, each man, into his secret house,
And bolt the door, and listen in affright,
Each timid man beside a timid spouse,
With timid children huddled out of sight.

"Kissing in secret, fighting secretly!
We crawl and hide like vermin in a hole,
Under the bravery of sun and sky
We flash our meannesses of face and soul.

"Let us go out and walk upon the road,
And quit for evermore the brick-built den,
The lock and key, the hidden, shy abode
That separates us from our fellowmen.

"And by contagion of the sun we may
Catch at a spark from that primeval fire,
And learn that we are better than our clay,
And equal to the peaks of our desire."

The Life of His Majesty, Albert, King of the Belgians, by John de Courcy MacDonnell. Toronto: John Long, Limited. Price \$1.25.

The author of "Belgium, Her King, Kingdom and People" presents in this little volume of 190 pages a delightful pen-picture of Belgium's democratic sovereign, and an intensely moving story of King Albert's life and of the events leading up to the present war. The author's intimate knowledge of Belgian affairs and of life in Brussels has enabled him to give to the public one of the most stirring and inspiring books relating to the war. It is dedicated to the youthful daughter of King Albert, and in the Introduction, Commandant Maton (Military Attache of the Belgian Legation, London) pays a notable tribute to the genius of the late sovereign and acknowledges with pride the splendid promise and realized hopes of the present reign.

New Books of the Month—Continued.

When the Huns entered Brussels after the flight of the Belgian Government, they found the walls of the capital placarded with copies of the speeches of the German Emperor, delivered in Brussels in 1910, the year of the Exhibition. Welcomed in the Hotel de Ville by Burgomaster Max as "the lover of art and beauty," the Kaiser made a speech eulogizing "this splendid capital," the "indefatigable industry of the Belgian people, their artistic achievements," and hailed the prospect of undisturbed friendship "between our two nations" as "the most profound joy of my heart." Needless to add, the placards reminding the Huns of these words of the Emperor William were at once torn down.

In striking contrast to German ideals as set forth by the Prussian militarists, the speech of King Albert when he ascended the Belgian throne proclaims the character of the man who has defied the might of the German empire. He was the first Belgian king to speak in Flemish as well as in French. Addressing the Princes, Ambassadors and Envoys present, the King declared that "the intellectual and moral forces of a nation are alone the foundations of its prosperity." Peace and friendship abroad, industry at home, education, amelioration of labour conditions, the care of the poor, the cultivation of "the literature and art of Flanders and Wallonia, whose masterpieces were the glory of the Belgian people"—these, affirmed the sovereign, were the ideals he set before his country. The author, who was present on the occasion, says the passages most enthusiastically received were the King's allusions to the writers and artists.

To his father, the Count of Flanders, brother of the late King Leopold, King Albert owes the mental poise and high ideals that mark him out as a leader, and that distinguish him from the Prussians. Under the influence of his parents he early learned to appreciate the distinction between education and instruction—the dividing line between European culture and Prussian *kultur*. Educated in an atmosphere of democracy, King Albert stands out in this gripping narrative of his short life as one of the most romantic figures in Europe. He ascended the throne with the idea of helping his people to realize the best that was in them. In the greatest of all wars his ideals triumph, for the indomitable spirit of Belgium still lives to challenge the Prussian doctrine of brutalizing materialism.

Socialism—Promise or Menace? by Morris Hillquit and Rev. Dr. Ryan. Toronto: The Macmillan Company, Ltd., of Canada. Price \$1.25 net.

Democracy and Christian Doctrine, by W. H. Carnegie, M.A. Toronto: The Macmillan Company, Ltd., of Canada. Price \$1.25.

It might seem, at first sight, that there was no such connection between books like these as entitled them to be linked together in a review. And yet there is. Both of them speak of a dissatisfaction with present conditions. The former deals principally with the dissatisfaction of the working man with social and economic conditions—principally the latter—and only deals incidentally with dissatisfaction with the church. The latter deals primarily with the relation existing between the church and labour, and only very secondarily with labour and economic conditions. But both admit the dissatisfaction: and in their separate ways they strive for a solution.

It is remarkable that not one of the three writers (there are two authors of the book on Socialism) makes any attempt to deny this fact. Labour is very restless. Labour is very dissatisfied. The only questions are "Whose fault is it?" and "Where is a

remedy to be found?" Canon Carnegie admits it is quite true that workingmen increasingly stand aloof. But he says they claim it is not so much from the church as a church as because they view the church as a middle class and even a capitalist institution. Morris Hillquit naturally puts much the same thought in stronger language. And Dr. Ryan seems to admit the fact—though doubtless not the explanation thereof.

It is at least open to question whether a Socialist lawyer and a Roman Catholic priest are the best men to debate a question of this kind. When the latter speaks of "the church" he naturally refers to one particular branch of the church. And when his opponent replies, the answer that he gives might not be the same if his opponent represented some other church. Some people, at any rate, might say that the church to which Dr. Ryan belongs is too monarchical in its outlook to really be sympathetic with a democratic ideal like Socialism. But, of course, that may be a mistake.

On behalf of Socialism, Mr. Hillquit naturally emphasizes the great waste of energy expended in our present methods of production and distribution: "they are created and thrown into the market pell-mell by an indeterminate number of individual, competing, and unorganized manufacturers." "The system involves an insane waste of human effort in duplication of plants and machinery, in sales forces, advertising, and other unproductive factors of competitive warfare." "Our present system of distribution rears our thousands of millionaires . . . and our millions of paupers." Hence child labour, trades diseases, white slavery, and many other forms of vice and crime.

Hence also our corruption among the members of the legislatures. Political parties are financed by powerful trusts, and wealthy individuals; and they must make laws and bestow favours. But perhaps this is a sore question just now in Canada. But very largely Dr. Ryan and Mr. Hillquit differ in degree rather than kind. The worthy priest's grandfather would call him a Socialist when he talks about State insurance against sickness and accident, and unemployment, and old age, etc.; and also when he hopes for laws to regulate hours and kinds of labour, and prevent industrial disputes, etc. The proverbial visitor from Mars would say, there's not much difference between them. One goes a step farther, that's all. After a while maybe the other will go as far as that.

It would take too long to discuss these questions. A great majority of people, it is to be hoped, will disagree with Dr. Ryan when he speaks of "compulsory attendance at public national schools" as "the most blighting of all State monopolies." With regard to marriage, there is no doubt the Socialist and the orthodox views will approximate in the days to come. Both will yield something: but Socialism will yield the most. And as to the church, Socialism as a system is not really concerned with this. But, as Dr. Carnegie says, the church must so adapt herself, as not to give even the appearance of opposing the fair and honest claims of the labouring classes. Jesus was a workingman: "and the common people heard Him gladly." Both will repay careful study.

The Way of the Red Cross, by Charles Vivian and J. E. Hodder Williams. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, \$1.00.

This little volume, just published, is a graphic pen picture of an organization which ministers to the needs of the British soldier. The work of the Red Cross Society is fully set out by the authors in a most attractive and readable form. As the sale of this book will help the funds of the society, it deserves, if for this reason only, a very large circulation.

New Books of the Month—Continued.

The Berlin Court Under William II., by "Count Axel von Schmering." Toronto: Cassell & Co.

Under an assumed name, which hides the identity of one who formerly stood very close to the Emperor William, are recorded in this bulky volume events in the life of the German Emperor, pen-pictures of famous men and women in the Court life of Berlin, and the intimate thoughts of one who felt deeply the tragic turn of affairs which are transforming Europe. Written in the first person, this diary of a close friend of the Kaiser forms one of the most entertaining studies of German Court life which has appeared since the war broke out. Anonymous books are far from satisfying as a rule, and there does not appear to be any strong reason for withholding the name of the author in this case. The only one to fear is the Kaiser, and if the book be what it purports, the Kaiser can be in no doubt as to the name of the diarist who accompanied him on his last trip to Norway, who expostulated with him as to the course of events following the Sarajevo assassinations, and who in despair committed suicide after a final letter poignant with grief at the action of the Kaiser in rushing Europe into war. The deceased author's expressed wish to withhold his name from the public, while lessening the value of his diary, does not rob it of the human interest that pervades every page and which makes it such a fascinating character study.

The book opens with the boy Prince on the knees of William I., learning from his grandfather lessons on the divine right of the Sovereign and on the duties of the monarchy which grew in fertile soil more readily than the lessons of his parents, whom he secretly despised. The story covers the whole period of the Kaiser's reign and shows how early in life he resented being ignored in affairs of state and was determined to be the controlling power. In turn, he dismissed Bismarck and Buelow, neither of whom would conform to the Kaiser's idea of a Chancellor. The graphic pictures given of life at Court, of its scandals, intrigues and masterful over-lordship of the restless Kaiser are intensely interesting, and no future life of William I. can be written without consulting these pages. The chief interest, however, centres in the diary of events immediately preceding the war. Here the real character of the German Emperor is disclosed. Here the mask is torn off and his most intimate friends discover that for years he has been dissembling. The revelation of his Napoleonic ambitions comes as a shock to those around him, but the die is cast. How the Kaiser precipitated the war, how he grasped for the sceptre of world-dominion, believing that the hour of victory was at hand—all these secrets and many others are set forth with a freedom from exaggeration and with an air of probability that confirm the impression that the "Berlin Court under William II." is one of the books of the year.

The Autobiography of a Happy Woman, anonymous. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. Price \$1.50.

There is something about the title of this book calculated to awaken the curiosity of women, at least. So it is with considerable interest that one turns to its pages to discover why this woman is happy and how she succeeded in capturing the coveted prize which all the world is seeking.

Having begun, one reads and reads, fascinated by the spirit of hopefulness and courage which pervades the book from end to end, attracted, too, by the plentiful presence of sound common sense, and by the straightforward manner in which the writer faces a woman's many problems.

It is all intensely human, depicting, as it does, the thoughts, feelings and experiences (1) of a young girl, and (2) of a matured woman. It treats of such subjects as, "Acquiring Efficiency for the Work of Life," "The Minimum Wage for Women," "The Sisterhood of Service," and "What Shall be Done with Sub-Averages." There is not, from beginning to end, a note of despair, although the toughest problems that can ever be known to women are squarely faced. Here is no attempt to glaze over the disagreeable aspects of a woman's life, to minimize her disabilities, or to belittle her cares. Neither does this modern "happy woman" point to marriage as a cure-all for the restlessness and dissatisfaction of her fellow-sisters, but, on the contrary, proclaims with no uncertain sound that "marriage is a way in and not a way out."

The author apparently has had much to contend with in the shape of poverty, ill-health and domestic tragedies; has drifted about to a considerable extent, and has touched life at more points than falls to the lot of the average woman. Yet she has come off conqueror and is ready to proclaim herself "happy." And the reason for her happiness—"These are the random thoughts of a busy woman, of a woman who is happy *because she works*."

To many a struggling woman this book will doubtless be a benediction, for here she will see her own special difficulties sanely and sympathetically handled, and will find her wavering courage reviving, and her heart growing strong as she touches, through the medium of these pages, the kindly indomitable spirit of the "happy woman."

A Constructive Basis For Theology

ANOTHER evidence that Toronto possesses men of marked ability on the staffs of its Universities is seen in a volume recently issued by the Macmillan Press, under the suggestive title of "A Constructive Basis for Theology." Its author is Professor James Ten Broeke, Ph.D., of McMaster University, where he has labored for more than twenty years as Professor of Philosophy, Psychology, Logic and Ethics. The book is, moreover, a sign of the deepening interest the scientist and philosopher is taking in questions distinctively religious.

It is a valuable contribution to the science of theology, marked with scholarly accuracy. In the words of a reviewer, "Its free but cautious and reverent spirit, its confidence in the supremacy and permanency of the Christian faith, constitute a tribute to the work of Professor Ten Broeke in the lecture halls of his University."

The author deals with three phases of his subject: the origin and development of Christian Theology; a new philosophy as the constructive basis of a new Theology, and contemporary thought as a constructive basis for Theology. The author describes his work as an attempt to show that modern, as compared with ancient, thought affords a superior constructive basis for Christian faith, making it possible to form a theology that shall effectively promote present religious life. He makes clear the need for such a theology, and his contribution to the need is one that may well be regarded as helpful and suggestive.

New Books of the Month—Continued.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- The British Empire and the United States**, by William Archibald Dunning. London: Allen & Unwin. Price, 8s. 6d. net.
- Fall of Mary Stuart**, by F. A. Mumby. London: Constable. Price, 10s. 6d. net.
- The Story of the Regiments of the British Army: The Black Watch**. Toronto: Dent. Price, 35c. net.
- Frederick the Great and Kaiser Joseph**, by Harold Temperly. London: Duckworth. Price, 5s. net.
- The British Empire**, by Sir Charles P. Lucas. London: Macmillan. 2s.
- The People's Books—**
Germany, by W. T. Waugh.
The Hohenzollerns, by A. D. Innes.
Belgium, by Frank Maclean.
The British Army, by Captain A. H. Atteridge. London: Jack. Price, 6d. net each.
- The Irish Abroad**, by Elliott O'Donnell. London: Sir Isaac Pitman. Price, 7s. 6d. net.
- Alsace and Loraine**, by Ruth Putnam. London: Putnam. Price, 5s. net.
- The Marechale**, by James Strahan. George H. Doran Co. \$1.25 net.
- A series of pictures from the life of Catherine Booth-Clibborn.
- Recollections of Bar and Bench**, by the Right Hon. Viscount Alverstone. London: Arnold. 12s. 6d. net.
- William Blake: His Mysticism and Poetry**, by Pierre Berger. London: Chapman & Hall. Price, 15s. net.
- John M. Synge**, by John Masefield. Cuala Press. Price, 7s. 6d.
- Nelson's Legacy, Lady Hamilton: Her Story and Tragedy**, by Frank Danby. Toronto: Cassell & Co., Ltd. \$4.00 net.
- Material that has not been at the disposal of previous chroniclers of "the incomparable Emma's" doings has been drawn upon for this book, so that it becomes the completest and most authentic biography as yet accomplished.
- Reminiscences and Letters of Sir Robert Ball**, edited by W. Valentine Ball. Toronto: Cassell & Co., Ltd. \$3.50 net.
- Sir Robert Ball's progress as an astronomer, and the advance of the science during his lifetime, are matters that are dealt with very fully, while his reminiscences of the brilliant "stars" of the scientific firmament with whom he came in contact are as absorbing as his disquisitions on the Solar System.
- Heroes of All Time—**
Women of the Revolutionary Era, by Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard. London: Stanley Paul. Price, 16s. net.
- Napoleon and Waterloo**, by Captain A. F. Becke, R.F.A. London: Routledge & Kegan Paul. 2 vols. Price, 25s. net.
- Hugh: The Memoir of a Brother**, by A. C. Benson. London: Smith, Elder. Price, 7s. 6d. net.
- Treitschke and the Great War**, by Joseph McCabe. London: Fisher & Unwin. Price, 2s. net.
- Treitschke's History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century**, translated by Cedar and Eden Paul, with introductions by William Harbutt Dawson. London: Jarrold & Sons. 6 vols. 12s. 6d. net per volume. First volume ready in April, succeeding volumes at intervals of 3 months.
- Treitschke: His Life and Works**. London: Jarrold & Sons.
- Contains: Hausrath's Biography. The Army. International Law. German Colonization. Two Em-

perors. Germany and the Neutral States. Austria and the German Empire. Alliance between Russia and Prussia. Freedom.

The Interpretation of History, by Lionel Cecil Jane. J. M. Dent & Sons. Price, \$1.50.

In this book, written some months before the commencement of the war, the author suggests that the trend of recent history indicated both the imminence and the inevitability of a general European war.

LITERATURE AND THE ARTS: ESSAYS, POETRY, DRAMA

- Artist and Public, and Other Essays on Art Subjects**, by Kenyon Cox. London: Allen & Unwin. Price, 5s. net.
- The Charm of the Antique**, by Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton. London: Allen & Unwin. Price, 10s. net.
- Hastings**, by Herbert G. Hampton. London: Black. Price, 1s. net.
- Great Pictures by Great Painters**, Vol. II., by Arthur Fish. Toronto: Cassell. Price, \$3.
- History and Methods of Ancient and Modern Painting**, Vol. II., by James Ward. London: Chapman & Hall. Price, 7s. 6d. net.
- The Arts in Early England**, by G. Baldwin Brown. London: John Murray. Price, 21s. net.
- Panama and Other Poems, Narrative and Occasional**, by Stephen Phillips. Toronto: Gundy.
- The title poem is an appeal to America, inspired by the opening of the Panama Canal, "the sublime marriage," as the poet puts it, "of sea to sea and tide to tide." Of the poems that follow, many have been suggested by the present war: "The Kaiser and Belgium," "Revenge for Rheims," "Women and War," "Force or Faith," etc.

Poetry and Life Series—

- Whittier and His Poetry**, by H. B. Binns.
- Thomas Hood and His Poetry**, by W. H. Hudson.
- Chatterton and His Poetry**, by John H. Ingram.
- Goethe and His Poetry**, by Otto Schlapp.
- Heine and His Poetry**, by Otto Schlapp.
- London: Harrap. Price, 1s. net each.
- Studies in Literature and History**, by the late Right Hon. Sir Alfred Lyall. London: John Murray. Price, 10s. 6d. net.
- James Russell Lowell as a Critic**, by Joseph J. Reilly. London: Putnam.
- Studies of Living Authors—**
H. G. Wells, by R. W. Talbot Cox.
Arnold Bennett, by Professor J. R. Skemp.
Anatole France, by Geoffrey Cookson.
- Toronto: Musson Book Co. Price, \$2.50 each.
- Three Little Dramas**, by Maurice Maeterlinck. "Interior," translated by William Archer; "The Death of Tintagiles," and "Alladine and Palomides," translated by Alfred Sutro. London: Duckworth. Price, 2s. net.

Vanishing Roads and Other Essays, by Richard Le Gallienne. New York: Putnam.

An indication of the character and scope of the book is afforded by the list of the contents appended: "Vanishing Roads," "Woman as a Supernatural Being," "The Lack of Imagination Among Millionaires," "Modern Aids to Romance," "The Last Call," "The Passing of Mrs. Grundy," "The Persecutions of Beauty," "The Many Faces," "The Snows of Yester-Year," "The Psychology of Gossip," "The Spirit of the Open," "An Old American Tow-Path," "A Modern Saint Francis," "A Little Ghost in the Garden," "On Re-reading Walter Pater," "The Mystery of 'Fiona MacLeod,'" "Forbes-Robertson—An Appreciation," "Imperishable Fiction," "The Man Behind the Pen."

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Canadian Agents: The Musson Book Co. Ltd., Toronto

New Books of the Month—Continued.**WAR LITERATURE**

Canada and the War, by Walter Haydon. Toronto: The Musson Book Co., Ltd. Price, 35c. net.

The Campaign of 1914 in France and Belgium, by G. H. Perris. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd. Price, \$3.00 net.

The First Phase of the Great War, by A. Hilliard Atteridge. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd. Price, \$1.50 net.

Fighting with King Albert, by Capitaine Gabriel de Libert de Glemalle. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd. Price, \$1.50.

Belgium the Glorious, by various writers. Edited by Walter Hutchinson. London: Hutchinson. 14 parts. Price, 7d. each.

Paris, During the War, by M. E. Clarke. London: Smith, Elder. Price, 5s. net.

Pro Patria. A book of patriotic verse. By Wilfrid J. Halliday. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons. 75c.

The anthology is very wide in its range, including as it does some of the old ballads, poems by the great master poets of all times, and also contributions by modern authors as Swinburne, Rudyard Kipling, Sir Henry Newbolt, Robert Bridges, etc., etc.

FICTION

Who Goes There? by Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price \$1.35.

A tale of adventure and romance, dealing with the present European war. The scene opens in Belgium.

The Wisdom of Father Brown, by Gilbert K. Chesterton. London: John Lane & Co. Price \$1.30.

A volume containing a dozen short stories about Father Brown, the Catholic priest.

A Far Country, by Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Co. Price \$1.50.

A novel dealing in the writer's forcible and convincing style with social questions.

Victory, by Joseph Conrad. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Price \$1.35.

An unusual story, the scene of which is laid in an almost deserted island in the Southern Pacific.

The Man of Iron, by Richard Dehan. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. Price \$1.35.

A realistic picture of the Franco-Prussian war. The love story has to do with a young Irishman and a French maiden.

The Valley of Fear, by Arthur Conan Doyle. New York: George H. Doran Co. Price \$1.25.

A new Sherlock Holmes novel.

The Pretender, by Robert W. Service. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Price \$1.35.

The story of a famous New York writer who gives up his New York life, and alone and without money starts out into the world to "make good," without the prestige of his great name.

The Sword of Youth, by James Lane Allen. New York: The Century Co. Price \$1.25.

This is another tale of Kentucky, told in the author's own charming way. It is particularly timely, telling as it does the story of a young American soldier at the time of the Civil War.

Contrary Mary, by Temple Bailey. New York: The Penn Publishing Co. Price \$1.25.

Contrary Mary is a strong-minded, clever girl who prefers a career to marrying for a home. She is given the name "Contrary" by one of her suitors, because she steadfastly refuses to marry him.

Arundel, by E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Co. Price \$1.25.

An exceedingly refined young Englishman, his fiancée and his fiancée's cousin, are the three leading

characters of this book, and from the friendship of these three, interesting complications arise.

The Return of Tarzan, by Edgar Rice Burroughs. New York: A. C. McLurg & Co. Price \$1.30.

A sequel to "Tarzan of the Apes," a story full of interesting exploits.

Pierrot; Dog of Belgium, by Walter A. Dyer. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Price \$1.00.

A story of the great war looked at from an animal's standpoint. A dog is the hero of the story and a faithful helper in a Belgian family.

Mrs. Martin's Man, by St. John G. Ervine. New York: The Macmillan Co. Price \$1.35.

A strong picture of home life in the North of Ireland with the grey background of rigid Puritanism.

Angela's Business, by Henry Sydnor Harrison. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. Price \$1.35.

A comedy of temporary spinsters.

Martha of the Mennonite Country, by Helen R. Martin. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Price \$1.35.

A story of the Pennsylvania Dutch country, in which figure a celebrated writer from New York and a young lady of great wealth and social influence.

Mushroom Town, by Oliver Onions. New York: George H. Doran Co. Price \$1.25.

The story of a little English seaside village and of how it became a popular resort.

Brunel's Tower, by Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Co. Price \$1.50.

The story of a young lad who escaped from a reform school and sought shelter and work in a pottery. Here, in daily contact with honest toil, he becomes regenerated.

The War Terror, by Arthur B. Reeve. 12mo. New York: Hearst's International Library. \$1.

Further adventures, connected with the European war, with Craig Kennedy, scientific detective.

Steve of the Bar-G Ranch, by Marion Reid-Girardot. 12mo. New York: Hearst's International Library. \$1.

A story of life on the plains of Colorado.

The Cocoon, by Ruth McEnery Stuart. 12mo. New York: Hearst's International Library. \$1.

A whimsical story described as "a rest cure comedy."

Hepsey Burke, by F. N. Westcott. 12mo. Langton. \$1.35.

A story of life in a small New York town. Mr. Westcott is the brother of the author of "David Harum."

The Seas of God. Anonymous. 12mo. New York: Hearst's International Library. \$1.35.

The story of a Southern girl "adrift on the seas of God."

The Seas of God, by an anonymous writer. Hearst's International Library. \$1.35 net.

A study of heredity and environment in conflict.

Breath of the Jungle, by James F. Dwyer. McClurg. \$1.25 net.

A volume of short stories dealing with the East.

The Boss of the Lazy Y, by Charles Alden Seltzer. McClurg. \$1.30 net.

Recounts how a woman managed a Texas ranch.

The Book of the Serpent, by Katharine Howard. Sherman, French. \$1 net.

A fable of philosophic cast for adults, the serpent, turtle, and grasshopper discoursing on life.

Marriage by Conquest, by Warwick Deeping. McBride, Nast & Co. \$1.25.

The Genius, by Theodore Dreiser. John Lane Co.

Guimo, by Walter Elwood. Reilly & Britton. \$1.35.

A picture of native life in the Philippines.

Patricia, by Edith H. Fowler. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Way of the Red Cross

And I heard through all the flurry,
"Send for WARREN! hurry, hurry!
Tell him here's a soldier bleeding,
And he'll come and dress his wound!"

Ah, we knew not till the morrow
Told its tale of death and sorrow,
How the starlight found him stiffened
On the dark and bloody ground.

Those familiar with these lines will recall that they come from that wonderful little poem, "Grandmother's Story of Bunkerhill Battle." It's a far cry from the War of The American Revolution to the Great European War of 1914-15, yet the Red Cross of the Geneva Convention has the same work to do, if under altered conditions, as fell to the lot of the field ambulance of a hundred and sixty years ago. In "THE WAY OF THE RED CROSS" (Hodder and Stoughton, Limited, \$1.00) the reader is presented with a vivid picture of the eagerness and devotedness of the Red Cross helpers and of the need of the helped. Graphic pictures of

WAR BOOK ANNOUNCEMENT

the War are given through the lips of the wounded soldiers, and the splendid work of the ambulance is described. As to the men who are brought into these hospitals—never before has the outside public been brought into such close touch with them. "Had a bad time?" "I know some wot's 'ad wuss." "Foot hurt?" "No, it don't—not 'arf?" "Pretty rough, that trench business, isn't it?" "It ain't exactly a pantomime."

There are happy pictures, too—the receipt of the Christmas card from the King and Queen, and the walking-sticks which Queen Alexandra gave to the wounded Indians. At first they were presented with turbans by Her Majesty, since their own turbans had been lost or damaged in the fighting. But, instead of wearing them, they packed them away in paper very, very carefully, to take home to their country . . . So now the Queen-mother sends them walking-sticks and mufflers.

The volume has a preface by Her Majesty Queen Alexandra.

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New Books of the Month—Continued.

The Grell Mystery, by F. Froest. E. J. Clode Co. \$1.25 net.

The Second Blooming, by W. L. George. McClelland. \$1.35.

The Light on the Hill, by Martha S. Gielow. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.

Rain Before Seven, by Eric Leadbitter. London: Allen & Unwin. Price, 6s.

The Web of Life, by Stiju Streuvels. London: Allen & Unwin. Price, 5s. net.

The Adventures of a Cigarette, by John Roland. London: Blackwood. Price, 6s.

The Great White Army, by Max Pemberton. Toronto: Cassell. Price, \$1.25.

The Achievement, by E. Temple Thurston. Toronto: Copp-Clark. Price, \$1.25.

The Sixth Sense, by Stephen McKenna. London: Chapman & Hall. Price, 6s.

Devil in a Nunnery, by K. O. Mann. London: Constable. Price, 4s. 6d.

The Man and the Moment, by Elinor Glyn. Toronto: Langton. Price, \$1.50.

The Prussian Officer and Other Stories, by D. H. Lawrence. London: Duckworth. Price, 6s.

A Bride of the Plains, by Baroness Orczy. Toronto: Briggs. Price, \$1.25.

The Lady of the Reef, by Frankfort Moore. London: Hutchinson. Price, 6s.

The Keeper of the Door, by Ethel M. Dell. Toronto: Gundy. Price, \$1.25.

It is a story that has all the fascination and the power of Miss Dell's three arresting novels, previously published,—“The Way of an Eagle,” “The Knave of Diamonds,” “The Rocks of Valpré.”

The Snare, by George Vane. Toronto: Gundy. Price, \$1.25.

Love and the Freemason, by Guy Thorne. London: Laurie. Price, 6s.

Fifty-One Tales, by Lord Dunsany. London: Elkin Mathews.

Whom God Hath Joined, by Arnold Bennett. London: Methuen. Price, 6s.

The House of the Foxes, by Katherine Tynan. London: Smith, Elder. Price, 6s.

The Woman in the Car, by Richard Marsh. London: Fisher Unwin. Price, 6s.

Bones, by Edgar Wallace. London: Ward, Lock. Price, 6s.

Alice and a Family, by St. John G. Ervine. Dublin: Maunsell. Price, 6s.

A Chronicle of the Imp, by Jeffery Farnol. London: Sampson Low. Price, 3s. 6d.

Jaffery, by William J. Locke. Toronto: Gundy. Ready June 5th.

On Macmillan's list appear the following:—

The Business Adventures of Billy Thomas, by Elmer B. Ferris. Price, \$1.25.

The Hand of Peril, by Arthur Stringer. Price, \$1.25.

The Scarlet Plague, by Jack London. Price, \$1.25.

The House of the Dead, by Fyodor Dostoevski. Price, \$1.50.

The Jester, by Leslie Moore. Putnam. \$1.35 net.

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The Conscience of Sarah Platt, by Alice Gerstenberg. McClurg. \$1.25 net.

A study of a woman who missed her one opportunity for happiness in marriage.

Bram of the Five Corners, by Arnold Mulder. McClurg. \$1.25 net.

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A story of engineering adventure in the Southwest.

The Beloved, by James Oppenheim. Huebsch. \$1.25 net.

A love story in the world of motion-picture making.

Pillars of Smoke, by an anonymous author. Sturgis & Walton. \$1.25 net.

A reprint of the work published in 1906 under the title “A Woman's Heart.”

King Jack, by Keighley Snowden. Hodder-Stoughton, Ltd. Price, \$1.25.

The story of a Yorkshire outlaw in the early nineteenth century.

A Lover's Tale, by Maurice Hewlett. Toronto: McLeod & Allen. \$1.35 net.

The Honey Bee, by Samuel Merwin. McLeod & Allen. \$1.35.

The Heart of Uncle Terry, by Charles Clark Munn. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.40.

The Harbor, by Ernest Poole. The Macmillan Co. \$1.40.

Polyanna Grows Up, by Eleanor H. Porter. The Page Co.

Sanpriel, by Alvilde Prydz. Richard G. Badger.

The Highgrader, by William McLeod Raine. G. W. Dillingham Co. \$1.25.

The Yellow Claw, by Sox Rohmer. Methuen. 6s.

The Boss of the Lazy Y., by Charles Alden Seltzer. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.30.

The Pretender, by Robert W. Service. Briggs. \$1.35.

One Man, by Robert Steele. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.50.

The Wooden Horse, by Hugh Walpole. George H. Doran Co. \$1.25.

A story of Cornwall.

Bealby, by H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Co. \$1.35.

The Rose-Garden Husband, by Margaret Widdener. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.

Ruggles of Red Gap, by Harry Leon Wilson. McClelland. \$1.25.

The Sword of Youth, by James Lane Allen. Copp-Clark. \$1.25.

August First, by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews and Roy Irving Murray. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.

Sanine, by Michael Artzibashef. Translated by Percy Pinkerton. Introduction by Gilbert Cannan. Gundy. \$1.35.

Open Market, by Josephine Daskam Bacon. D. Appleton & Co.

Loneliness? by Robert Hugh Benson. McClelland. \$1.35.

The Will to Live, by Henry Bordeaux. Translated by Pitts Duffield. Duffield & Co. 75c.

Prince and Heretic, by Marjorie Bowen. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.35.

A historical novel having for its hero William the Silent.

A Dealer in Empire, by Amelia Josephine Burr. Harper & Bros. \$1.25 net.

Hillsboro People, by Dorothy Canfield. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.35 net.

Through Stained Glass, by George Agnew Chamberlain. The Century Co. \$1.30.

The Edge, by John Corbin. Frontispiece. Duffield & Co. \$1.35.

Blue Blood and Red, by Geoffrey Corson. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.35.

The Unknown Country, by Coningsby Dawson. Hearst's International Library Co. 50c.

The Life Builders, by Elizabeth Dejeans. 12mo. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.35.

Musson's Monthly Chat

CHARLES DICKENS wrote "Nicholas Nickleby" with the object of reforming the school system of his time, and "Bleak House" with the object of cleaning out the Augean stables of the law, and especially those of the Court of Chancery. Wilkie Collins wrote "Man and Wife" with the avowed purpose of changing the law relating to marriage. So that the author who sets out to pen a "novel with a purpose" has illustrious examples to inspire him.

In "*The Man Who Forgot*," by James Hay, Jr. (The Musson Book Co., Ltd., net \$1.25), we have a powerful plea for nation-wide prohibition of alcohol. The prologue introduces us to a human derelict who seeks refuge in a Rescue Mission in a big American city. He is in as much fear of the pursuing fiend of alcohol as was the Ancient Mariner of the horrible presence of the albatross. It is a picture of the worst effects of drink that is all too terribly graphic—such a picture as you would expect in the pages of Zola. The victim has forgotten everything, even his name. Five years go by, and John Smith—the name given to him at the Mission—reappears as the leader in the fight for total prohibition. He is still the Man Who Forgot, and the fear of what his unknown past may have been hangs like a cloud over his whole life. But, in spite of all, the last great scene shows thousands from every corner of the land pouring into Washington, and, with banners and song, marching on the Capitol, where the great fight has been crowned with success.

Another book that deals with one of the great movements of the day, though not nearly in such a direct fashion, and in no spirit of special pleading, is "*The Idyl of Twin Fires*," by Walter Prichard Eaton. The story concerns a young college professor who hears the call of the soil. Filled with impractical ideals, he buys an old homestead that takes his fancy because it has a brook, an old orchard, mossy stone walls and an old Colonial house. Idealist as he is, he realizes at last that his farm must be made to pay. How he comes to do this without losing the idealism that makes of his venture a lasting joy, is a tale of such human, homely, genuine sentiment as will appeal to all back-to-the-landers—who in these times include almost everybody. Running through the narrative is a tender love story, and the spirit

of it all is delightfully expressed by Thomas Fogarty in the sketches he has made for the book.

"*Bred of the Desert*," by Marcus Horton (The Musson Book Co., Ltd., \$1.50), deals with an unusual theme. It is the story of a wonderful black horse whose fortune is bound up with that of a man and a girl. There have been many stories in which animals have played subordinate parts in human lives, but in "Bred of the Desert" man and beast are equally important in their relations to each other. Those who love books like "Black Beauty" and "Greyfriars Bobby" will like this story.

At this season of the year when baseball practice is going on in half the back yards and lanes in town and country, the publication of a good baseball story is a timely occurrence. Such a tale is "*The Double-Squeeze*," by Henry Beach Needham (The Musson Book Co., Ltd., illustrated, net \$1.25). The author

is a great friend of Connie Mack, who contributes an introduction, at the close of which he says: "For the present the line-up in this book suits me, and ought to suit you—player, fan, or mother of a baseball crank." The famous Eddie Collins says of it, "I do not know when I have read a story that has to do with baseball which has held my attention so undividedly."

Sportsmen and others who remember reading with pleasure ex-President Roosevelt's book on his African hunting trip, will welcome "*The Re-discovered Country*," by Stewart Edward White (The Musson Book Co., Ltd., net \$2.00). It is the author's diary of his hunting trip to the last virgin hunting ground in the inhabited part of the world—being that portion of German East Africa between Lakes Natron

and Victoria Nyanza. Previous trips through the game fields of British East Africa were described in "The Land of Footprints" and "African Camp Fires." "The Re-discovered Country" has 64 illustrations and a map of the route.

About

Musson's New Books

THE MAN WHO FORGOT—by James Hay, Jr.

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New Books of the Month—Continued.

The theme of this romance of American life is: When it is a question of home and marriage, who is the more conservative—man or woman?

Breath of the Jungle, by James Francis Dwyer. 12mo. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.25. Stories of adventure in the jungle.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

Individuality, by C. F. A. Voysey. London: Chapman & Hall. Price, 2s. 6d. net.

The Theology of Calvin, by Professor Robert McIntosh. London: Chapman & Hall. Price, 7s. 6d. net.

Theism and Humanism. Gifford lectures. By the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd. Price, \$3.00 net.

Christian Psychology, by the Rev. Professor Hames Stalker. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd. Price, \$1.25.

The Moral Paradoxes of St. Paul, by the Rev. Harrington C. Lees. London: Religious Tract Society. Price, 3s. 6d.

Seeing God. Sermons. By the Rev. Archdeacon Wilberforce. Edinburgh: Robert Scott. Price, 1s. 6d. net.

On the Cosmic Relations, by Henry Holt. London: Williams & Norgate. 2 vols. 21s. net.

Christ or Napoleon—Which? by Peter Ainslie. Fleming H. Revell Co. 50c.

Modern Religious Movements in India, by J. N. Farquhar. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co.

What Nietzsche Taught, by Willard H. Wright. B. W. Huebsch. \$2.

TRAVEL AND SPORT

The Amateur Garden, by George W. Cable. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

Baseball, by W. J. Clarke and Frederick T. Dawson. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.

Every Woman's Flower Garden, by Mary Hampden. Illustrated. Duffield & Co. \$1.50.

Letters to a Friend, by John Muir. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Bird Book, by Chester A. Reed. Musson. \$3.

The Key to the Land, by Frederick W. Rockwell. Illustrated. Harper & Bros. \$1.

The Lure of the Land, by Harvey W. Wiley. The Century Co. \$1.40.

Across Europe in a Motor Boat, by H. C. Rowlands. London: Appleton. Price, 7s. 6d. net.

Bulgaria, described by Frank Fox. Black. Price, 10s. net.

Finland and the Finns, by Arthur Reade. London: Methuen. Price, 10s. 6d. net.

Thirty-five Years in Russia, by George Hume. London: Simpkin, Marshall. Price, 10s. 6d. net.

Antarctic Adventure. Scott's Northern Party. By Raymond E. Priestley. London: Fisher Unwin. Price, 15s. net.

An English Woman in a Turkish Harem, by Grace Ellison. Methuen. Price, 5s. net.

Under the German Ban in Alsace and Lorraine, by Miss Betham-Edwards. Dent & Sons.

Russia and the World, by Stephen Graham. Toronto: Cassell. Price, \$3.

Through Central Africa from East to West, by Cherry Kearton and James Barnes. Toronto: Cassell & Co., Ltd. Net, \$5.00.

Mr. Cherry Kearton has a world-wide reputation as the most original and daring of nature photographers, and the illustrations in this book are unique in that never before has there been such a presentation of the country, its people and animal life, as is contained in this record.

British Novelists**TWO LISTS OF SEVENTY-SIX LEADING AUTHORS**

MR. TOM GRAHAM, whose essays on the new British writers of to-day are well known, has, as a reply to the anti-British attacks on British "Kultur," prepared a list of British authors now living whose names—and in most cases whose books, according to him—every English-speaking person of any pretensions to a knowledge of books must know. The list, confined to the single realm of fiction—omitting poetry, the drama, the essay, etc.—includes no less than seventy-six British novelists and short-story writers, and is as follows:

*

Authors whose places are, for the most part, fixed: Thomas Hardy, Arnold Bennett, Henry James, H. G. Wells, Rudyard Kipling, John Galsworthy, W. J. Locke, George Moore, Joseph Conrad, A. Conan Doyle, Gilbert Parker, Maurice Hewlett, Bernard Shaw, Gilbert Chesterton, Israel Zangwill, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Horace Annesley Vachell, James M. Barrie, Leonard Merrick, May Sinclair, A. E. W. Mason, Francis Grierson, George Birmingham, Frank Harris, William De Morgan, Baroness Orczy, Robert Hichens, Eden Phillpotts, Marie Corelli, Hall Caine, Florence Barclay, E. P. Oppenheim, Charles Garvice, Algernon Blackwood, E. F. Benson, W. W. Jacobs, J. J. Bell, Arthur Quiller-Couch, Richard Dehan, Lucas Malet, Justin H. McCarthy, Anthony Hope, the Castles, the Williamsons, E. W. Hornung, and Hilaire Belloc.

*

The new authors: Hugh Walpole, Oliver Onions, Compton Mackenzie, Gilbert Cannan, J. D. Beresford, Frank Swinnerton, F. Tennyson Jesse, D. H. Lawrence, John Trevena, J. Macdougall Hay, W. S. Maugham, W. Dane Bank, W. B. Maxwell, W. L. George, Coningsby Dawson, Morley Roberts, Pett Ridge, James Stephens, Horace Newte, Barry Pain, Cosmo Hamilton, Perceval Gibbon, Edgar Wallace, A. M. Hutchinson, Jeffery Farnol, Patrick MacGill, H. C. Bailey, J. C. Snaith, Charles Marriott, and John Palmer.

*

"Such a list," says Mr. Graham, "may infuriate various persons in delightfully various ways. Those there are who will demand the exclusion of Garvice, Caine, Oppenheim, even of the Williamsons and Hornung. To others the inclusion of W. Dane Bank, a realist who has had but one novel published in this country, may seem premature. Others will justly demand the reason for the omission of, let us say, Beatrice Harraden, John Oxenham, Rider Haggard, Robert Barr. But, however imperfect my list is, it does suggest to my mind that Britain stands forth as a nation doing things powerful and beautiful; and does suggest that Americans who do not follow with eagerness the writers of England are cutting their own literary throats."

EVERYMAN'S CORNER

Some Interesting Notes on the Newest Volumes—How Everyman's Appeals to Many Different Classes of Readers

STUDENTS, business men, public speakers, school-masters, the young, and that numerous class of readers who love a good novel—all will find just the kind of book they want in the Everyman's Library. Its range is practically all-embracing.

Let us illustrate this point by giving a few particulars of some of the new volumes.

The first, "**British Historical Speeches and Orations**," is of great interest to the student of history and literature, and to the public man, in supplying him with the best models for his own speeches. The university man who is a member of a debating society will find here a storehouse of ideas from which he may draw for his own special purposes.

It consists of a collection of speeches by the shining lights of British oratory, starting with a speech by King Ethelbert, and ending with one by Mr. John Redmond on the present war. Others that may be mentioned are: *Protector and Parliament*, by Cromwell; *On American Policy*, by Chatham; *On Irish Rights*, by Grattan; *Trial of Warren Hastings*, by Sheridan; *Franchise and Reform*, by Disraeli; *Imperial Federation*, by J. Chamberlain. An interesting feature is a short supplement of speeches on the war: *A Call to Arms*, by Mr. Asquith, and *A Scrap of Paper*, by Mr. Lloyd George.

Another volume that will be welcomed by students, and by young people generally, is "**Tales of Ancient Greece**," by Sir G. W. Cox. These are the old myths and stories that are such a delight to the young, and are so valuable to the person of maturer years, in that they afford him an understanding of many passages in literature and subjects in art that would otherwise be totally unintelligible. All the

world loves a story, and these are stories that have stood the test of the centuries.

The wants of the novel-reader are catered for by Dostoïeffsky's "**Poor Folk and the Gambler**." The events now taking place on the Continent are certain to arouse curiosity as to life in the Empire of the Tsar. Of considerable importance, therefore, is the publication of these two examples of the art of the great Russian novelist. They are sketches set in widely differing frames. The one concerns a gambler who frequents the fashionable Spas and Casinos of Germany; the other consists of a series of love-letters exchanged between two "poor folk" whose lives are spent amid the slums of St. Petersburg. Yet there is this in common between the two sketches—that each of them ends with a note of hinted tragedy. Both the gambler and the pair of lovers ask as the curtain falls: "Is there any hope for us?" Other Everyman's volumes by the same author are: "**Crime and Punishment**," "**Prison Life in Siberia**," "**Letters from the Underworld**," and "**The Idiot**." Tolstoi and Turgenev are also represented by some of their best works, so that the reader who desires an introduction to Russian literature will find the Everyman's library the easiest route thereto.

Some of the newest volumes are:

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- 710—*Tom Cringle's Log*, by Michael Scott.
- 711—*Poor Folk and The Gambler*, by Dostoïeffsky.
- 714—*British Historical Speeches and Orations*.
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A word or two about some of the most recent additions will be of interest:

"**Under the German Ban in Alsace and Lorraine,**" by Miss Betham-Edwards (The Wayfarers' Library, 30c. net), describes the impressions gained during visits, at considerable intervals, to the annexed provinces. "With every year," says the authoress, "detestation of Prussian tyranny has but grown

deeper and deeper." In another passage, referring to the capital city of Alsace, she says: "Strasburg, like Metz, is one vast camp, forty thousand soldiers of the garrison being at the time of my second visit away for the manœuvres. In another week or two the city would swarm with them. All day long here the nerves are tried and the tympanums dulled by the music of the barracks and of the exercise ground. But one martial air, the air that changed the history of the world, you listen for in vain. The cradle of the "Marseillaise," for nearly a century it has not been heard in these streets. In Strasburg the song was written and composed. When will those born and bred in bondage hear the immortal strains on native soil?"

Admirers of Motley's "Dutch Republic" will welcome a stirring novel entitled "**The Master Beggars of Belgium**" (The Wayfarers' Library, 30c. net), by L. Cope Cornford. This deals with the wars of the Guild of Beggars of the Low Countries, against Philip II. of Spain and the celebrated Duke of Alva, during the 16th century.

There are upwards of 60 volumes of Wayfarers' already issued, of which the following is a selection:

- 4—The Grand Babylon Hotel, by Arnold Bennett.
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- 49—The Lilac Sunbonnet, by S. R. Crockett.
- 28—Children of the Ghetto, by Israel Zangwill.
- 30—The Wooden Horse, by Hugh Walpole.
- 42—Princess Priscilla's Fortnight, by the author of Elizabeth and Her German Garden.
- 45—De Omnibus, by Barry Pain.
- 57—Baboo Jabberjee, by F. Anstey.
- 23—Prophets, Priests and Kings, by A. G. Gardiner.
- 48—Round the Galley Fire, by W. Clark Russell.

"He wrapped the colors round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain."

Who is there but loves to read the tales of the famous old regiments of Britain? You can have this pleasure by ordering from your bookseller "THE STORY OF THE REGIMENTS"—a section of the Wayfarers' Library. Vol. I—The Black Watch—is now ready, to be followed by Coldstream Guards, Royal Berkshire Regiment, Cameron Highlanders, Seaforth Highlanders, and Royal Irish Fusiliers.

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Editorial from *The Globe* (Toronto), April 19th, 1915

and religious rights of the Catholics and Protestants for them full and equal toleration throughout the Empire.

A BOOK FOR BIRD LOVERS.

Interest in bird life in Canada is attested by the appearance of "The Canadian Bird Book," by Chester A. Reed, B.S., published by the Musson Book Co. of Toronto. It is a reproduction of Mr. Reed's "Bird Book," and, of course, covers a range beyond the Dominion, describing in letter press and illustration many species that do not come nearer than the Gulf of Mexico. The book contains 472 pages of surfaced paper suitable for its thousand illustrations of birds and their eggs. Brief descriptions of 768 species from all parts of the continent include the range, habits, size, and scientific names. These descriptions are illustrated by more than five hundred drawings reproduced by the four-color process, all carefully accurate in pose and outline, as well as in color and markings. Hundreds of pen drawings of birds in flight and in natural situations are introduced, generally as marginal illustrations. There are many other appropriate embellishments of the varied pages. The work is an artistic as well as an instructive compilation. It is the living and not the dead bird that appeals from every page, challenging the interest of the casual observer and furnishing concise and comprehensive information for the student. The eggs are pictured in half-tone from photographs, accurate as to size and markings, the color being indicated in the description.

This work in its completeness is one of many proofs that the task of the collector is virtually finished. There is no longer any excuse for killing birds or taking nests or eggs. Necessary investigation as to feeding and other habits has involved much destruction, and the deeper curiosity of the scientist in revealing nature's secrets has also called for many sacrifices. But there is now sufficient knowledge for guidance as to the economic value of bird life, and the few injurious species are known. There is also abundance of material for scientific research. It is time to turn from the study of dead specimens to the study of bird life and activity. This is a more inviting field, and it affords inexhaustible scope. When birds learn that the war of destruction is ended their confidence will soon return and their interesting ways will be more clearly and freely revealed. Such books as Mr. Reed's, with profusion of varied and also accurate pictorial work and condensed information, help to strengthen the impulse toward life study and cultivate a sympathy and understanding that make intentional destruction impossible.

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Notes and Comments

The war continues to be the one topic of world-wide interest. At first there was a tendency to discourage too keen an interest in the military operations as being inimical to the "Business-as-usual" policy advocated for non-combatants. An attempt was made in the United States to distract public attention from the European conflict by relegating war news to a secondary place. But this was soon abandoned, as the news policy of daily journals must conform to the law of supply and demand. In the United Kingdom and in Canada, on the other hand, there has been a real danger that the people were not sufficiently imbued with a sense of the dangers that threatened, and of the responsibilities which such a gigantic struggle entailed upon every citizen of the Empire. Indeed, it is only now, after nine months of incessant fighting, that the British people are waking up to an intelligent grasp of the sacrifices demanded by the war. Great Britain has followed the lead of France and Belgium by reorganizing the government on a national basis, representing broadly all the political forces of the country. The attempt in some quarters to attribute the creation of a Coalition Ministry to failure on the part of the previous government is an ungenerous abuse of the liberty of the Press, and displays an unpatriotic spirit at variance with the unifying tendencies of the times. Our one and only aim as a people must be to defeat the enemy, and any party recriminations at this critical stage can only have the effect of serving the cause of Germany.

The inclusion of Unionist leaders in the Asquith Cabinet is a final warning to Germany that the British Empire is staking all on the utter destruction of Prussian militarism. In this war to the death no citizen may live unto himself. He is a unit in the organized forces of the State, whether he be the King on the throne, or the laborer in the cottage. This is not the time to discuss Spencerian theories about *The Man and the State*. The Hun is at the gate. Anarchy and murder are his weapons.

Changing Germany

By CHARLES TOWER

IN "Changing Germany" (Fisher Unwin), a study of recent phases of German life, the author says:

"Amongst the developments which have been most striking in the Germany of the last ten years has been that of specialization. It was, I believe, an American professor who said that whilst England remained a nation of amateurs, Germany had become a nation of professionals. Like all summaries, it is not quite true, but what he meant, I think, is that in Germany no one is allowed, or was allowed, to be a Jack-of-all-trades. It will be remembered that one of the charges brought against the Kaiser in 1908 was that he would not stick to his last. Here was a genuine Jack-of-all-trades, a man incomprehensible and even intolerable to the specialized Germany of 1908. What had actually happened was this: the State, taking control of almost every sphere of human activity, had told off so and so many men to this province of life or that. Thus, the career of a judge is not the career of a barrister; judgeship is a specialized function. That is one illustration of many. Now, there is a class whose province in the State is to think, and these men are called professors; a professor may be a free-thinker; he may even be a democrat; he can think and express his thoughts pretty much as he pleases, and nobody sees anything strange in it, because that is what he is paid to do.

"What the German system cannot and does not tolerate is that people should think and express their thoughts on subjects with which they are not paid to concern themselves. I am aware that this is to some extent an overstatement, but anybody can illustrate it from prominent incidents of recent years. A leading German professor like Haeckel may deny the whole theory on which German State religion is based; professors may be monotheist, atheist, indeed, what they will; that is their job; but if Pfarrer Jatho, a man who in the scheme of things is paid to preach, maintain, support a State religion, dares to use his brain to gnaw at its narrow bonds, he is cast out into the outer darkness, not because he is a free-thinker, but because he is not doing his specific job.

"Bismarck, Moltke, Stein, and others would, I think, be almost impossible in modern Germany, because, like Goethe, they insisted on thinking outside their provinces. Thought, therefore, has been left to a special class, and to all the rest, execution for so many hours a day of the business laid upon them by the State. There has resulted a lack of constructive criticism, and therefore also a lack of constructive religious feeling as well as of constructive morality,

Digby Dolben, Poet

By REV. J. B. DOLLARD

DR. ROBERT BRIDGES, the present Poet Laureate, is responsible for a compilation of poems written by an Eton schoolboy friend and companion of his.*

The Laureate tells us that he had almost forgotten all about him until a short time ago when he made a visit to the old school and noticed Dolben's picture "hanging inside the door among our most distinguished contemporaries." "How had it come there?" he asks. He knew that it was, firstly, because Dolben was a poet, and, secondly, because in the pictured face "you can see the saint, the soul wrapt in contemplation, the habit of stainless life, of devotion, of enthusiasm for high ideals. Such a being must stand out conspicuously among his fellows." In the long memoir which the Laureate prefixes to the book he enters into the most minute details and publishes many letters which passed between them. Digby Mackworth Dolben was born Feb. 8, 1848, in Guernsey. His home was in Finedon Hall, Northamptonshire. His life ended suddenly, June 28, 1867. Almost all his poems were written when he was eighteen and nineteen years of age. He was, therefore, a youthful prodigy similar to Chatterton, and we are left to speculate on the possibly wonderful development of his mind and genius, had he lived even to the years of early maturity. As it is, he has left us compositions of which a great poet might very justly be proud. Of his personal appearance a friend gives us the following description: "My recollection of Mackworth Dolben is of a very young monk of mediaeval times. In appearance he was slight and tall, with a complexion of transparent paller. He had good features and fine, dark, melancholy eyes. Do you remember Dore's picture of a young monk sitting in a chapel among a crowd of older men and gazing sadly into vacancy? He was rather like that. Also Clifford's picture of Father Damien before he left for the leper settlement in Hawaii reminds me of him."

Here is a little lyric, perfect in form:

POPPIES

Lilies, lilies not for me,
Flowers of the pure and saintly—
I have seen in holy places
Where the incense rises faintly
And the priest the chalice raises,
Lilies in the altar vases,
Not for me.

Leave untouched each garden tree,
Kings and queens of flower-land.
When the summer evening closes,
Lovers may-be, hand in hand,
There will seek for crimson roses,
There will bind their wreathes and posies
Merrily.

From the corn-fields where we met
Pluck me poppies white and red;
Bind them round my weary brain,
Strew them on my narrow bed
Numbing all the ache and pain—
I shall sleep, nor wake again,
But forget.

A Chef-d-oeuvre

The following example of his work is a chef-d-oeuvre. It is written in a part archaic style, like some of the Elizabethan lyrics and is magnificent in its superb finish and opulent imagery. Poet Laureate Bridges calls it "a masterpiece," and adds: "The flush of its sincerity carries the fanciful mediaevalism without a trace of affectation." It is entitled "He Would Have His Lady Sing":

Sing me the men ere this,
Who, to the Gate that is
A cloven pearl uprapt,
The big white bars between
With dying eyes have seen
The sea of jasper, lapt
About with crystal sheen:

And all the fair pleasance,
Where linked angels dance,
With scarlet wings that fall
Magnifical, or spread
Most sweetly overhead,
In fashion musical,
Of cadenced lutes instead.

Sing me the town they saw
Withouten fleck or flaw,
Aflame, more fine than glass
Of fair Abbeyes the boast,
More glad than wax of cost
Doth make at Candlemas
The Lifting of the Host:

Where many Knights and Dames,
With new and wondrous names,
One great Laudate Psalm
Go singing down the street;
'Tis peace upon their feet,
In hand 'tis pilgrim palm
Of Goddes Land so sweet:

Where Mother Mary walks
In silver lily stalks,
Star-tired, moon-bedight;
Where Cecily is seen,
With Dorothy in green,
And Magdalen all white,
The maidens of the Queen.

Sing on—the Steps untrod,
The Temple that is God,
Where incense doth ascend,
Where mount the cries and tears
Of all the dolorous years,
With moans that ladies send
Of durance and sore fears:

And Him Who sitteth there,
The Christ of purple hair,
And great eyes deep with ruth,
Who is of all things fair
That shall be, or that were,
The sum, and very truth:
Then add a little prayer,

That since all these be so,
Our Liege, Who doth us know,
Would fend from Sathanas,
And bring us, of His grace,
To that His joyous place:
So we the Doom may pass,
And see Him in the Face.

*The Poems of Digby Mackworth Dolben, edited, with a memoir, by Robert Bridges. Toronto: The Oxford University Press. Price, 1s. 6d.

The Schools of Canada

I.—UPPER CANADA COLLEGE

"I call, therefore, a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously, all the offices, both public and private, of peace and war."—JOHN MILTON, *"Of Education."*

UPPER Canada College was founded by Sir John Colborne, Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada in 1829. There was no University in the province at that time, and the Lieutenant-Governor hoped that the new college would provide a more liberal education than the Grammar Schools were able to give. The first Principal and a majority of the first masters were brought out from England. They were all University men of note. The Principal and the first Mathematical Master were fellows of Cambridge Colleges, and the first Classical Master was a prizeman of the same University. In 1833 the College moved into its new quarters in Russell Square, opposite Government House, with all the necessary equipment for a boarding school. From that time forward Upper Canada College has been the leading school in Canada.

The Principalship of Upper Canada has always been the topnotch of the teaching profession in this country. Up to the present time nine men have occupied the position: Rev. Dr. Harris, 1829-1838; Rev. Dr. McCaul, 1838-1843; F. W. Barron, M.A., 1843-1856; Rev. Walter Stennett, M.A., 1856-1861; G. R. R. Cockburn, M.A., 1861-1881; J. M. Buchan, M.A., 1881-1885; George Dickson, M.A., 1885-1895; Dr. G. R. Parkin, 1895-1903; and the present head, Mr. H. W. Auden, M.A. An analysis of the above list shows that five of the nine were British and four Canadians. Of the Britishers—three were English, all Cambridge men; one, Irish, from Trinity College, Dublin; and one, Scotch, from the University of Edinburgh. Three of the Principals were clergymen, and one of them, Rev. Walter Stennett, was an Old Boy of the College. It goes without saying that the Principal of Upper Canada College is a scholar and a gentleman, and it is only natural to suppose that they all in their several ways exerted an important influence on the life of the place. The aims and ideals which they held up before the boys have become the traditions of the school.

One of these traditions relates to scholarship. Of course, it is ludicrous to apply the word scholarship to the work of a Boys' School, and as culture is just now under a cloud, it is not easy to explain what is meant. But it may be said that Upper Canada College has never stood for a narrow scheme of study. On one of the walls in the Prayer Hall there is a board with the names of the boys who year by year have won first place in the highest form of the school. An interesting feature of this list is the fact that in a few instances a father and son have achieved the honor in turn. These Head Boys, as they are called, number among them some of the most distinguished men that Canada has produced. The first Head Boy

was Henry Scadding, long a Classical Master in the College, and later the Rector of Trinity Church and the historian of Old Toronto. Other boards on the same wall retain a record of distinctions won by Old Boys at King's College in the forties, and at the University of Toronto in the fifties. Year by year they carried off the honors in Litt.-Hum. (as the record shows), and the awards for Latin odes, Greek iambics, English essays and English verse. It is interesting now to see well-remembered names in these lists of prizemen. Certainly it does not detract from the authority of a great judge like the late Vice-Chancellor, Thomas Moss, to learn that in one year he headed the University in Classics, Mathematics and Modern Languages, and during his career as an undergraduate won all the prizes for verse and prose in Latin, Greek and English. Hon. Adam Crooks and the late Chief Justice Armour had a somewhat similar record. And it does not take any lustre from the great name of Edward Blake to know that he gained high honors in classics and mathematics, and the Scholarship in Law.

Any mention of the scholastic success of the Old Boys naturally brings to mind their masters. Perhaps the best-remembered ones in the early years were Mr. Howard, who gave High Park to the city, and the Rev. Dr. Scadding, who has been mentioned already. Not much junior to them were Mr. Wedd and Mr. Brown. Mr. Wedd was Head Boy in 1843, and served as a classical master for more than forty years; Mr. Brown, also an Old Boy, was for many years First Mathematical Master. Both of these gentlemen are still alive. The most prominent master in Mr. Cockburn's day was Mr. Martland, the Superintendent of the boarding house, who is very kindly remembered by hundreds of the Old Boys. Other distinguished Masters under Mr. Cockburn were the late Archbishop Sweatman; Dr. McLellan, afterwards High School Inspector and Principal of the School of Pedagogy; and Prof. Alfred Baker, Dean of the Faculty of Arts in Toronto University. Mr. Sparling, for many years Mathematical Master, and Mr. Jackson, happily spared till now as First Classical Master and Dean of the Residence, date from Mr. Cockburn's regime also. A little later we find Principal Carscadden, of Galt; the late Principal Ridditt, of Barrie; and Dr. A. C. Mackay, Principal of the Technical School, formerly Chancellor of McMaster University; Prof. A. H. Young, of Trinity University; Prof. Leacock, of McGill; Prof. Edgar, of Victoria, and Prof. Kerr, of Alberta, (the last four being Old Boys); also Prof. Neilson, of Harvard, and Prof. Grant, of Queen's. Some of these professors and teachers enjoy a wide reputation in the academic world, but the one who is best known to the world at large is undoubtedly Prof. Leacock. As everyone knows, Prof. Leacock stands in the front rank of Canadian writers, and his reference to his experiences at Upper Canada College in the introduction to one of his books has reached more people than a hundred other men could do shouting upon the house tops. Some of the old Masters, since leaving the College, have distinguished themselves in other lines of work; as, for example, Dr. Fotheringham, in medicine; Mr. Peacock, in finance; Mr. Lloyd, in literature; Mr. Delbos, in

painting; and Dr. Carr, in electricity. Not many schools can boast a succession of masters like these.

Sir John Colborne, the founder of the College, was a distinguished soldier, who rose to be Field Marshall and a peer of the realm. He had served under Wellington both in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, and, like the Iron Duke, he seems to have possessed a high sense of duty, which so often more than atones for lack of genius. In his farewell address to the Old Boys of the College, he recommended them "to take the lead as Christians, as citizens, as patriots, as members of a community, *qui consulta patrium, qui leges juraque servant.*" Whether it was the influence of such a devoted public servant as the founder, or the intense political activity of the time, or the ideals fostered by the first principals and masters, or the neighborliness incident to the life of pioneers, it is impossible to decide, but certain it is that a great many Old Boys of the College have shown a public spirit that ought to reflect honor on the old school wherever the history of Canada is studied and understood. So many of them have answered the call to public service: So many clergymen, professors, judges, members of Parliament and Ministers of the Crown, and so many business men who give freely of their time and money to help any good cause. It would be a satisfaction, if it is not invidious, to mention one name here, Mr. John Ross Robertson, who as a successful publisher and a busy man is, nevertheless, unwearied in collecting and preserving the records of the pioneers, and positively a crank on the subject of his great life-work, the Children's Hospital.

When the war broke out, Old Boys of the College in all parts of Canada were among the first to offer their services. Almost two hundred in the first contingent, counting those who have commissions in the British Army and Navy, and an equal number with the second and third. Such a response places Upper Canada College on a par with the great schools of England. We suspect that many people in our city and province only awoke to what Upper Canada has done, when the casualty lists began to appear in the newspapers. The College has suffered many losses. It is impossible, as yet, to form an estimate of the wounded, but twelve, at least, of the Old Boys have been killed.

And it has always been so. In the Fenian Raid, in the North-West Rebellion, in the South African War, there is the same story to tell. Mention might be made of those who have risen to high rank in the British Army and Navy, but we shall confine ourselves to those who have had a closer connection with Canada, men like Lt.-Col. Arthur Williams, M.P., who died at Batoche; Lt.-Col. F. C. Denison, M.P., who commanded the Canadian Voyageurs on the Nile, and Major-General Sir William Otter, K.C.B., who has seen so much active service. In University College there is a memorial window to the three undergraduates who were killed at Ridgeway; two of them were Upper Canada Boys. The Victoria Cross has been won by only four Canadians, and two of the four were Old Boys of the College: Col. A. R. Dunn, who took part in the Charge of the Light Brigade, and Major Churchill Cockburn, who saved the guns at Liliefontein in the South African War.

In 1891 the College was moved to splendid new buildings, with large and beautiful grounds, in Deer Park. Four years later the Provincial Government gave over the management of the College to a Board of Governors, in which the Old Boys are represented. The position of Chairman of the Board of Governors has been filled since then by three very loyal and faithful Old Boys, the late Nichol Kingsmill, K.C., Col. G. T. Denison and Mr. W. G. Gooderham, the present Chairman. During Dr. Parkin's Principalship the equipment of the College was improved in various ways. The grounds were enlarged and two new buildings were added; the Infirmary, where all kinds of ailments receive the best attention, and the Preparatory School for the younger boys, which was built at a cost of \$50,000. These improvements are due primarily to the initiative of Dr. Parkin, but also to the loyalty and liberality of the Old Boys, and especially the late Mr. H. C. Hammond. Probably no other school in Canada has grounds or buildings that will compare with those of Upper Canada College.

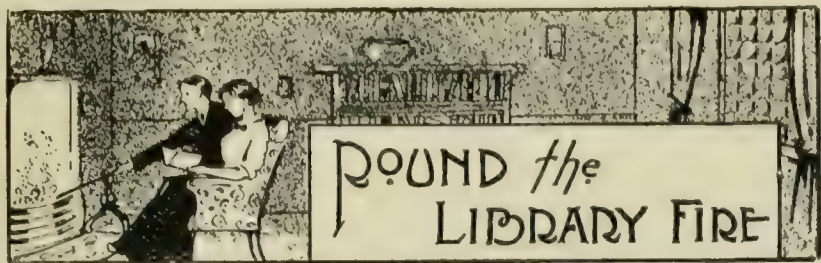
There are not many places in Canada that are more significant to a thoughtful mind than the Prayer Hall of the College. The walls are covered with the names of boys who were distinguished at school for their good work or for their good influence and character. Portraits of former principals and distinguished masters are hanging round, and in one place the Founder, in bright uniform and with his earnest face, looks down upon the scene. There is a good deal of Canadian history and achievement represented in that room. The boys who assemble there, where the fathers of many of them sat in their youth, can hardly fail to take to heart the lessons which they learn from day to day. But apart from any words that are read or spoken, there are two lessons which a thoughtful boy should learn from the place itself. The first is that success is not a matter of chance, and the second, that there is something better in life than making money.

EMPIRE

The Times publishes the following sonnet by the well-known Irish poet, artist, mystic, and prime mover in the Irish Agricultural Co-operative Society—George Russell:

Say for what foeman watch and ward you keep?
 From iron throats the ceaseless voices thrill
 The loud deliveries of Imperial will.
 Still must you dream, although you may not sleep.
 A dream, a dream assails you o'er the deep,
 And some yet mightier dream alone may kill
 The viewless foeman, and preserve you still
 From that dim cavern of old time, where creep
 All dying dignities and dreamless powers.
 The Rod of Empire is for those who hold
 Man's wandering mind by some eternal lure.
 Be rich in dream as in your ancient hours,
 And bribe the spirit with unearthly gold,
 And this magnificence may yet endure.

Æ.



I WONDER how many of my readers have read Major-General S. B. Steele's bulky volume of most timely reminiscences? The author is now at the front taking part in his third campaign. His *Forty Years in Canada* (McClellan, Goodchild) is a most valuable addition to Canadian history, and the period of which he writes is, perhaps, the most eventful in the life of the Dominion. It witnessed the extraordinary development of the West, the building of the railways and the confederation of the provinces. Canada advanced to the ranks of self-governing nations and opened her doors wide to desirable immigrants from the congested countries of Europe. The forty years which the gallant soldier recalls may not be the most spectacular, in some respects, in the life of our country, but they are of absorbing interest to all students of Canadian history and not devoid of romance.

One wonders, as the story of the author's career unfolds, whether the country realizes what it owes to men like Major-General S. B. Steele, who have sprung from families in which military service has become a tradition. His father, who served in the navy in the days of Nelson, was one of seven sons, three of whom served in the navy, and three in the army, during the Napoleonic wars. The call of the blood is irresistible, and in these days of epoch-marking war, we have reason to be thankful that the fighting breed has not died out.

*

Another book that has been added to my library shelves is *A Far Country*, just published by the Macmillan Company. Mr. Winston Churchill, the author, is developing great force of character in his novels, and winning to his side a big audience. It may not be literature of the highest form, but his writing pulsates with life. A voice crying in the wilderness it may be, but one that the common people will hear gladly. Novels with a definite purpose have their drawbacks. Local and circumscribed in their appeal, they do not possess the fire of immortality. But they serve their day and generation and may live on in other days when the same conditions prevail. The great American Republic must ever be a subject of enthralling interest to Canadians. We cannot altogether escape being influenced by our neighbor, and in turn influencing to some degree her outlook. The evils against which Mr. Churchill inveighs in his latest novel—big business monopolies, concentration of wealth in the hands of a few, the power of money in legislation, ill-assorted marriages and divorce—are not unknown in our midst. Indeed, it is remarkable how much there is in common between the two peoples in the light of this book.

*

The awakening of woman as revealed in *A Far Country*, the revolt against the barbaric idea that she is part and parcel of her husband's goods and

chattels, recalls a book I recently read, *Woman's Mysteries of a Primitive People* (Cassell), written by Mrs. D. Amaury Talbot. Much has been published concerning the primitive life of man, but woman has been more or less of a sealed book. Mrs. Talbot has seen much of the inner life of the Ibibios—a tribe numbering about three-quarters of a million people, inhabiting the southeastern part of Southern Nigeria. She gained the confidence of the women and learned much about their inner life. Two chapters deal with the belief in pre-natal influences and birth customs, the cruelties practised on "twin mothers," and the horror with which they contemplate their offspring.

"Affinities" and "bush souls" are regarded by the Ibibios as hereditary. On the whole, the women of this race fare well at the hands of their men folk, and Mrs. Talbot says there is much ground for the belief that in past times the Ibibios women were the dominating influence in the tribe. They still have women's clubs, an echo of the days when the three great societies of the tribe, including the War Club, were exclusively composed of women. There is greater opportunity to-day for women engaged in ethnic studies to gather information about the life and religious beliefs and practices of the women of uncivilized races. What strikes me most in reading this book is the fact that the white woman of civilized countries is still an inscrutable mystery to many.

In *A Far Country* Mr. Churchill shows that the women of the United States are not yet understood by their men folk, who think that in amassing unlimited money by any means, however shady, and by providing big houses and an ostentatious display of wealth, they are doing all that is required of them to make their wives happy. They have yet to learn that woman has a soul and that she does not live by bread alone.

The Old Fogey.



PAXTON M. DENT

Killed in action at Neuve Chapelle, 28th April. He was the fifth son of Mr. J. M. Dent. Another of Mr. Dent's sons is serving in the Dardanelles

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My Favorite Author

By J. LEWIS MILLIGAN

Author of "Songs in Times Despite"

AMONG so many favorites it is not good taste to discriminate. Each author has his own peculiar charm and appeal. Personally, I find that my appreciation of the great ones of literature varies. I cannot always enjoy Keats, and even Shakespeare palls at times. My delight in the classics comes in cycles; to-night I can sit up with Charles Lamb till after bedtime, to-morrow I will pass him on the street without so much as a nod of recognition. I can feast upon the richly-spread table of Emerson for weeks at a stretch, and feel that he supplies all my needs for time and eternity. He seems to be Plato, Bacon and Shakespeare rolled into one; but there comes a morning when Emerson fails me and I leave him for other company.

*

So the question as to who is my favorite author is a difficult one to answer, and it is not a fair question to me or to the author I am acquainted with. It all depends on the mood the question finds me in. If you were to see me reading a book on the street or in a street car, and you were to put the question to me: "Now, sir, who is your favorite author to-day?" I would probably reply by handing you the book I was reading. The truth is, I have many favorite authors, but no pet ones. I love each one in his turn, as he instructs or inspires me.

*

Most of us have our pet subjects. We are specialists in some lines. It may be poetry, philosophy, theology, science, or fiction. My line is poetry. Fiction does not hold me long; I strive earnestly to get through a novel, and sometimes succeed when I have to review one. Thackeray I have never been able to get through to the end—this is not a boast, but a humble confession. Dickens I have read with delight, but he is often too long. I know more of Scott's poetry than his prose. Meredith is one of my favorites among the moderns; he is strong and cheerful and poetical, especially in "Richard Feverel," "Diana of the Crossways," and "The Egoist." Thomas Hardy's earlier works I like best, but his pessimism is not so objectionable to me in his fiction as his poetry.

*

All this, of course, is off the subject, but I am really trying to pick out my favorite. I am afraid the task is a hopeless one and I must give it up. I have not even mentioned the ever, or very often, delightful R. L. S. I could tell you how much I like Omar Khayyam, and I could give an interesting account of my first encounter with John Locke in the old type. He was at one time my favorite author; but after him I fell in love with Robbie Burns, and again I worshipped Carlyle. I think of the happy days and nights I spent with Dr. Sam Johnson on the introduction of Boswell. I must renew that old acquaintance.



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How I Began

By PETER McARTHUR

BEGAN what?

Shakespeare tells us that "One man in his time plays many parts," and not wishing to appear eccentric or different from other men I confess to having begun many things. A backward glance leads me to believe that all my life I have been beginning things or beginning over again. But the question has been asked by the editor of the *BOOKMAN*, so I assume that he refers to my adventures in writing.

I cannot tell when I began. I can remember being teased before I went to school because of little rhymes I composed, and as I started to school before I was five years old, I must have begun at a tender age.

My next recollection is of being threatened with expulsion from school because of a rhymed satire on my teacher. As I have regretted it more than anything I have ever written, I shall not quote it. At the age of thirteen I became involved in a libel suit because of a paragraph contributed to the local paper, so it may be assumed that I was even then a practising journalist. As I see it now the trouble with my early writing was that I told the plain, unvarnished truth. Since then I have learned to use varnish.

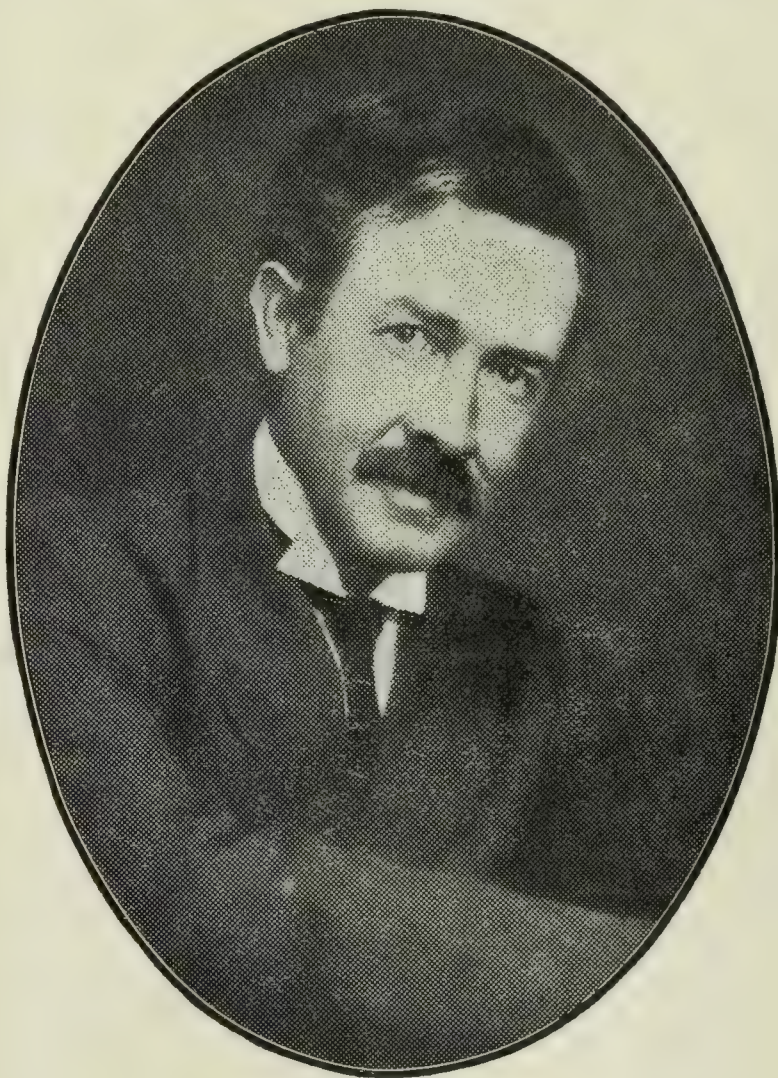
While working on the farm from the age of thirteen to eighteen I covered reams of tea paper—which I bought in bulk—with songs, lyrics, ballads and romances, in imitation of whatever poet happened to be my idol at the time. Fortunately my critical faculty outran my creative faculty and when I started to High School I heroically dedicated the whole mass to Vulcan—burned every scrap of what I had written.

My first signed contribution to appear in print was a ballad on "My First Moustache," which was published in one of the early issues of *Toronto Saturday Night*. Shortly afterwards I became a paid contributor to J. W. Bengough's paper, *Grip*, and began to get material returns from my writing. From that time to this I have been contributing to newspapers, syndicates and magazines and as Zangwill said when telling of his first book, "have achieved a reputation infinitely less widespread than that of a prize-fighter, and a financial position that a man might more easily be born to."

My first book was written during a period of storm and stress in London, England. As English magazines at that time paid on publication, I had to do something strenuous while waiting for my contributions to work through the mill, so I mapped out a little book, submitted the outline to a publisher and hypnotized him into providing me with a stenographer and agreeing to pay a substantial advance on royalties as soon as the manuscript was delivered. The book was dictated at the rate of a chapter a day and sent to the printers without revision. As the publisher failed before the book was put on the market, I escaped the critical manhandling that such careless work deserved. I managed to secure twenty-five copies to send to friends and that was the full extent of its circulation. It is entitled, "To Be Taken With Salt, being an essay in teaching one's grandmother how to suck eggs."

My first book to be formally published and placed on the market—and not very far on it either—was "The Prodigal and Other Poems," published by Mitchell Kennerley, of New York. It is a selection from my contributions to the magazines.

The nearest to a real beginning that I ever made was when I began to contribute country sketches to the *Toronto Globe* and *The Farmer's Advocate*. I feel that this may be regarded as a real beginning, because I have continued along the same line for six years. E. E. Sheppard's "Farmin' Editor Sketches," in the *Toronto News*, over thirty years ago first revealed to me the possibilities of farm life as a source of copy, and when it became necessary for me to begin over again I decided to begin on a farm. I wonder if



PETER McARTHUR

Who commenced his literary career with a rhymed satire on his teacher, and who now, as a farmer, spices his silo with a cheerful philosophy

that explanation is sufficient to convince the editor that I ever really "Began." If it is not, I assure him that I am willing to make a fresh beginning tomorrow. The greatest joy in life is to avoid being tagged and labelled, and to be free to "start something" at any time and in any place. I know that this is terribly unorthodox in a world where every man has his own pigeon-hole in which he may be found when needed, but my taste inclines me to the philosophy of St. Kevin, who

"Could always be at home
Just beyond the reach of rule."

Now I have filled the space allotted to me and if the editor knows how I began, or what I began, he knows more than I do. Yesterday, with its beginnings is dead; to-day is full of the joy of life and the urge of new beginnings, and the chief lure of tomorrow is that it may lead us to

"Fresh woods and pastures new."

The Graphic War Extras

"THE GRAPHIC," the great English illustrated paper, is known all over the Empire, and so is the name of Mr. Hilliard Atteridge, the war correspondent and military historian. There are two volumes of "The Graphic" War Extras issued to date: **"The First Phase of the Great War,"** and **"The Second Phase of the Great War."** (Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd., limp canvas, \$1.50 each). These are really splendid publications, with a wealth of illustrations. Vol. 1, for example, has nearly two hundred pictures in color and tone, while Vol. 2 has one hundred and twenty in color and black and white, together with eighteen maps. Mr. Atteridge's account of the military and naval operations themselves is clear and illuminating, and shows the hand of a writer who has given deep study to the strategical situation. For instance, he corrects the popular misconception about the "mysterious" swerving of Von Kluck's Army away from Paris towards the south-east in the first days of September, and shows that there had in reality been no change in the German plans. The one object of the enemy was the destruction of the allied armies, and Von Kluck, on the right of the enemy's advance, was merely closing to his own left to co-operate with Von Bülow in the advance across the Marne. A number of clear maps illustrate this and other important movements. The pictures are exceedingly arresting, many being from sketches or other material supplied by those who were present on the occasion.

Another important announcement is that of a new novel, **"His Royal Happiness,"** by Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan)—(Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., illustrated, \$1.25). The author is well known in social circles in this country, and this is undoubtedly the most charming novel she has written. The idea of an English prince marrying the most beautiful girl in America is in itself fascinating, but, when presented with all the sparkle and vivacity which have done so much to make this author popular, it becomes more fascinating still. It is a thrilling and very picturesque story, ending with a gorgeous State marriage between the King of Great Britain and the most beautiful woman in America, thus founding an Anglo-American dynasty.

"The Consolation Bureau," by David Lyall, author of **"The Land o' the Leal,"** (Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., \$1.25), bears a most appropriate title. For, while recording the varied and touching experience of a sympathetic woman whose mission in life is to advise and help, it demonstrates the latent possibilities of hope and healing which are present in the most apparently hopeless outlook. The stamp of truth is visible upon all the episodes narrated here; and the tactful, commonsense advice administered by the head of the "Consolation Bureau" is likely to bear fruit in many similar cases.

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"NEW LETTERS OF AN IDLE MAN"

IN this fascinating book by Mr. Hermann Jackson Warner (Constable) one meanders at sweet will at a leisurely gait through many countries, just as the spirit wills, taking diligence through France, climbing hills in Switzerland, wintering under Italian skies, sniffing the fragrance of cherry blossoms in Japan, or sipping tea in China—roundabout journeys in which one meets all sorts and conditions of people.

Three years ago there was much speculation as to the authorship of "European Years"—a collection of letters written by an American gentleman during a residence of forty years abroad at the end of last century. So wide an appeal did these letters make that old desks, secret drawers and cabinets were rummaged for more of the same blend, the letters, as the editor, Mr. George Edward Woodberry reminds us in a prefatory note, of one who has the power to engage us in his little affairs of the moment, with a blend of seriousness and triviality, and a stout independence of views such as becomes one of that old Puritan stock which was the great tap-root of America.

Take this for example, written from Hove, Sussex, England, seventeen years ago: "There was one paper in *The Forum* which I found especially interesting, by Sidney Low, on "*The English Governing Oligarchy*." I was struck by the superiority of style in English writing of this kind (Low is an Englishman) over the American style. Take up some English Review and compare it with a similar American Review, and you will see what I mean. To be sure, the papers in an English Review read as if they were all written by the same hand, but the style is uniformly good for that kind of writing: No flippancy; solid and clear thinking; faultless grammar; no colloquialisms; no eccentricity; no effort at *smartness*. In all our American writing there is an immaturity of style, a superficiality of thought, a thinness so to speak,—a kind of watery flow of words, characteristic of young and vapid writers."

And then he passes rapidly to the social side of English life, on which he discourses in quite a humorous vein: "But to go from one thing to another,—there was an old English lady taking tea one afternoon here with us. We were served with some nice toast, cut into small pieces and heavily buttered; she ate it with zest; or, to speak precisely, with voracity,—saying it was 'scrumptious.' She is from the North of England and 'scrumptious' is the word they use in those parts for anything especially good."

And then he wanders on to the English mode of living: "The breakfast hour is most unseemly. I am in the habit of taking coffee at eight, and to wait till half-past nine is very tiresome. At this season of the year I am in the habit, too, of rising at six, but I can't do it here. I tried it one morning, and almost fell

over from sheer exhaustion before the breakfast hour came round. I like dining late . . . but I observe that everything is late in the morning in England. The day 'seems' to begin two hours later than it does anywhere else. The American Sunday newspaper has not yet reached this side of the Atlantic, but I think it will have a howling sale when it gets here, for the English are a newspaper-reading folk: Witness Hove,—that is, Brighton,—three hundred churches and not one library!"

Those were the days when the stationer's shop was also Mudie's circulating library, and the custom still prevails in some parts. His discourses upon books and men are intensely interesting and chatty. Of the *Thunderer* he observes: "Yes, it is an admirably-printed newspaper, *The Times*, and I must say it is a pleasure to open a fresh copy of it, after morning coffee and kippered herrings,—and having stuck a long (India) Dindigul cigar into my long Carlsbad cigar-holder, to roam over its ample pages, surveying mankind from Peking to Peru, while perfumed breezes from the garden blow gently in through the open window, and the bottle-fly may be heard pulling himself together for the work of the day." The cost of living come in for some caustic comments. He finds that "cheapness in England, as with us, is nastiness; whereas in Germany or Italy one can be cheap and genteel at the same time."

Among the many writers to whom the author of these letters alludes is Hawthorne, whose masterpiece "The Scarlet Letter," he found at first very disappointing. "This feeling," he writes, "no longer possesses me. I look upon the book as a masterpiece. The style is exquisite; but I need not dwell upon the style; everyone must feel Hawthorne's style,—at any rate, everyone of any sort of literary culture. Furthermore, Hawthorne possesses the rare faculty of sketching a character so that it stands harmonious, and clear in outline, in the reader's mind as an enduring entity. The "Vicar of Wakefield" shows Goldsmith to have been possessed of a similar faculty." But Hawthorne had his limitations. His characters are wonderful portraits, he displays no dramatic faculty, has no creative faculty, no imagination.

"He broke down most pathetically at last," adds Mr. Warner, "in sheer incompetency to weave a plot. . . . But nevertheless he was a master of our English speech, and his works are masterpieces in their way; exquisite *genre* pictures."

He has much to say about the great figures in Victorian literature, and as he writes the flow of his words recalls the murmuring brook as it gurgles through the pasture land and pleasant meadows and leafy shades. Pity that letter-writing of this type is no longer as common as it used to be, before the whirr of the factory wheels lured the countryside from its rural retreats.

"Ships that pass in the night, and speak to each other in passing,
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness;
So, on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, the darkness again and a silence."

The Bookworm.

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OF all cries, none thrills through the heart of a sailor like that of fire. Human helplessness is never so felt as at such a time. The ship is a burn-

From
**"Round the
Galley Fire"**

By
W. Clark Russell

ing volcano, from whose cabin the red flames may soar presently, making a wide circumference of air scorching hot with a furious play of withering flame. The mate said that he believed the fire was in the hold under the cabin.

Forthwith there was a rush to the hatches, which were immediately closed; caulking irons were fetched, and the air was busy with the hammering of mallets. It was a sight to see the men. There was no lack of determined courage among them, but the cry of 'Fire' was ringing in their ears; they toiled in quick, impulsive rushes, with feverish haste, glancing to right and left, knowing not in what part of the ship the fire would first show itself in flame. Every ventilator was closed, and the cabin shut up, in the hope of stifling the fire, and the crew then gathered in a group in the waist to watch and wait and see what their work would do for them.

"Presently somebody called out that the smoke was still breaking through.

"Look there—and there, sir!" It was hard to guess how it could escape; the hatches were closed and caulked, every aperture securely blocked, and yet there was the smoke breaking out from all parts of the vessel as steam rises from the compact earth. On this the carpenter's chest was overhauled, and by order of the captain the men fell to work to bore holes in the deck. As the solid planks were pierced the smoke belched forth in puffs, mingled with a pestilential exhalation of gas that forced the seamen to work with averted faces. The pumps were then manned, the hose got along, buckets dropped over the side, and all hands turned-to to drown the fire by discharging water into the glowing cargo.".....

"Meanwhile he stands, facing the modern world, the symbol of mediævalism in the heart of the Twentieth Century. The cause for which he fights could have no more worthy protagonist. He is every inch a King. Divest him of his office and he would still be one of the half-dozen most considerable men in his Empire. When the British editors visited Germany they were brought into intimate contact with all the leaders of action

From
**"Prophets,
Priests and
Kings"**

By A. G. Gardiner

and thought in the country, and I believe it is true to say that the Kaiser left the sharpest and most vivid personal impression on the mind.

"It was the impression of enormous energy and mental alertness, of power, wayward and uncertain, but fused with a spark of genius, of a temperament of high nervous force, quickly responsive to every emotional appeal. His laugh is as careless as a boy's, but you feel that it is laughter that may turn to lightning at a word.".....

"Mr. Rocco's compliments, sir, and he regrets to be unable to serve steak and bass to-night, sir."

"Mr. Rocco?" questioned Racksole, lightly.

From
**"The Grand
Babylon
Hotel"**

By Arnold Bennett

"Mr. Rocco," repeated Jules with firmness.

"And who is Mr. Rocco?"

"Mr. Rocco is our chef, sir."

Jules had the expression of a man who is asked to explain who Shakespeare was.

"The two men looked at each other. It seemed incredible that Theodore Racksole, the ineffable Racksole, who owned a thousand miles of railway, several towns, and sixty votes in Congress, should be defied by a waiter, or even by a whole hotel. Yet, so it was. When Europe's effete back is against the wall not a regiment of millionaires can turn its flank. Jules had the calm expression of a strong man sure of victory. His face said: 'You beat me once, but not this time, my New York friend!'

"As for Nella, knowing her father, she foresaw interesting events, and waited confidently for the steak. She did not feel hungry, and she could afford to wait.

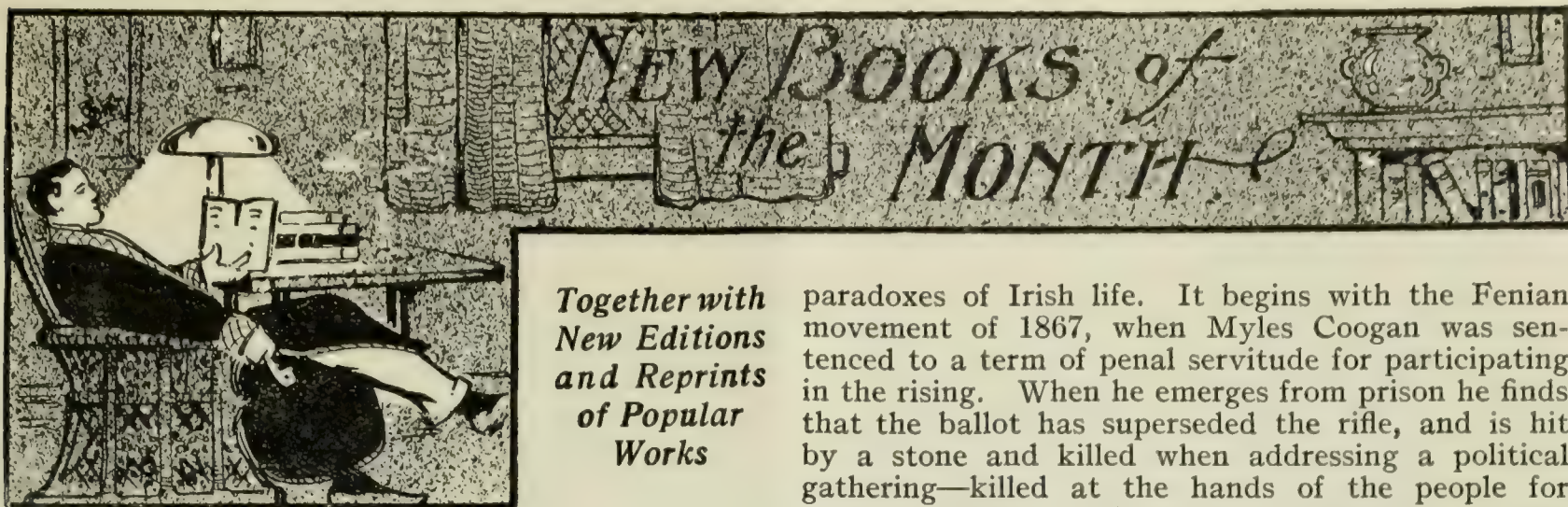
"Excuse me a moment, Nella," said Theodore Racksole quietly, 'I shall be back in about two seconds,' and he strode out of the salle à manger. No one in the room recognized the millionaire, for he was unknown to London, this being his first visit to Europe for over twenty years. Had anyone done so, and caught the expression on his face, that man might have trembled for an explosion which should have blown the entire Grand Babylon into the Thames. Jules retired strategically to a corner. He had fired; it was the antagonist's turn. A long and varied experience had taught Jules that a guest who embarks on the subjugation of a waiter is almost always lost; the waiter has so many advantages in such a contest.".....

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Works

Jean Baptiste, by J. E. Le Rossignol. Toronto: Dent. Price, \$1.25 net.

This is a story of life in a French-Canadian settlement. The hero is a young man with ideals—a visionary who dreamt dreams and built “air castles.” Contrary to the usual custom of the young men of the settlement, who left home to seek their fortunes, Jean Baptiste chose to remain in his valley home. His story begins towards the end of his school days, when M. Paradis, the *curé* of St. Placide, struck by the boy’s learning, endeavors to persuade him to enter the Church. Indeed, all is arranged on his behalf; but not even a bishopric is included in his dreams, so he decides that the priesthood is not his vocation. For a time he drifts through life, yet unconsciously he is learning. He goes to school with Nature, and becomes an expert woodsman and hunter. The arrival of a tourist angler to lodge with his mother, Madame Giroux, opens his eyes to the possibility of developing St. Placide, and his “castle in the air” materializes in the form of an inn to attract the summer tourist. His effort is regarded by the *habitants* as a desire to put himself above them, and resented accordingly. Jean has enemies, of course—Pamphile, whom he had fought at school and beaten, and who has not forgotten; Mère Tabeau, a vicious old busybody. Thanks to them, the inn is burned to the ground, and Jean sees himself ruined. But he has friends also—none truer than Michel Gamache, old hunter and recluse. How obstacles were surmounted, how the little, capricious Gabrielle was won, and how, incidentally, Michel Gamache sees again, after forty years, the sweetheart of his youth, the Sœur Sainte Anne, readers will find for themselves in a very pleasant, brightly-written book. Through its pages the fresh Canadian breezes blow, fragrant with pine and spruce.

Blessington’s Folly, by T. G. Roberts. London: Long & Co. Price, 6s.

The author of “Love on Smoky River” gives us in his latest novel a book rich in incident. The scene is laid in the wilds of Labrador, where the activities of the fishermen and trappers provide materials for a most interesting tale in which the isolated life of the community is vividly portrayed. This novel should strengthen the author’s hold on the reading public. As already announced in these pages, Mr. Theodore Goodridge Roberts is a Lieutenant in the 12th Battalion, 4th Brigade, of the Canadian Overseas Expeditionary Force.

The Scotchman and I, by an Englishwoman. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, \$1.25.

This is a clever thrust at the virtues and idiosyncrasies of “Brither Scot” from an English standpoint. A charming book, delightfully written.

The Graves at Kilmorna, by Canon P. A. Sheehan. London: Longmans. Price, 6s.

An historical tale of a stirring period in Irish history, this book will appeal to all who delight in the

paradoxes of Irish life. It begins with the Fenian movement of 1867, when Myles Coogan was sentenced to a term of penal servitude for participating in the rising. When he emerges from prison he finds that the ballot has superseded the rifle, and is hit by a stone and killed when addressing a political gathering—killed at the hands of the people for whose liberties he believed he was fighting. A most readable novel, in which the sincerity and high aims of the Fenians are set out. For Irishmen the book conveys a salutary lesson.

The Little Mother Who Sits At Home, edited by Countess Barcynska. Toronto: Copp, Clark.

To the manner-of-fact person this little volume will not appeal. It is inspired by a spirit of sensibility which one rarely finds in volumes of letters—but then these are not so much letters as the diary of a mother’s heart. The mother is a widow, with a little son. In these letters of delicate intimacy, some of which were never sent, but were written merely to relieve her own heart, she lays bare the tenderness of her mother-love—her anxiety for her boy as an infant, as a schoolboy, as a student, as a man beginning the work of his life. Incidentally she discloses her own unselfishness and self-sacrifice. Perhaps, the mother spirit is dissected too much in these letters, but it is shown to us simply and tenderly.

Johnny Appleseed, by Eleanor Atkinson. New York: Harper Brothers. Price, \$1.25 net.

Miss Atkinson brings us back to the firesides of the early settlers of the Middle West, the days “of the pioneers who crossed the Alleghany Mountains; of the river boatmen who navigated the uncharted waterways of the old Northwest territory and of the Indian fighters of the last Border War”—the days of Jonathan Chapman, whose identity is concealed in the name which gives the title to her book.

The Herb of Healing, by G. B. Burgin. London: Hutchinson. Price, 6s.

A Canadian tale of village life, in which the author draws upon the tradition that the Indians possessed a secret cure for consumption. How the remedy was obtained from a hostile Chief at the cost of a life provides the reader with some stirring incidents.

Bred of the Dessert, by Marcus Horton. New York: Harpers. Price, \$1.50.

A tale of Mexico, in which a splendid black horse, “Pat,” is the chief actor. For “Pat” is so handsome that the horse thieves are ever on his track. How Stephen the “slacker” won the hand of “Pat’s” mistress by recovering the horse from the latest horse stealer, is told in a story, the chief charm of which is the sympathetic interpretation of the horse’s feelings during its adventurous career and the glimpses one gets of Mexican life.

The Measurement of Social Phenomena, by A. L. Bowley, Sc.D. London: King. Price, 3s. 6d.

It is the author’s aim to make thinking more systematic. In studying social phenomena, many factors have to be considered. It is the author’s belief that the time has come to analyse the work of investigators, to assign their place in an organic body of science, to consider from the beginning the general objects and methods of social investigation and to ascertain how far these objects have been realized.

MUSSON'S MONTHLY CHAT

"YOU don't believe that Waterloo was won on the cricket fields of England," said Morgan.

"I don't believe that it was won in England or on the cricket field, or by the English. I believe that it was won by Blücher and the Prussians on the field of Waterloo. As for sport, cricket, football, tennis—they are charming, if you will, but impractical. There's something feminine, almost effeminate, about athletics."

"Feminine!" said Charlotte. "You surprise me! I thought that athletics of all sorts were the very top pitch of masculine virility."

Von Hollman lit a cigarette. "Look at the Greeks and Romans," he said. "Every nation represents a principle, every nation is either masculine or feminine in its genius. The Greeks were feminine, they were the greatest race of amateur athletes the world has ever seen. Did the Romans practise athletics? No, they had slaves to contest before them, but reserved their own strength for the real business of life, for warfare. They conquered and dominated Greece as the masculine must always conquer and dominate the feminine. The French to-day are feminine. The greatest boxer in the world to-day is a Frenchman, but what of the French army? The athletes of the air, the aviators who perform the most astonishing and useless tricks are Frenchmen, but where are the French Zeppelins? And what is the present state of the French navy?"

"And America, Count Otto," said Charlotte, "is it masculine or feminine?"

"Oh, feminine," said the Count, "and altogether charming."—

The foregoing is an extract from "**Here's To the Day**," by Charles Agnew MacLean and Frank Blighton (The Musson Book Co., Ltd., cloth \$1.25). It is a stirring tale of the European War, in which a young American physician and a girl are caught in the cogs of the great Prussian military machine as it advances through Luxembourg, crushing everything in its path. Von Hollman is a high officer in the Death's Head Hussars, who wants Charlotte Cameron, the niece of the United States diplomatic representative in the Duchy of Luxembourg, and Morgan is the American doctor, who is later arrested for aiding the escape of a French aviator who has taken refuge from the Uhlans at the house of the U.S. envoy. Exciting adventures in aeroplane and automobile are encountered in the endeavour of the lovers to escape from the power of the Prussian officer who, it is whispered, is in reality a member of the family of Hohenzollern and a near relation of the

Emperor himself. It is not easy, however, to elude the long arm of Von Hollman—nor is it accomplished until the two Americans have been carried along with the German armies to the banks of the Marne. The authors have a very clear conception of the workings of Prussian militarism, and their book is of the kind that one does not lay down till the last page is reached.

Knowing the cordial welcome that awaits the good war novel at the present time, the publishers are issuing a series of stories for boys, by Captain Allan Grant, soldier, war correspondent and author. The first, entitled "**A Cadet of Belgium**" (The Musson Book Co., Ltd., illustrated, 75c.), tells the story of the German advance into Belgium, the siege of Liege, and the struggle to reach the French border. Passing swiftly across the screen are armored motor cars, motor cycles, the German and Belgian cavalry. Every lad will read with avidity the stirring adventures of Jack and Raoul, boys of the Gray Wolf Patrol, and the brave deeds they wrought for Belgium—deeds that won them the military medal from the hands of King Albert.

The second of the series, "**In Defence of Paris**" (The Musson Book Co., Ltd., illustrated, 75c.), is an accurate story of the Great War, and tells how a couple of Boy Scouts—an American and his French chum—fought in the trenches with the infantry of the Allies, actually meeting with Sir John French and being attached to his staff. They were taken prisoners by German cavalry, had an exciting struggle with a spy in a mouldy old church tower, and went through the terrific battle of the Marne. It is such a tale as can be told only by a writer who is a soldier and war correspondent, like Captain Grant. The next title in the series will be "**Fifty Feet Under the Sea**."

A new novel by Agnes and Egerton Castle, really needs no recommendation to the thousands of readers who have been delighted by such books as "**The Light of Scarthey**," by the same distinguished authors. It is enough to say that "**Forlorn Adventurers**" (The Musson Book Co., Ltd., cloth, \$1.25), concerns the lives of Ian and Morna, Lord and Lady Stronaven. Between them was a great love, yet, in a moment of rage, Ian uttered words which shattered all Morna's ideals. She left him for an Italian artist, and the husband did nothing to hinder the divorce. Ian suffered, yet in time re-married. At last a tragic moment of understanding came to Ian and Morna.

ON SALE—ALL BOOKSELLERS

MUSSON BOOK COMPANY, Limited
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New Books of the Month—Continued.

Mr. Charles Booth, author of "Life and Labor in London," did much to awaken interest in statistical enquiries.

The Correspondence of William I. and Bismarck, translated by J. A. Ford. London: Heinemann. Price, 3s. 6d.

At the present moment this volume will be welcomed for the lurid light it throws on the obscure causes of Germany's present attitude. Bismarck, next to Napoleon, was the most potent influence in history during the nineteenth century. The letters were selected by the Iron Chancellor before his death and published at his express desire. The letters not only help to a clearer understanding of the history of Germany between 1852 and 1887, but they also help the reader to have a clearer conception of the moulder of German destiny and of his Imperial master the Emperor, William I.

FICTION

The Pretender, by Robert Service. Boston: Dodd, Meade & Co. Price, \$1.25.

Alice and a Family, by St. John G. Ervine. Toronto: Macmillan Company of Canada. Price, \$1.25.

A Far Country, by Winston Churchill. Toronto: Macmillan Company of Canada. Price, \$1.50.

Just Girls, by I. T. Thurston. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell. Price, \$1.00.

The Honey Bee, by Samuel Merwin. Indianapolis: Bobbs, Merrill & Co. Price, \$1.35.

A Great Mystery Solved, by Gillan Vase. London: Sampson, Low, Marston & Co. Price, 6d.

Miranda, by Grace L. H. Lutz. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart. Price, \$1.25.

Unofficial, by Bohun Lynch. London: Martin Secker. Price, 6s.

The Snake Garden, by Amy J. Baker. London: John Long. Price, \$1.25.

One Man, by Robert Steele. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. Price, \$1.50.

The Scarlet Plague, by Jack London. Toronto: Macmillan Company of Canada. Price, \$1.00.

The Blue Horizon, by H. de Vere Stacpoole. London: Hutchison. Price, 6s.

The Keeper of the Door, by Ethel M. Dell. Toronto: S. B. Gundy. \$1.40.

Victory, by Joseph Conrad. Toronto: S. B. Gundy. \$1.35.

The Healing of Nations, by Edward Carpenter. London: Allen & Unwin. Price, 2s. net.

Angela's Business, by Sydnor Harrison. Toronto: McClelland. Price, \$1.35 net.

The Valley of Fear, by Arthur Conan Doyle. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd. \$1.25.

A new Sherlock Holmes novel.

The Cocoon, by Ruth McEnery Stuart. Hearst's International Library.

A story of life among the Michigan Hollanders. The diary of a woman taking a rest cure.

The War Terror, by Arthur B. Reeve. Hearst's International Library. \$1 net.

Carries the hero, Craig Kennedy, into the spy system of warring European nations.

Steve of the Bar-G Ranch, by Marion Reid-Girardot. Hearst's International Library. \$1 net.

A story of life on the Colorado plains.

Brunel's Tower, by Eden Phillpotts. The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo, by E. Phillips Oppenheim. McClelland. \$1.35.

The Jester, by Leslie Moore. 12mo. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35.

A romance of mediæval times.

Bram of the Five Corners, by Arnold Mulder. 12mo. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.25.

WAR LITERATURE

The Nations at War. The Birth of a New Era. By L. Cecil Jane. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons. 75c.

In this little book the author gives a forecast of the political and moral results of the European war—he shows what are the possibilities of good in the present war, and what will be the characteristics of that new era to which it will give birth.

The German Enigma: What Germans Think; What They Want; What They Can Do. By Georges Bourdon, editor of the Figaro. Translated by Beatrice Marshall. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons. Second edition. Crown 8vo. 75c.

This frank exposition of German policy and feeling is the result of a series of interviews with leaders of German thought and action, given to Georges Bourdon in 1913. Bismarck's successor, Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter; Herr Johannes Kampf; Professors Adolph Wagner and von Schmöller; Prince Lichnowsky, Prince Hatzfeldt among diplomatists; Herr Theodor Wolff, the editor of the Berliner Tageblatt, Herr Hermann Sudermann, the author of "Magda"; General Klein; and many other leaders of opinion have been laid under contribution.

The Soldiers' and Sailors' Hymn Book, compiled by John N. Downes. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons. Paper, 15c; cloth, 25c.

This Hymn Book has been designed to meet the wants of soldiers in camps, and sailors aboard ships. It contains the National Anthems of the Allies; national hymns and songs; songs of warfare; general hymns; hymns for festivals, sacraments, and special occasions; and special Psalms.

What I Saw in Berlin, by Piermarint. London: Eveleigh Nash.

The Enemy, by Geo. Randolph Chester. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart. Price, \$1.35.

Men, Women, and War, by Will Irwin. London: Constable. Price, 3s. 6d.

The World War, by Alfred E. Knight. London: Morgan & Scott. Price, 2s.

The British Empire and the War, by E. A. Benions. London: Fisher Unwin. Price, 6d.

Christ or Kaiser? The Main Issue, by Paul Tyner. London: Victory Publishing Co. Price, 3d.

Flags of the World, by W. J. Gordon. London: F. Warne & Co. Price, 6s.

Behind the Scene in Warring Germany, by Edward Lyall Fox. McBride, Nast & Co. Price, \$1.50.

Five Fronts; On the Firing Line with English, French, Austrian, German and Russian Troops, by Robert Dunn. Dodd, Mead & Co. Price, \$1.25.

German Culture: Past and Present, by E. Belfort Bax. London: Allen & Unwin. Price, 4s. 6d. net.

Ireland and the War, by Professor T. M. Kettle. London: Maunsell. Price, 1s. net.

The Kaiser's War, by Austin Harrison. London: Allen & Unwin. Price, 2s. net.

The Law of Contract During War, by W. Finlayson Trotter. William Hodge. Price, 15s. net.

Italian Neutrality, by R. H. Edleston. Cambridge: Heffer.

The German War: Some Sidelights and Reflections, by A. Conan Doyle. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, 35c.

The Story of the Hohenzollern, by C. Sheridan Jones. London: Jarrold & Sons. Price, 5s. net.

In this work the author traces the remarkable mental derangement which from generation to generation down to the present Kaiser has dogged the footsteps of this sinister dynasty ever since their eruption into Europe.

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New Books of the Month—Continued.**LITERATURE AND THE ARTS**

Parsival, by Gerhard Hauptmann. Toronto: Macmillan Company of Canada. Price, \$1.00.

Spoon River Anthology, by Edgar Lee Masters. Toronto: Macmillan Company of Canada. Price, \$1.25.

Anacreontea, by Judson France Davidson. Toronto: Dent & Sons. Price, \$1.75.

A Dome of Many-Colored Glass, by Amy Lowell. Toronto: Macmillan Company of Canada. Price, \$1.25.

The Golden Bough, by J. G. Frazer. Toronto: Macmillan Company of Canada. Price, 20s.

The Higher Individualism, by Edward Scribner Ames. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.10 net.

A volume of constructive essays on the individual in his relation to society and to God.

Across the Border, by Beulah Marie Dix. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 80c. net.

A play of the present.

Jesus and Politics, by Harold B. Shephard. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.00 net.

An essay intended to point an ideal.

Memories and Milestones, by John Jay Chapman. 12mo. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. \$1.25.

Contains papers on William James, Shaw and the Modern Drama, Dr. Furness, Charles Eliot Norton, Julia Ward Howe, the Negro Question, etc.

Getting a Start, by Nathaniel C. Fowler. 12mo. New York: Sully & Kleinteich.

Collection of something less than a hundred newspaper articles written as "First Aids to Success."

The Theatre of Ideas, by Henry Arthur Jones. 12mo. Toronto: Musson Book Co. \$1.00.

The title piece is "A Burlesque Allegory." The volume also contains three one-act plays.

By-Paths in Arcady, by Kendall Banning, folio. Chicago: Brothers of the Book, Steinway Hall.

A volume of love songs, with illustrations in photogravure from photographs. Published in limited edition.

HISTORY

The Indians of Greater New York, by Alanson Skinner. 12mo. Cedar Rapids, Iowa: The Torch Press.

Account of the aborigines of Greater New York, appearing in the series "Little Histories of American Indians." The author is Assistant Curator of Anthropology, American Museum of Natural History.

Petitions of the Early Inhabitants of Kentucky to the General Assembly of Virginia, 1769 to 1792, by James Rood Robertson. 8vo.

Louisville: John P. Morton & Co.

Collection of legislative petitions of early Kentucky. Appears as No. 27 in the series of Filson Club publications.

The Story of the Mary Fisher Home, by Mary A. Fisher. 12mo. New York: The Shakespeare Press.

An account of the "home for those who have labored in literature, art, education, music, or any of the various professions," at Mount Vernon, N.Y., and Tenaflly, N.J.

The Gothic History of Jordanes, by Charles Christopher Mierow. 8vo. Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press. \$1.75.

English translation of the work of "the earliest Gothic historian," in which appear Attila, the Hun; the Visigoth, Alaric; Gaiseric, the Vandal, and Theodoric.

Millard Fillmore, by William Elliott Griffis. 12mo. Ithaca, N.Y.: Andrus & Church.

Largely biographical. Aims to show Fillmore as a "constructive statesman," etc.

SCIENCE, POLITICS AND SOCIOLOGY

Women Under Polygamy, by Walter M. Gallichan. 12mo. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.50.

A study of sex relationship as found in countries practicing polygamy and contrasted with the monogamous idea and practice.

Out of Work, by Frances A. Kellor. 12mo. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

An investigation of unemployment in America, especially as to its causes and extent. Suggestions made for its relief.

The Panama Canal and International Trade Competition, by Lincoln Hutchinson. 8vo.

New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.75.

Sketches the economic and commercial geography of the great trade areas connected by the Isthmian Canal.

Exporter's Encyclopedia, 1915. 12mo. New York: Exporters' Encyclopedia Co., 78 Broad St.

The eleventh annual edition, containing information relative to shipments for every country in the world.

Scotland for Ever, with a preface by the Earl of Roseberry, K.G. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, \$1.25.

All profits on this splendid production, which is published through the enterprise of the *Glasgow Herald*, will be given to the Scottish branch of the British Red Cross Society. A unique literary and pictorial presentation of Scottish valor.

"There could scarcely be a more opportune publication for Scotsmen," says Lord Roseberry, "than a record of the valor of their historic regiments."

Beltane, the Strong, by Jeffery Farnol, author of "The Amateur Gentleman," is no ordinary novel. By many it is regarded as the finest thing yet written by Jeffery Farnol, and will shortly be issued by the Musson Book Co.

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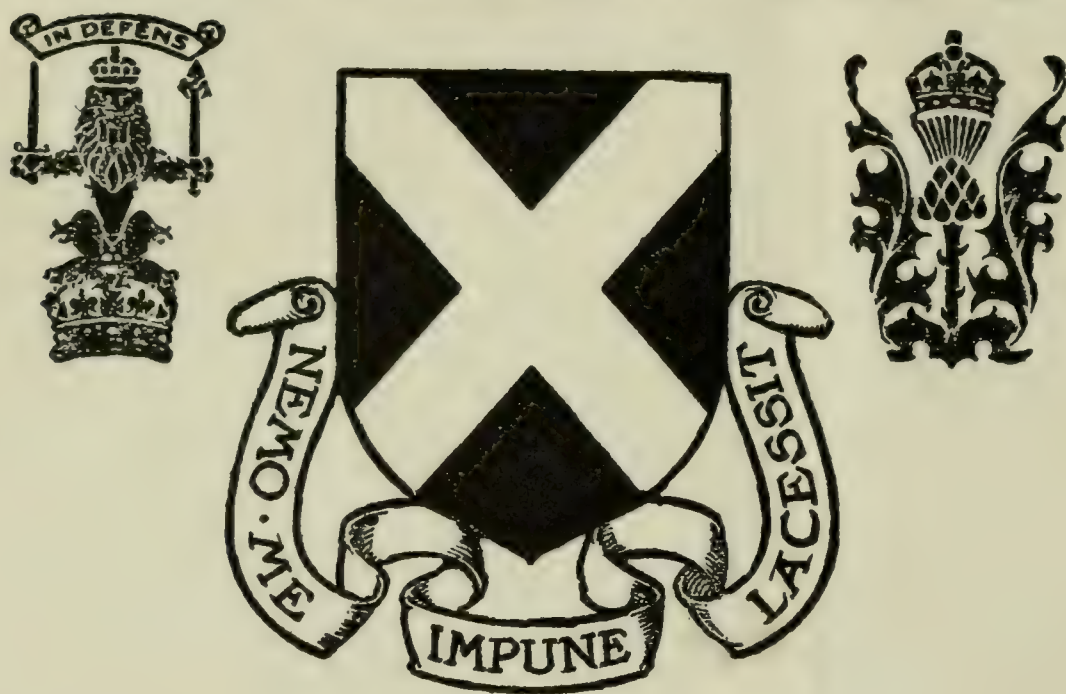
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HEAD OFFICE

IMPERIAL BANK BUILDING, Yonge & Queen Streets
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PUBLISHED MONTHLY

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Notes and Comments

A writer in *The Book Monthly* recently expressed the hope that, for the sake of generations yet unborn, we are all keeping diaries during the war. If we did, the diaries would be remarkable mainly for the paucity of their references to the European campaign. The reader will remember Maurice Baring's *Lost Diaries*, in which he writes the daily record of an English governess in Paris during 1870-71. Its chief feature is that it makes no reference whatever to the siege. After all, the satire is not misplaced, for the experience of this governess would probably hold good of many diarists during this war. But after all, such diaries, even were they to refrain from direct and critical references to the war, would not be less valuable on this account. The output of "Histories" of the war so far gives some indication of the flood of war literature that will yet come from the pens of eye-witnesses and experts. On the other hand, war touches our lives in various ways, and diaries, however free from direct references to the campaign, may be rich in the items of human interest that give a more intimate picture of events with which the historian rarely deals. Posterity will be interested to know how we lived through such a military convulsion, how we fared in our daily lives, what prices we paid for food, and how we dressed and amused ourselves.

Apropos of these by-products of war, it is interesting to note that the European campaign provides a problem in natural history. During the Franco-German war of 1870, great numbers of summer migrants, disturbed from their normal haunts, made their way to the British Isles. On a more extended scale, this war, it might be expected, would disclose a greater influence upon the migratory habits of birds. So far, however, the migrants have been fewer than in normal times. On the whole, there are fewer summer migrants in the United Kingdom than in normal years.

*

Following the policy of London literary journals during the war, we have decided to curtail our publication during the dog days, breaking new ground in the September issue by publishing a special number containing the autumn list of new books.

A Higher Internationalism

By REV. H. SYMONDS, M.A.

THE question of peace will one day supersede public interest in the actual fighting. The following is condensed from a timely article in *The Modern Churchman*:

After the War is over will come the extraordinarily difficult task of the arrangement of Peace. And that will be not only difficult, but unspeakably important, for it is a lasting Peace that we shall seek. It is to such a task as this—the discovery of principles, the shaping of them to present needs, and the creation of a public opinion that I seek to contribute my mite in this article.

1. As a system, international law is "substantially the creation of civilized Europe during the last three centuries." But it is not a complete code, and as Prof. Sheldon Amos has pointed out, "it is a positive system of law *in the making*." Some of the philosophical pre-suppositions of a genuine international law were considered by the Greek Stoic philosophers. But prior to this time, not only was there no international law, but there could not be. Treaties, alliances, temporary arrangements there might be, but these were all based on expediency. A true international law must be based upon some kind of theory of the true relationship of man to man. It must believe that there is some relationship between all men out of which relationship obligations spring. If its men are not related to each other by any tie more inclusive than the national, then they can have no obligations to each other, and there can be no such thing as international law.

This was the condition of things found in antiquity, revealed by a typical group of nations inhabiting Asia Minor, and as far east as the River Euphrates,—Assyrians, Babylonians, Syrians, Moabites, Hebrews, and others. The common ideas of these peoples which concern us now are the following:—Every nation has its own god, who is the god of the land in which they live—thus Jehovah is the god of the Hebrews, Chemosh of the Ammonites, Moloch of the Moabites, Asshur of the Assyrians, and so on.

It is necessary to dwell upon this point, because you can see how under such circumstances hostility was the natural attitude of nation to nation—how war was only limited by the power to make war. How great empires rose and fell without any principle of progress such as liberty, or even art, or good government, but sprang solely from the mere lust of conquest or of gain. But it is easy to see that it could scarcely be otherwise, because there was no such conception as humanity, or a united race, or of the general good.

I have referred to the idea of humanity. Just what do we mean by it? By humanity we mean the entire human race conceived of as a unity. We speak of the love of humanity, the welfare of humanity, and so on.

The Hebrew people were the first, but they were not the only people to arrive at this idea. The Greeks towards the close of their brilliant philosophical career, conceived of the idea of the brotherhood of man through the Stoic philosophers. Out of this doctrine there grew the idea, which played a great part centuries later when international law came to be seriously considered, of a *jus naturale*, of natural rights that belonged to man as man. Cicero gives a highly democratic account of natural rights.

"In every matter the consent of all peoples is to be considered the law of nature."

We have now to ask this question. If the conception of humanity, *i.e.*, of one human race bound together by ties religious and social, is more than 2,000 years old, how comes it that it has so little effect in the improvement of national relations? No one would deny that it has had some effect. Yet on the whole it is disappointingly small.

The answer I would offer to this question is two-fold.

(1) First, from various sources we have learnt that firmly rooted traditions are very hard to uproot, even after we know that they are false. Now the idea that the natural relation between nations is one of hostility, must have existed unchecked through thousands of years. With every generation it would increase in strength, and so, even when some higher truth was revealed, it would be long indeed before the new view would seriously affect the old. There can be no doubt at all of the strength and force of what we may call race prejudice. Nor, if we look within our own breasts, can we doubt that it is an instinctive feeling. That feeling was very well illustrated in the picture in *Punch* some years ago of one London Cockney saying to another as an obvious foreigner comes up the street, "Ullo, Bill, 'ere's a stranger, 'eave arf a brick at 'im." This feeling in the field of international relations finds expression in mutual suspicion, mutual fear, mutual hostility. The low ideals of international relations are in fact the inheritance of the past.

(2) But in the next place they are due to another old belief, which had, perhaps, formerly a measure of truth in it. The idea that a nation was an independent entity, and that its own interests are endangered by the prosperity of its rivals.

But we are learning very rapidly, and this war is a tremendous object lesson in the truth that nations are not *independent entities* at all, but very dependent branches of the common stock; that the interests of the world are, to-day, very largely mutual; that the destruction of an enemy's wealth impoverishes ourselves.

Whether then we look at this question of the unity of nations and their community of interest from the point of view of religion, philosophy, science, high politics, or from the material point of view, we arrive at the same conclusion. The natural relation of nations is not one of hostility, but of friendship, not one of war, but of peace, not one of jealous rivalry,

but of harmonious co-operation. And it is out of the facts, some of which are actually new, and of the theories that lie behind the facts, that there springs to view as the most important need of our time what I have ventured to call a higher internationalism.

The basic principles upon which the edifice of an enduring peace must be built are, I would venture to suggest, these:

- (1) One God, the common Father of all men.
- (2) The consequent unity of man.

Our aim then must be a constructive aim. And what we have to seek to construct is nothing less than a higher nationalism, for all nations, and a higher internationalism as between nations. The ideal we should cherish has been thus expressed by two English writers, one of the 19th century and the other of our own times:—

"Let us conceive of the whole group of civilized nations as being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great Confederation bound to a joint action and working towards a common result."

Thus wrote Matthew Arnold in the last quarter of the 19th century. The other author from whom I will quote is Lord Haldane, in his famous address to the American Bar Association in Montreal. He was discussing the power in our social life of custom and usage. He found that men in their ordinary social lives are influenced by a system of habitual or customary conduct, by what might be called the general will, a power which has a sanction largely moral, which, *within* a nation is sufficient in the vast majority of events of daily life to insure observance of general standards of conduct, *without any question of resort to force*.

Now, he continued:—

"If this is so *within* a nation, can it be so as between nations? Can nations form a group, or community, among themselves within which a habit of looking to common ideals may grow up sufficiently strong to develop a general will, and to make the binding power of these ideals a reliable sanction for their obligations to each other?"

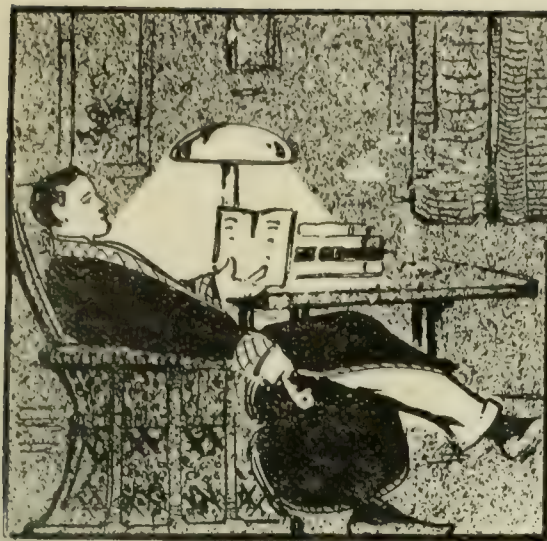
His answer is that:—

"There is nothing in the real nature of nationality that precludes such a possibility,"

though he admits that in his judgment we are as yet far from its realization.

We must begin again, and this time we must seek secure and solid foundations. Instead of "The Balance of Power," we must aim at a "Concert of the Nations."

Judge every word and deed which are according to nature to be fit for thee; and be not diverted by the blame which follows from any people nor by their words, but if a thing is good to be done or said, do not consider it unworthy of thee. For those persons have their peculiar leading principle and follow their peculiar movement; which things do not thou regard, but go straight on, following thy own nature and the common nature, and the way of both is one.—Marcus Aurelius.



*Together with
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NEW BOOKS of the MONTH

One of the most informative books on the War is Hilaire Belloc's, *A General Sketch of the European War: The First Phase* (Thos. Nelson & Sons). The author served in the French army, and sat in the British Commons, 1906-10, as member for Salford. He has written many charming books and is, perhaps, one of the leading writers on military topics familiar to the public since the outbreak of war. An interesting point made by him is with reference to heavy guns. The 11-inch howitzer of the Austrian army, he declares, was quite enough to revolutionize war conditions. It rendered obsolete and untenable fortresses that had been regarded as virtually impregnable. Another fact not generally known is that a 12-inch gun is not twice as powerful as a 6-inch piece. It is *eight times* more powerful, inasmuch as a gun varies as the cube of its calibre.

Two other impressive books on the War are Frederick Scott Oliver's *Ordeal by Battle* (Macmillan), and Philip Gibbs' *Soul of the War* (Heinemann). Nothing has been written so moving as Mr. Gibbs' experiences as a war correspondent. If anything would serve to stir the blood of the shirker, a perusal of this book should gain many recruits. *Ordeal by Battle* is a rather remarkable book, by the author of *Alexander Hamilton*, an essay on the American Union. As "Pacifcus," his letters to *The Times* on the Irish question arrested wide notice. These have since been republished in book form (John Murray), and urge a solution of the Irish problem on federal lines.

Another book which will attract a large reading public is *Subjects of the Day*, by Lord Curzon. This contains a selection from the speeches and writings of Lord Curzon on various subjects of national and Imperial importance. Lord Cromer, whose administrative work in Egypt will be recalled, writes an introduction. Lord Curzon's speeches deserve to be widely read, if only for the limpid purity of his diction.

Another book in great demand is "Scotland for Ever" (Hodder & Stoughton), with a stirring Preface by the Earl of Rosebery.

Writing in *The North American Review*, the brilliant author of *Mrs. Martin's Man*, St. John G. Ervine, observes: The effect of war on all imaginative literature is immediately adverse and ultimately incalculable. It is immediately adverse in the sense that it instantly devastates the writer, whose imagination, quicker than that of most men to see the horror and ruin of war, becomes distorted and inflamed so that he is made incapable of writing either forcefully or nobly about it. The artist, indeed, is the first man to suffer from war, and the last man to recover from it, not merely in the matter of finance, but also, and more importantly, in the matter of his art. Many men mocked at the English poets in the

first months of the war because they wrought rhymes of incredible paltriness about the European disaster. These critics were ignorant, perhaps, of the fact that the poets were so conscious of the misery that had been let loose by the outbreak of hostilities that their art was overwhelmed by their feelings.

Poets will not be able to write of this war with any artistry until the memories of it have been dimmed and blurred, and the sharp antagonisms have lost their edge, and the bitterness and hate have been dissolved by the chemicals of time. Thomas Hardy, writing *The Dynasts* a hundred years after the Napoleonic Wars, is able to make a great poem: he is sufficiently removed from them to be able to write without personal passion; but Thomas Hardy, writing in the midst of a greater disaster to the comity of the world than the Napoleonic Wars, makes a poem which, although it is better than that of any of his contemporaries on the same subject, is inadequate to its theme. No one, least of all a poet, can express his sensations properly at the moment that he is feeling them: passion passes into hysteria and windy rhetoric, or is held down and stifled, and the product of it is a dead thing. Poetry is "emotion remembered in tranquility." The poet who will write superbly of this war will not do so until the war has been at an end for a long time.

WAR LITERATURE

Ordeal by Battle, by F. S. Oliver. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd. \$1.75.

The War Lords, by A. G. Gardiner. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. 35c.

America and the German Peril, by H. P. Okie. London: William Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.

War and Lombard Street, by Hartley Withers. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25.

A monetary view of the beginning of the war as it affected England.

The Appetite of Tyranny, including Letters to an Old Garibaldian, by G. K. Chesterton. 12mo. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.00.

Four chapters on phases of the European war.

German World Policies, by Paul Rohrbach. Translated by Dr. Edmund von Mach. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

The New (German) Testament, by Anthony Hope Hawkins. 12mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

An analysis of the German gospel of morals and war.

Who Caused the War, by Edward Kylie. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 10c.

The Prussian Hath Said in His Heart, by Cecil Chesterton. London: Chapman & Hall. Price, 2s. net.

The Making of the War, by Sir Gilbert Parker. London: John Murray. Price, 6s.

Germany in the Nineteenth Century. Edited by C. H. Herford. London: Longmans. Price, 6s. net.

Nationality and the War, by Arnold J. Toynbee. J. M. Dent & Sons. Price, \$1.75.

The argument of this book is that the problem of nationality is the underlying cause of the present war, and the chief obstacle to the establishment of permanent peace in the future.

The Human German, by Edward Edgeworth. London: Methuen. Price, 10s. 6d. net.

New Books of the Month—Continued.**HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY**

Scotland for Ever. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd. \$1.25.

An illustrated history of the famous Scottish regiments, with a preface by the Earl of Roseberry.

Abbas II., by the Earl of Cromer. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd. 75c.

Russia and the World, by Stephen Graham. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd. \$2.00.

The Patriotic Societies of the United States, by Sydney A. Phillips. 12mo. Broadway Publishing Co. \$1.50.

Histories of patriotic societies, with reproductions of their lapel insignia.

The Life of Nietzsche, by Mrs. Foerster-Nietzsche. 8vo. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. \$4.00. Volume 2, **The Solitary Nietzsche.**

Final volume of the biography by Nietzsche's sister. It carries the sub-title "The Solitary Nietzsche."

Behind the Scenes in the Terror, by Hector Fleischmann. 8vo. New York: Brentano's. \$4.00.

Describes various phases of the French Revolution, such as prisons and prisoners, the Marseillaise and the guillotine. Also sketches of revolutionary leaders—Robespierre, Marat, etc.

The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, by I. M. Tarbell. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada. \$1.50 net.

Life of Sir John Lubbock, by H. G. Hutchinson. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada. \$9.00 per set.

FICTION

Jimmy's Gentility, by Henry Francis Dryden. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. \$1.35.

The House of Many Mirrors, by Violet Hunt. New York: Brentano's. \$1.35.

Of Human Bondage, by W. Somerset Maugham. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.50.

Legends of Old Honolulu, by W. D. Westervelt. Boston: George H. Ellis Company. \$1.00.

Mountain Blood, by Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.35 net.

Fifty-one Tales, by Lord Dunsay. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.25 net.

The Man Who Rocked the Earth, by Arthur Train. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.25.

The Primrose King, by Ruth Sawyer. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.00 net.

The Hand of Peril, by Arthur Stringer. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd. \$1.25.

The Turmoil, by Booth Tarkington. The Musson Book Co. \$1.50.

A romance of American business life.

Still Jim, by Honoré Willsie. Illustrated. McClelland. \$1.35.

Contrary Mary, by Temple Bailey. The Penn Publishing Co. \$1.25.

A Far Country, by Winston Churchill. The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

A treatment of contemporary social ills.

LITERATURE AND THE ARTS:**ESSAYS, POETRY, DRAMA**

The Flying Book. Anonymous. 12mo. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.00.

A Who's Who and industrial directory of the aviation world.

Pond Problems, by Ernest E. Unwin. 12mo. Cambridge, Mass.: University Press (Cambridge Nature Study Series.)

An illustrated practical handbook for nature students.

Making the Most of One's Mind, by John Adams, M.A., B.Sc., LL.D. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.00 net.

A handbook for students giving practical hints on study and the development of memory.

Poems, by Robert Hugh Benson. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 75c.

A volume of autobiographical poems, published originally for the benefit of Norman Potter's Homes. An introduction is by Wilford Meynell.

Chief Contemporary Dramatists, edited by Thomas H. Dickinson. 8vo. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.75.

Contains twenty complete plays by Wilde, Pinero, Jones, Galsworthy, Barker, Yeates, Lynge, Lady Gregory, Fitch, Moody, Thomas, Mackaye, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Brioux, Hervieux, Maeterlinck, Bjornson, Strindberg, and Tchekhov. Selections have been made by the Associate Professor of English in the University of Wisconsin.

Vagrom Verses, by Edward B. Teall. 12mo. Boston: Richard Badger. \$1.25.

Collection of lyrics, some of which have appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*, *St. Nicholas*, and *The New York Sun*.

A Belgium Christmas Eve, by Alfred Noyes. 12mo. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.00.

A short play, originally appearing as "Rada," now rewritten and enlarged as an episode of the great war.

Law and Letters: Essays and Addresses, by S. W. Dana. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.50.

Twelve essays on various subjects—politics, literature, religion.

Contemporary Belgian Literature, by Jethro Bithell. London: Fisher Unwin. Price, 7s. 6d. net.

The Cloister. A Play. By Emile Verhaeren. London: Constable. Price, 1s. net.

Der Tag, or The Tragic Man, by J. M. Barrie. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton. 35c. net.

Sir Herbert Tree and the Modern Drama, by Sidney Dark. London: Stanley Paul. Price, 10s. 6d. net.

WAR IN HEAVEN

The Times publishes the following poem by Miss Eleanor Alexander, whose distinguished parents wrote poetry that will live. Her father was the late Dr. Alexander, Archbishop of Armagh, Protestant Primate of All Ireland:—

My doubting heart, with pain and pity burned,
For blood-filled trenches and for foundered ships,
When half of purpose, half by chance, I turned
To John's Apocalypse.

"Is God the governor," my vext heart said,
"Where man and man, unmerciful, have striven,
Since first men were?" Then in the Book I read—
"And there was war in heaven."

Almighty wrath had blasted with a word,
Yet were the hosts arrayed, and Satan fell
Before God's soldier with the flaming sword—
Archangel Michaël.

What, through world wars, to this tumultuous day,
Doth the old bishop's battled dream reveal?—
No barren peace in Heaven till evil lay
Beneath the Conqueror's heel.

Only the wisest in God's love will win
To read the vision—aye, but fools may spell;
The sword which chastened chasteneth that sin
By which the angels fell.

ELEANOR ALEXANDER.



MR. HORACE F. ROSE

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NEW BOOKS

THE TAMING OF ZENAS HENRY

An Interview with Miss Sara Ware Bassett in
the *Boston Globe*

To a *Globe* reporter Miss Bassett, at her home on Beacon Hill, outlined some of her motives in writing "The Taming of Zenas Henry," and of her hopes at its reception. She was particularly hopeful that the people on Cape Cod would find nothing in the book at which to take offence. It was plain to see that she has genuine affection for those of whom she has written, that she had made true friends in her visits to the Cape, and that her heart was in her work when she wrote down some of her observations of their characters and their lives.

Most people think of Cape Cod in terms of vacation time, but to Miss Bassett it is at its best only in the off seasons, particularly in Spring, when the population is entirely a native one. At such a time she delights in walking over the dunes and beaches, studying the ever-changing colors of the sea, and, again, talking on intimate terms with the captains and their families at their firesides.

She is known to a great many young people for her stories on lumber, wool, leather, etc. In these she has traced in entertaining style the various stages taken in transforming the commodities into the finished product. She has a great love for children, which is reflected in these writings.

She is content with what has been considered woman's field of activity. She is glad she is a Bostonian, glad she is an American. She gives the impression of one who would most enjoy a lack of publicity, however much fame "The Taming of Zenas Henry" seems certain to bring her.

HUMAN BONDAGE

Doctor of Medicine, successful dramatist, London club-man, wanderer in several countries, student of human society, and now revealed as a realistic novelist of genuine power—such is William Somerset Maugham, who is to-day only forty-one years old. His latest revelation, as novelist, has just come with "Human Bondage," published on August 3—a story so strong and sincere and vivid that it may well outlast his cleverest stage comedies.

In 1908, Mr. Maugham, then the youngster amongst the playwrights, made a sensation by having four plays running at once in London. He has been successful with many plays, among them "A Man of Honor," "Mrs. Dot," "The Explorer," "The Tenth Man," "Loaves and Fishes," and "The Land of Promise," in which Billie Burke made a furore as star.

Mr. Maugham's experience of life has been far broader than that of most writers. He was educated at King's School, Canterbury; at Heidelberg University; and studied medicine at St. Thomas's Hospital, in London. Some of these varied experiences he draws upon in "Human Bondage."

THE TROUBLE WITH IRELAND

By GEORGE BIRMINGHAM
(CANON HANNAY)

THESE BOOKS ARE PROCURABLE FROM ALL BOOKSELLERS

J'accuse

BY A GERMAN

The words "*J'accuse!*" carry one back to the days when Emile Zola broke out in fierce denunciation of the persecutors of Dreyfus. This time it is not a Frenchman who accuses, but a Prussian—a Prussian who is uncorrupted and incorruptible, who is not bought and is not for sale—a man who loves his Fatherland and who, just because he loves it, writes this book. The German people, he says, was corrupted and blinded that it might be driven into a war which it never foresaw, never intended, and never desired. In order that it might be liberated, it was put in chains. It was to break these chains, to liberate the people from its "liberators," to fight against falsehood, that he wrote this book of Truth. A true son of Germania, he sees his blinded mother tottering to the abyss; he leaps forward to save her from the fatal plunge. . . . "If, however," he says, "you do not hear, if you will not hear—even now—your house will fall, and you will be buried under the ruins. For I tell you that if Germany continues to gain 'victories' such as she has attained up till now, her victories will lead to her death. To prevent this I wrote my book, a book of enlightenment for the German people." The present volume is an English translation of a book recently issued by a Swiss firm of publishers, and is guaranteed to be the work of a Prussian who loves his country. The price is \$1.50.

"*Dearer than Life*," by Joseph Hecking (Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., 60c.), may be considered, in some respects, as a companion volume to "*All for a Scrap of Paper*." It is the thrilling story of a young Englishman at Aerschot who promises an English girl with whom he is in love that, rather than let her fall into the hands of the drunken German soldiers, he will shoot her. Circumstances compel him to do so, though without fatal effects. But for the miracle by which they are enabled to escape, the reader should consult the book itself—and, if he be one who is fond of an exciting tale, he will be amply rewarded.

"*Nurse*" (Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., 60c.), is a new novel of Red Cross work, by Alice and Claude Askew.

"*The Secret Seaplane*" (Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., 60c.) is a new novel of the Naval Air Service, by Guy Thorne. It will be remembered that a former book, "*When It Was Dark*," created an immense sensation some years ago.

"*Richard Chatterton, V.C.*" (Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., 60c.) is by Ruby M. Ayres, and is the publication in book form of the tale that thrilled a million readers in the "*Daily Mirror*."

"*The Green Ray*" (Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., 60c.) is a new story of the British Secret Service by that most popular author, William Le Queux.

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MUSSON'S MONTHLY CHAT

WHAT is the origin of the word "dago"? Is it modern American slang, or some old word that originated in Europe and was transplanted in America? Turn up Chapter III. of "**The Romance of Words**," by Ernest Weekley, M.A. (The Musson Book Co., Ltd., \$1.00), and you will find that the word was used by the Elizabethans, in its original form *Diego*, of the Spaniards. What, again, is the real meaning of *infantry*? In Chapter VI. we find that the word comes from the Italian, through the French. It really signifies a collection of "infants" or juniors, so called by contrast with the proved veterans who composed the cavalry. Those who have studied words and their history, however superficially, know what store of poetry, romance, legend and superstition is contained in this most fascinating subject. To get much intellectual enjoyment out of this volume, the reader need have only a bowing acquaintance with Latin and French, though words from many other languages are necessarily included. It differs from other popular books on language in that it deals essentially with the origins of words, and makes no attempt to enforce a moral. The aim of the author has been to select especially the unexpected in etymology, "things not generally known,"

such as the fact that *Tammany* was an Indian chief, that *assegai* occurs in Chaucer, that *jilt* is identical with *Juliet*, that *brazil* wood is not named from *Brazil*, that to *curry favour* means to comb down a horse of a particular colour, and so forth. We strongly recommend this most interesting volume to every person, young or old, who takes pleasure in making voyages of discovery in the realms of language. He will feel confidence in his guide, the author of this book, when he reads in the preface that Mr. Weekley has had a share in producing the celebrated New English Dictionary.

"**The Butterfly Guide**," by Dr. W. J. Holland (The Musson Book Co., Ltd., cloth, net \$1.00; limp leather, net, \$1.25), is the first butterfly book of pocket size that gives each species in its natural colors. It is uniform in style and binding with the popular "Pocket Nature Guides" series, and makes a valuable companion volume to these books. Dr. Holland is Director of the Carnegie Museum, Pittsburgh, and the greatest butterfly authority in North America. His book makes the identification of our common butterflies a simple matter for the amateur.

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Author of "The Red Lane," etc.

THE LANDLOPER



HOLMAN DAY

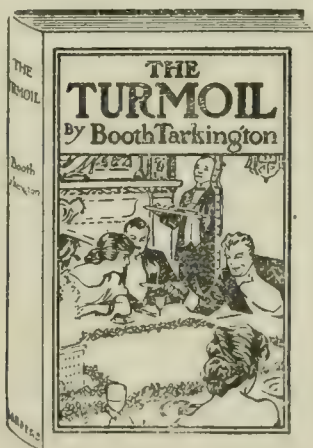
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The romance of a man on foot. The hero, for quixotic reasons not explained until the end of the story, is wandering from place to place under an assumed name. He becomes, almost against his will, a modern knight-errant, redressing wrongs. His friendship with a humble old Canadian brings him into touch with the poor of a city which is in the power of a certain grasping water corporation. For love of a little child he begins to fight the corporation and the political forces behind it. Love comes to him at the same time with success, and he believes he has no right to accept either until he in turn is helped as he has helped others. Like Mr. Day's other novels "The Landloper" has racy characters who express themselves in the author's humorous phrases.

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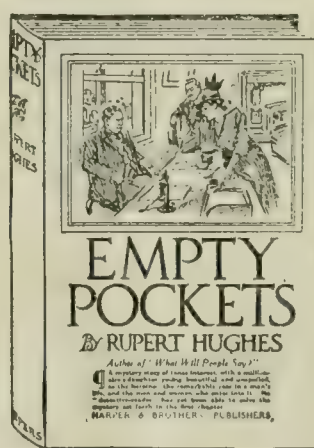
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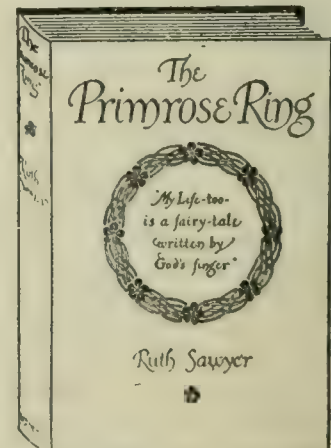
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TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 1, 1915

PRICE 10 CENTS
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PUBLISHED MONTHLY

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Notes and Comments

The horizon is still black and lowering with the thunderclouds of war. In vain does the watchman ascend the tower to catch a glimpse of the returning dove of Peace. All is blackness and darkness out there in the great void, lit up only by the flash of the booming gun and the glint of the stealthy bayonet. A veil of almost impenetrable mystery hides from our eyes the movements of the armies. Newspaper correspondents who visit the front come back dazed and stupefied by the weird monotony of trench and hospital and the barrack-like precision of the men, and try in vain to give color and life to their jaded feelings and vague impressions. For there is no color in that earth-brown wilderness across which speed the messengers of death. Leagues of trenches, an invisible line of khaki, and ever the roar of concealed guns and the wailing shriek of the shells and the crackling of the machine guns and rifles. But we know that all goes well, that some day the curtain will rise on the last scenes in the great drama, with the high ideals of liberty and humanitarianism justified in face of the world.

*

Till that day comes, there can be no cessation from the activities of war preparation at home. The spirit of brute force which Germany symbolizes must be ruthlessly destroyed. This means men and guns and ammunition. The Allies are only now in a position to fight the enemy on equal terms. But even a foe numerically weakened by a year of wasting war may choose his own methods of defence. Trench warfare, with big guns as the dominating factor, is a slow process and the Allied nations must be prepared to face the disappointments of a protracted struggle and a slow advance. It would be madness for the Allied commanders to slaughter unnecessarily thousands of their men in a rash attempt to carry strongly fortified positions by a coup de main. Victory is assured, but the triumph of civilization over Prussianism would be short-lived were Germany to emerge from this war on anything like equal terms in numerical strength.

The Times has issued a supplement giving the war poems published in its columns. All classes have been

profoundly stirred by the war; but the poet, perhaps, is the first to hear the flapping of the wings of the Angel of Death as he hovers over the land. Canada has reached a high level in literary attainments by the war poems published in Canadian newspapers and magazines.

*

In *The Samoa Times* is an interesting account of the funeral of Mrs. R. L. Stevenson, who died in Santa Barbara, U. S. A., on the 18th February, 1914, and whose remains were cremated and brought to Samoa by her daughter, Mrs. Field. The funeral took place at Mount Valua, Vailima, on the 22nd June last, the ashes being laid in the grave of the great novelist, husband and wife resting side by side. It was a notable gathering, including the Governor, Colonel Logan, and the high chiefs whom Stevenson counted among his friends.

By the order of His Excellency the Governor, the road leading to the tomb had been improved by many workmen the day before.

Mr. Field carried the bronze case containing the ashes of Mrs. Stevenson, enveloped in fine mats; Mrs. Field and Vaaiga (the wife of Tamasese) came next, each carrying a fine mat, the same that had been presented to the family at the time of Mr. Stevenson's death. The Samoan chiefs, the officers in uniform, the ladies in their white dresses, all carried armsful of flowers and wreaths, making the procession a most picturesque one as it wound upward through the forest.

*

On reaching the tomb, the company gathered about in a circle, and His Excellency Colonel Logan read the Church of England Service for the Dead most impressively. Filemoni, the native pastor, made a most eloquent address in the Samoan language, and then, removing the fine mats and flowers from the small space that had been cut into the base of the tomb, Mr. Joseph Stowers interred the ashes of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson beneath the beautiful bronze tablet that was already in place, while the natives all joined in singing a beautiful Samoan hymn. As originally planned, the Rev. Dr. Brown was to have conducted the funeral service, but he was unable to attend, being detained in Savaii.

After the burial service the party all descended the hill. In the middle of the Road of the Loving Hearts ("Ala o le Lotoalofa") a long table had been spread, composed of leaves and palm branches, with small trees to shut off the bright sunshine. Here a solemn kava ceremony was held in the ancient Samoan fashion, His Excellency, representative chiefs and Mrs. Lewis addressing the natives.

X Z D &

How I Began

By H. A. CODY

Author of "The Frontiersman," etc.

I WAS born on July 3rd, 1872, in a little village on the shore of the beautiful Washademoak Lake, a branch of the St. John river. My father was a lumberman, who owned and ran several mills, so from early days my ears were accustomed to the buzz of the saws as they ripped through the great logs. My mind turned naturally to the woods as the only place worth living. When out of school I spent much of my time in hunting, trapping, and fishing, and one season took enough pelts to buy a fine new shot-gut. I loved the woodland ways and the company of the lumbermen, but as the youngest child of three, and the only son, I was destined for a college course, and so was kept at school, first in my native village, and later at the Grammar School in St. John. Then I entered King's College, Nova Scotia, where my professor of English literature was Charles G. D. Roberts, the author (now at the front), to whom I owe so much for the inspiration he imparted. It was here one night at a meeting of the Haliburton Club, of which Professor Roberts was president, that I met Richard Hovey, and Bliss Carmen, and heard them read selections from their works. While at College I wrote verses, stories, and essays, which were published in our college magazine, of which for some time I was editor-in-chief. In 1897 I graduated, and was the valedictorian of our class.

For seven and a half years I was rector of the parish of Greenwich, along the St. John river. In order to do my work properly it was necessary to be much on the move, and I drove on an average of five thousand miles a year. My one faithful horse, "Tom Thumb," was a splendid animal, and many were the wild storms we faced, and dangers encountered from swollen streams, and treacherous ice. The experience gained in this field of work was very helpful in the writing of my second novel *The Fourth Watch*.

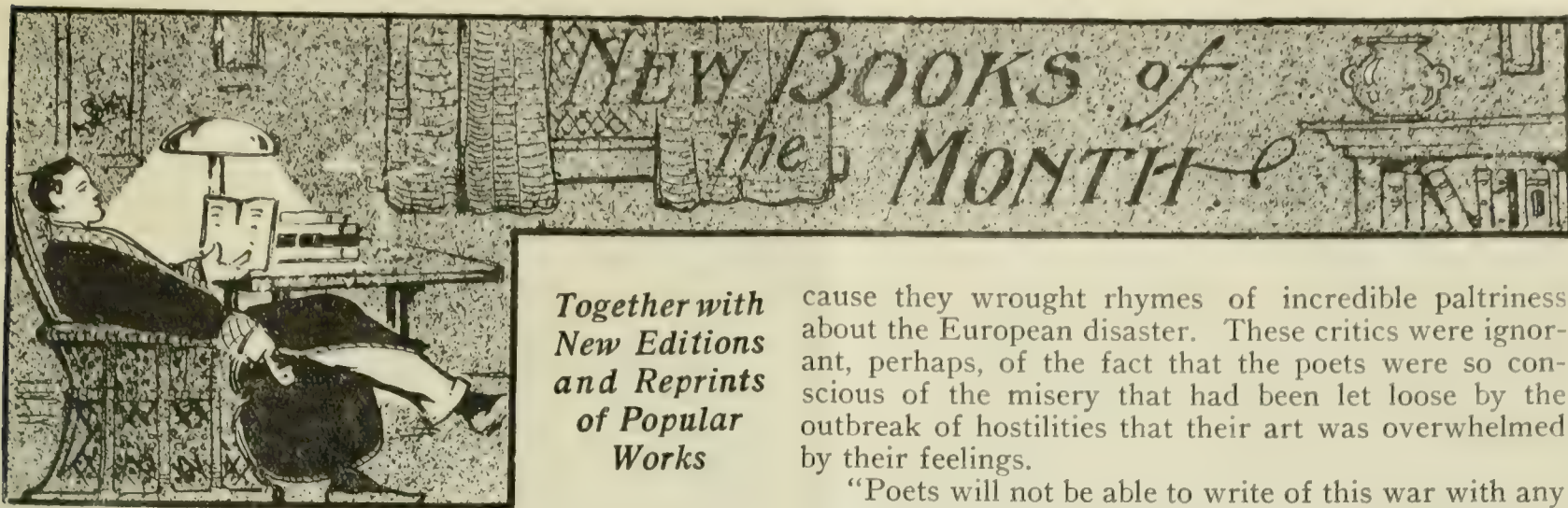
The year 1904 saw me in the far-off Yukon, where I had volunteered for work among the miners and Indians. I was appointed travelling missionary, and with an Indian guide, Jimmy Jackson, performed long journeys along the Yukon river, and many of its tributaries. On one trip I snow-shoed one hundred and fifty miles, breaking trail for the dogs, with the thermometer fifty degrees below zero. On one trip into Dalton Post I was so exposed from wading through a flooded stream that I lay sick upon the floor of an old chief's cabin for some time. This illness compelled me to abandon the trail, and I was accordingly appointed rector of Whitehorse, just below the famous Whitehorse rapids. Here I brought my wife and here our first boy, Douglas, was born. The work in this town was very pleasant. The Royal North-West Mounted Police have their barracks right near, where one hundred and fifty men were stationed. A finer lot of men I never met, and the knowledge I thus gained induced me to write my third novel, *The Long Patrol*.

While at Whitehorse, Robert Service, now famous as the author of *The Songs of a Sourdough*—and now doing his bit somewhere in France—came as clerk to the Canadian Bank of Commerce. For a year he was my vestry clerk, and performed the office with great faithfulness. I saw much of this quiet, unassuming young man, and many were the pleasant chats we had together in the log rectory.

In 1906 the veteran Bishop Bompas died, after working for over forty years among the Indians and Eskimos on both sides of the Rocky Mountains. I was asked to write his life, with the result that in 1908 *An Apostle of the North* was published by Seeley, Service & Company, of London, Eng. This was followed in 1910 by *On Trail and Rapid*, a life of the Bishop for boys and girls. Both of these books have had a large circulation. While writing the life of Bishop Bompas much material was collected which I could not use. I accordingly prepared a history of the Yukon Diocese. This was never published, for upon the advice of a friend I used much of the material in my first novel, *The Frontiersman*. Besides writing these books while in the North I did considerable work for magazines, contributing to *The Pacific Monthly*, *The Canadian Magazine*, *The Westminster*, and *The Canadian Courier*. Previous to the opening of the Alaska-Yukon Exposition, the Canadian Club and the directors of the Exposition at Dawson offered a prize of \$200 for the best essay on the "Advantages and Resources of the Yukon Territory." I entered the competition and captured the prize.

While in the Yukon I studied very carefully the history of the country, both past and present. Much material was gained from conversations with old Indians. This was used extensively in my fourth novel, *The Chief of the Ranges*, which was published in 1913 by Williams Briggs of Toronto, to whom I owe a lasting debt of gratitude. My new book, *If Any Man Sin*, will be published this fall by the same publishing house. The scene of the story, excepting the two opening chapters, is laid in the North, and deals with a clergyman who is an outcast from his church, and society in general. Besides this, I have written by request a story of fourteen chapters for children, which will be published in the Sunday School Magazine, *Our Empire*, under the title of *The Guiding Hand*. I have another long story all planned out, and need only the time in which to lick it into shape. During the past year I have written a number of short stories, as well as numerous humorous articles, which will be published in book form when I can find a publisher daring enough to undertake the work. At the present time the demand is for fiction.

In 1910 I left the Yukon and became rector of St. James' Church, St. John, N.B., where I have been ever since. During the summer my wife and our three little boys live in our cottage, "Bide-a-Wee," at Oak Point, on the right bank of the St. John river, twenty-five miles from the city. Here we have ten acres of land and do some gardening. Here, away from the bustle of city life, its conventions and trammels, one can see visions and dream dreams to be moulded later into material form.



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WAR LITERATURE

One of the most informative books on the War is Hilaire Belloc's *A General Sketch of the European War: The First Phase* (Thos. Nelson & Sons). The author served in the French army, and sat in the British Commons, 1906-10, as member of Salford. He has written many charming books and is, perhaps, one of the leading writers on military topics familiar to the public since the outbreak of war. An interesting point made by him is with reference to heavy guns. The 11-inch howitzer of the Austrian army, he declares, was quite enough to revolutionize war conditions. It rendered obsolete and untenable fortresses that had been regarded as virtually impregnable. Another fact not generally known is that a 12-inch gun is not twice as powerful as a 6-inch piece. It is *eight times* more powerful, inasmuch as a gun varies as the cube of its calibre.

Two other impressive books on the War are Frederick Scott Oliver's *Ordeal by Battle* (Macmillan), and Philip Gibbs' *The Soul of the War* (Heinemann). Nothing has been written so moving as Mr. Gibbs' experiences as a war correspondent. If anything would serve to stir the blood of the shirker a perusal of this book should gain many recruits. *Ordeal by Battle* is a rather remarkable book, by the author of *Alexander Hamilton*, an essay on the American Union. As "Pacifcus," his letters to *The Times* on the Irish question arrested wide notice. These have since been republished in book form (John Murray) and urge a solution of the Irish problem on federal lines.

Another book which will attract a large reading public is *Subjects of the Day*, by Lord Curzon. This contains a selection from the speeches and writings of Lord Curzon on various subjects of national and Imperial importance. Lord Cromer, whose administrative work in Egypt will be recalled, writes an Introduction. Lord Curzon's speeches deserve to be widely read, if only for the limpid purity of his diction.

Another book in great demand is *Scotland For Ever* (Hodder & Stoughton), with a stirring Preface by the Earl of Rosebery.

Writing in *The North American Review*, the brilliant author of *Mrs. Martin's Man*, St. John G. Ervine observes: "The effect of war on all imaginative literature is immediately adverse and ultimately incalculable. It is immediately adverse in the sense that it instantly devastates the writer, whose imagination, quicker than that of most men to see the horror and ruin of war, becomes distorted and inflamed so that he is made incapable of writing either forcefully or nobly about it. The artist, indeed, is the first man to suffer from war, and the last man to recover from it, not merely in the matter of finance, but also, and more importantly, in the matter of his art. Many men mocked at the English poets in the first months of the war be-

cause they wrought rhymes of incredible paltriness about the European disaster. These critics were ignorant, perhaps, of the fact that the poets were so conscious of the misery that had been let loose by the outbreak of hostilities that their art was overwhelmed by their feelings.

"Poets will not be able to write of this war with any artistry until the memories of it have been dimmed and blurred, and the sharp antagonisms have lost their edge, and the bitterness and hate have been dissolved by the chemicals of time. Thomas Hardy, writing *The Dynasts* a hundred years after the Napoleonic Wars, is able to make a great poem; he is sufficiently removed from them to be able to write without personal passion; but Thomas Hardy, writing in the midst of a greater disaster to the comity of the world than the Napoleonic Wars, makes a poem which, although it is better than that of any of his contemporaries on the same subject, is inadequate to its theme. No one, least of all a poet, can express his sensations properly at the moment that he is feeling them: passion passes into hysteria and windy rhetoric, or is held down and stifled, and the product of it is a dead thing. Poetry is 'emotion remembered in tranquillity.' The poet who will write superbly of this war will not do so until the war has been at an end for a long time."

Chronicles of Canada. Ten new volumes. Edited by George M. Wrong and H. H. Langton. Toronto: Glasgow, Brook & Company.

Of the thirty-two volumes of this delightful series, twenty-two have now been issued. The ten just published include the following: *The Founder of New France*, by C. W. Colby; *The Great Fortress*, by William Wood; *The War with the United States*, by William Wood; *The War Chief of the Ottawas*, by Thomas Guthrie Marquis; *Tecumseh*, by Ethel T. Raymond; *The Red River Colony*, by Louis Aubrey Wood; *Pioneers of the Pacific Coast*, by Agnes C. Laut; *The Family Compact*, by W. Stewart Wallace; *The Tribune of Nova Scotia*, by William Lawson Grant; *The Day of Sir John Macdonald*, by Sir Joseph Pope.

Messrs. Glasgow & Brook have done a real service to Canada, not only by the publication of this series by authoritative writers, but also that other and more elaborate work of last year, *Canada and its Provinces*, published in twenty-two large volumes and edited by two distinguished authorities, Adam Shortt and Arthur G. Doughty. It would be difficult to overestimate the importance of these works in the present stage of Canada's national evolution.

In *The Chronicles of Canada*, the reading public has ready access to the heart of Canadian history. Here may be found portrayed in popular language and rich colouring the story of Canada from the earliest time, each volume presenting some distinctive aspect of Canadian life by authors especially chosen for the work in hand.

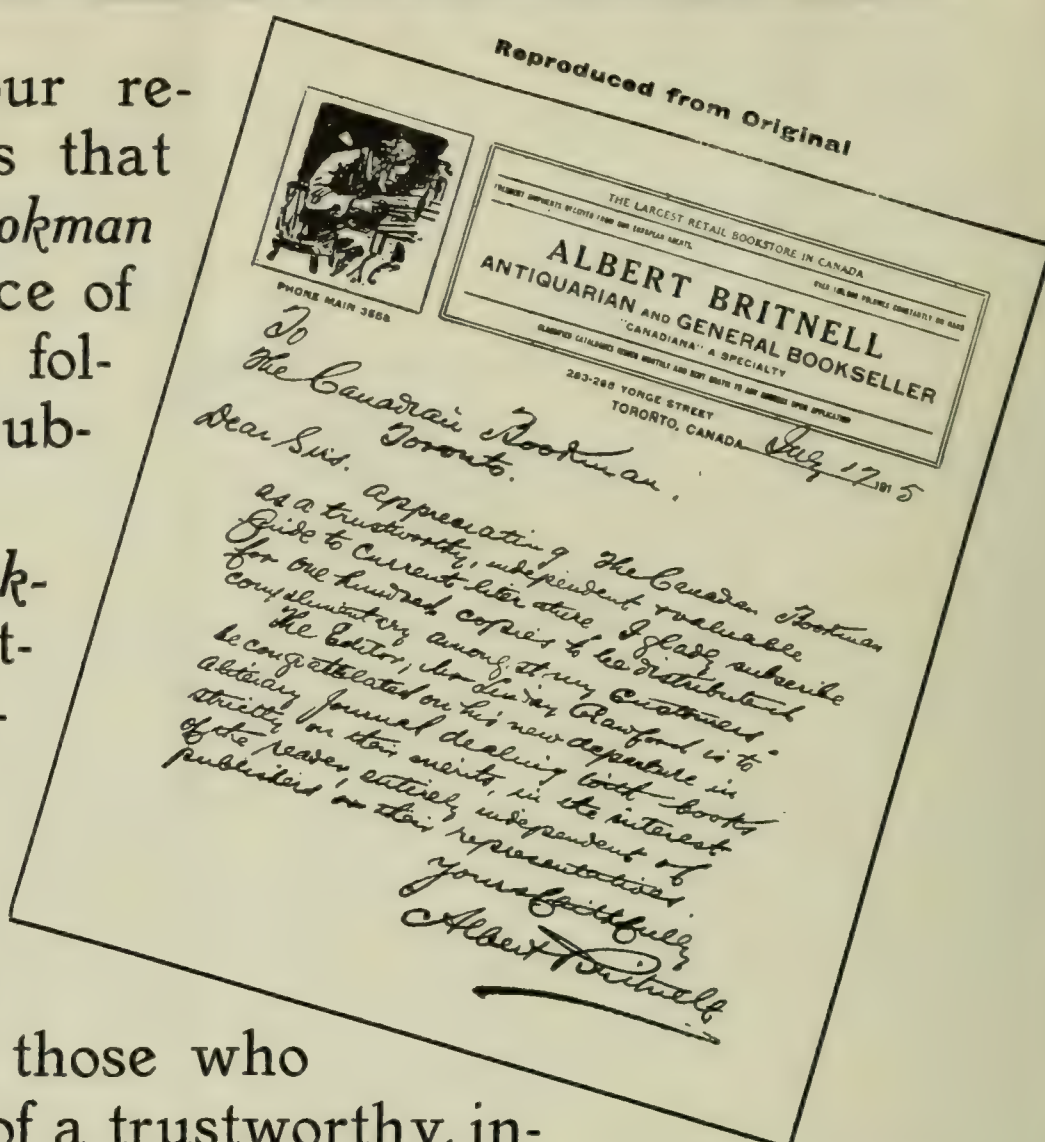
There is no more delightful way of introducing both young and old to the romantic periods of Canadian history than by a careful study of this series. No one can remain in ignorance of the men and events that have shaped the destiny of Canada's nationality who rises from a perusal of these choice little books.

One of the most important books of the season will be issued shortly by the Westminster Publishing Com-

None read it but to Praise

Just to prove our repeated assertions that the *Canadian Bookman* has the confidence of its readers the following letter is submitted.

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Publishers

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The advertising rates are lower, while the circulation is higher than any other medium covering this field.

New Books of the Month—Continued.

pany, *Democracy and the Nations*, by Dr. J. A. Macdonald.

In *Democracy and the Nations*, Dr. J. A. Macdonald, the forceful editor of *The Toronto Globe*, writes one of the most remarkable books yet published arising out of the war. The trenchant pen of Dr. Macdonald gives to the world in a series of chapters a monumental work on the relation of Democracy to the pressing problems to which the European conflict has given birth. It is a book that is bound to arouse considerable controversy and will be published simultaneously in Canada, the United States and the United Kingdom.

Land of the Scarlet Leaf, by Mrs. A. E. Taylor. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, \$1.25.

The winning of a five thousand dollar prize for the best story sent in to the publishers, ought in itself to attract wide attention to the *Land of the Scarlet Leaf*. *The Spectator* writes of it: "It is a good piece of work, based on first-hand knowledge of certain aspects of Canadian life, with some excellent portraits, pleasant descriptions, and touches of genial if somewhat conventional humour. Though the narrative is not lacking in incident, disaster, and death, there is nothing perplexing or disquieting in Mrs. Taylor's psychology, none of the *mélange* which broods over so many problem novels of to-day."

The story centres around a young English girl who comes out to Canada as companion to a Canadian widow, with the ulterior object of seeking her fortune. She attains her object by preferring Stephen Irons, a man of financial means and established position in society, to Keith Ramsay, the man whom she secretly loves. How she runs into extravagance and debt, borrows money from her rejected suitor, forges her husband's name to pay her debts, and brings suspicion against Keith Ramsay of both forgery and murder are exciting enough incidents in the life of any young married woman.

The author, while not wholly conventional in the way in which she brings about the reunion between Delia and Keith Ramsey, draws some interesting sketches of Canadian social life, and imparts a touch of humour by the introduction of some imported English servants of a narrow type, who are constantly bickering with their Canadian acquaintances.

It would be absurd to describe the *Land of the Scarlet Leaf* as a great book, but it has distinctive merits which will doubtless ensure for it a wide circulation.

1914 and Other Poems, by Rupert Brooke. London: Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd.; Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. Price 2/6 net.

The poems of Rupert Brooke, the promising young English poet who died of sunstroke while taking part in the Dardanelles' operations, have had a wide vogue since his tragic ending was announced. This is the sixth impression, the first edition having appeared in May of the present year.

The young poet's genius, eager, sensuous and marvellously rich, is in many ways akin to that of John Keats, whom he also resembles both in his melancholy premonitions, and in his early demise. Had he lived to mature years, it is probable he would have given to English literature some great and abiding masterpieces. As it is, his fame must rest chiefly on the sonnet sequence entitled "1914." Exceedingly good are these sonnets, showing at the same time strong intellect and brilliant imagination. In one of them, "The Soldier," which begins—

"If I should die, think only this of me,"

he virtually foretells his own death in a foreign land, and bequeaths his soul to the loved home of his heart,

England. Surely his country will never allow such a noble testimony to perish!

In another, "The Dead," beginning—

"These hearts were woven of human joys and cares,"

he sings an exquisite and plaintive requiem for "the unreturning brave." The temptation to quote these two fine sonnets in full is well-nigh irresistible, but having been generously copied in the daily press, they are by this time tolerably familiar to most readers with literary tastes. Instead, I will quote another sonnet on the same subject, but less popularly known:—

THE DEAD

Blow out, ye bugles over the rich dead!

There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,

But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.

These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be

Of work and joy, and that unhopèd serene,

That men call age; and those who would have been,

Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.

Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,

And paid his subjects with a royal wage;

And Nobleness walks in our ways again;

And we have come into our heritage.

All Rupert Brooke's sonnets are strikingly original, strong, and melodious. A fastidious critic might find fault with a certain overcrowding of syllables in some of the lines, which gives them an awkward and galloping effect, and renders them difficult to read. The poet, in his eagerness, tosses in a careless anapest here and there for overflowing measure, which detracts from the majesty of the sonnets' rhythm and motion. When the reader compares the line with which Keats commences one of his sonnets:—

"Bright Star, would I were steadfast as thou art,"

with these two sonnet lines of Brooke's—

"We have built a house that is not for Time's throw-
ing"

and—

"There are waters blown by changing winds to laugh-
ter,"

my meaning will become sufficiently plain.

Rupert Brooke was abnormally responsive to the impressions of outside objects on his senses. Sweet sounds, bright lights, the colors and moods of earth and sea and sky, made symphonies in his vibrant and sympathetic soul. The smallest particle of beauty in the most commonplace object was sufficient to attract and enthrall his artistic interest. Thus in his remarkable poem, "The Great Lover," he tells us—

These have I loved:—White plates and cups, clean-
gleaming,

Ringed with blue lines; and feathery, faery dust;

Wet roofs, beneath the lamp light; the strong crust

Of friendly bread; and many-tasting food;

Rainbows; and the blue bitter smoke of wood;

And radiant raindrops couching in cool flowers;

Graveness of iron; moist, black earthen mould;

Sleep; and high places; foot-prints in the dew;

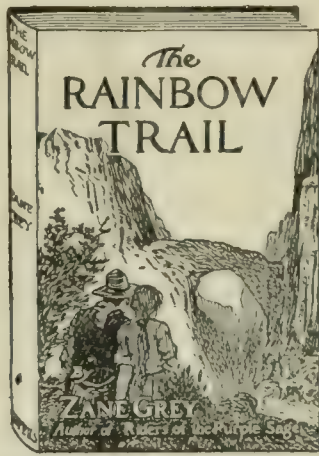
And oaks; and brown horse-chestnuts, glossy-new;

And new-peeled sticks; and shining pools on grass;—

All these have been my loves.

There is another sonnet that must be quoted. In it the reader will find a hint both of Shelley and of Keats, and it is as good as some of their best. Besides, there are no crowded or galloping lines to mar its dignity. It is entitled "Clouds":—

THE RAINBOW TRAIL



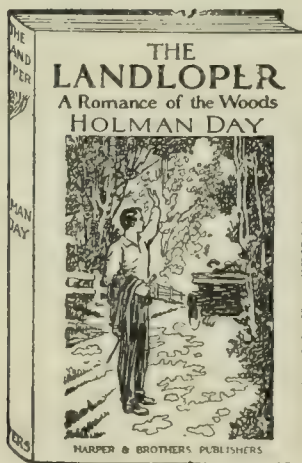
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The Turmoil

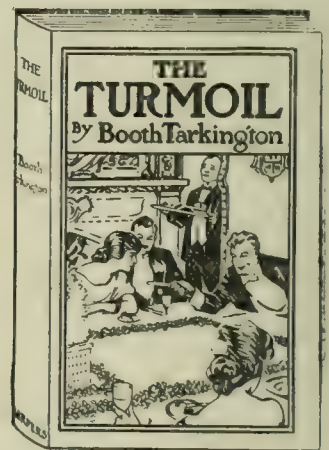
By Booth Tarkington

Fourth Month in the
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The Bookman says
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"Broke all records in the history of *The Bookman* lists with four hundred and four out of a possible four hundred and fifty points. It held first place in thirty-eight out of the forty-five reports."

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MEN AND THINGS—America's Best Funny Stories, Vol. I

This volume contains humorous stories by America's greatest humorists: Mark Twain, Joel Chandler Harris, John Kendrick Bangs, William Dean Howells, Bret Harte, Bill Nye, Artemus Ward, F. Peter Dunne, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Josh Billings, Rex Beach, etc.

Illustrated, \$1.35 Net

NOTE.—**REX BEACH'S** New Novel, **THE HEART OF THE SUNSET**, will be published **SEPTEMBER 20th**.

Harper & Brothers Publishers New York

New Books of the Month—Continued.

Down the blue night the unending columns press
 In noiseless tumult, break and wave and flow,
 Now tread the Far South, or lift rounds of snow
 Up to the white moon's hidden loveliness.
 Some pause in their grave wandering, comradeless,
 And turn with profound gesture vague and slow,
 As who would pray good for the world, but know
 Their benediction empty as they bless.

They say that the Dead die not, but remain
 Near to the rich heirs of their grief and mirth.
 I think they ride the calm mid-heaven, as these,
 In wise majestic melancholy train,
 And watch the moon, and the still-raging seas,
 And men, coming and going on the earth!

The beauty of English valleys, with their green
 fields, trim hedge-rows, bosky and flowery lanes, and
 lush and fragrant meadows, was deeply imprinted on
 the soul of the poet. He loved England with every
 fibre of his being and, indeed, he may be said to have
 died because of his great love for her. Loving her as
 he did, it was no task to him to invent appropriate
 terms with which to designate her charms. Any tra-
 veller who has seen the mid-day clouds fling deep and
 cooling shade over that verdant and teeming country-
 side, will appreciate the expression "the darkening
 shires" in the poem called "The Chilterns"—

"I shall desire and I shall find
 The best of my desires;
 The autumn road, the mellow wind
 That soothes the darkening shires,
 And laughter, and inn-fires.

White mist about the black hedge-rows,
 The slumbering Midland plain,
 The silence where the clover grows,
 And the dead leaves in the lane,
 Certainly, these remain."

It was the privilege of Rupert Brooke to die in his
 youth for the land he loved so well. Far away from
 the cherished soil of Britain, he has found an honorable
 grave. Surely it is not inappropriate that he, the be-
 loved of the Muses, should lie down to rest in beau-
 teous Lemnos, one of the classic

"Isles of Greece,
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung."

There, haply, the wondering shepherd shall tune
 the reeds of Pan above his favored grave, piping ditties
 strange and sweet and thrilling even as those wonder-
 ful little lyrics that adorn this book which is his last
 testament of love to his country and to his race.

REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD.

WAR LITERATURE.

- The War and After**, by Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S.
 London: Methuen. Price, 1s. net.
France in War Time, by Maud F. Sutton-Pickhard.
 With 21 Illustrations. London: Methuen. Price,
 5s. net.
At the Front with Three Armies, by Granville Fortes-
 que. London: Andrew Melrose, Ltd. Price, 6s.
 net.
The Origin of Artillery, by Lieut.-Colonel H. W. L.
 Hime. London: Methuen. Price, 6s. net.
The Irish Nuns at Yypres, by D. M. C. Edited by R.
 Barry O'Brien. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.
 \$1.25.
The War Lords (the Wayfarer's Library), by A. G.
 Gardiner. Toronto: Dent. Price, 35 cents.
I Accuse (J'Accuse), by a German. Toronto: Hod-
 der & Stoughton, Ltd. Price, \$1.50.
The War Thoughts of an Optimist, by Benjamin Ap-
 thorp Gould. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons.
 Price, 75 cents.

- The Soul of the War**, by Philip Gibbs. New York:
 McBride, Nast & Co. Price, \$1.75.
Blood and Iron, by John Hubert Greusel. New York:
 The Shakespeare Press. Price, \$1.50.
The World in Conflict, by L. T. Hobhouse. London,
 Adelphi Terrace: T. Fisher Unwin.
War, Science, and Civilization, by William E. Ritter.
 Boston: Sherman, French & Co. Price, \$1.00.
The Pentecost of Calamity, by Owen Wister. New
 York: The Macmillan Company. Price, 50 cents.
The Measure of a Man, by Amelia E. Barr. New
 York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.35.
The Invisible Might, by Robert Bowman. New York:
 McBride, Nast & Co. Price, \$1.10.

FICTION.

- The Way of These Women**, by E. Phillips Oppen-
 heim. Toronto: McClelland. Price, \$1.35.
Eltham House, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Toronto:
 McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart. Price, \$1.35.
 net.
Penelope's Postscripts, by Kate Douglas Wiggin.
 Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. Price, \$1
 net.
The World in the Crucible, by Sir Gilbert Parker.
 Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart.
 Price, \$1.50 net.
Jaffery, by William J. Locke. Toronto: Gundy.
 Price, \$1.35 net.
Getting A Wrong Start, Anonymous. Toronto: Mac-
 millan Company. Price, \$1.00.
The Hand of Peril, by Arthur Stringer. Toronto:
 Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.25.
Land of the Scarlet Leaf, by Mrs. A. E. Taylor. To-
 ronto: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, \$1.25.
Maria Again, by Mrs. John Lane. Toronto: Gundy.
 Price, \$1.25.
The Great Unrest, by F. E. Mills Young. Toronto:
 Gundy. Price, \$1.25.

RELIGIOUS.

- Faith and Work: Selections from the Gleanings of
 Long Years**, by Earl Brassey. Toronto: Gundy.
 Price, 75 cents.
**Life of John Edward Nassau Molesworth, D.D., an
 Eminent Divine of the Nineteenth Century**, by
 Sir Guilford Lindsey Molesworth, K.C.I.E., his
 youngest son. With illustrations. Toronto:
 Gundy. Price, \$1.25.
The Fellowship of Silence, being Experiences in the
 Common Use of Prayer without Words. Nar-
 rated and Interpreted by Thomas Hodgkin, L.
 V. Hodgkin, Percy Dearmer, J. C. Fitzgerald;
 together with the Editor, Cyril Hephher. With
 a Preface by the Bishop of Winchester. Toron-
 to: Macmillan Company. Price, 4s. 6d. net.
**Religion and Reality: A Study in the Philosophy of
 Mysticism**, by J. H. Tuckwell. London: Methuen.
 Price, 7s. 6d. net.
The Latin Church in the Middle Ages, by Andre La-
 garde. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
 Price, \$2.50.
The Magic of Experience, by H. Stanley Redgrove.
 New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Price, \$1.
Confucianism and Its Rivals, by Herbert A. Giles.
 New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
The Holy Spirit in Thought and Experience, by T.
 Rees. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
 Price, 75 cents.
The Mighty and the Lowly, by Katrina Trask. New
 York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.00.

JUVENILE.

- Les Miserables** (Macmillan's Pocket Classics), by
 Victor Hugo. New York: The Macmillan Com-
 pany. Price, 25 cents.
Life of Robert Louis Stevenson, by Jacqueline Over-
 ton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price,
 \$1.00.

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New Books of the Month—Continued.

LITERATURE AND THE ARTS—ESSAYS,
POETRY AND DRAMA.

Belgian Poems: Chants Patriotiques et Autres Poems, by Emile Cammaerts. Toronto: Gundy. Price, \$1.25.

War Poems and Other Translations, by Lord Curzon of Kedleston. London: John Lane.

Hymn Before Action, by Rudyard Kipling. Illuminated by Henrietta Wright. London: Methuen. Price, 1s. net.

A Salute from the Fleet and Other Poems, by Alfred Noyes. London: Methuen. Price, 5s. net.

Adventurous Love and Other Poems, by Gilbert Caanan. London: Methuen. Price, 3s. 6d.

Wine, Water, and Song, by G. K. Chesterton. London: Methuen. Price, 1s. net.

His Lady of the Sonnets, by Robert W. Norwood. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. Price, \$1.00.

Poems and Sonnets, by Harold Bell. 12mo. London: Elkin Mathews.

They Turned Her Out In The Street and Other Poems, by Fred Devine. St. John, N.B.: The St. John Globe Publishing Company.

Jane Clegg, by St. John Ervine. 12mo. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Price, 80 cents.

On the Romany Road, by Rena Cary Sheffield. Short, Hills, N. Y.: The Voxton Press.

The American Country Girl, by Martha Foote Crow. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Price \$1.50.

HISTORY AND BIOLOGY.

A Short History of Japan, by Ernest Wilson Clement. Chicago: University Chicago Press. Price, \$1.00.

Serbia, Her People, History and Aspirations, by Woislav M. Petrovitch. 12mo. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Price, \$1.50.

Writers of the Day. General Editor, Bertram Christian. "Arnold Bennett," by F. J. Harvey Darton. "Anatole France," by W. L. George. "H. G. Wells," by J. D. Beresford. London: Nisbit. Price, 35 cents each.

The Story of Canada, by Anne P. L. Field. With an Introduction by Thomas Mott Osborne. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Price, \$1.00.

The Political History of Slavery in the United States, by James Z. George. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. Price, \$3.00.

What are the six best novels in English? The *New York Times'* literary magazine has been publishing a symposium by leading authors on the subject. The various lists show a remarkable diversity of opinion. George Birmingham names the following: *Rob Roy*, *John Inglesant*, *Vanity Fair*, *The Wreckers*, *Barchester Towers*, *The Moonstone*. The selection of St. John G. Irvine, the author of *Mrs. Martin's Man*, includes: *Tom Jones*—which he describes as "immeasurably the best novel in our tongue"—*Pickwick Papers*, Jane Austen's *Emma*, *The Old Wives' Tales*, *Kipps*, and *Under Western Eyes*. E. Phillips Oppenheim names *Adam Bede*, *Anna Karenina*, *Lorna Doone*, *Westward Ho!*, *Pendennis*, and the *Old Curiosity Shop*. The chosen six of W. L. George are *Tom Jones*, *Tristram Shandy*, *The Way of All Flesh*, *Vanity Fair* and *The Mill on the Floss*. The list is too long to publish in full, but the diversity in taste revealed by popular authors shows that writers, like doctors, differ.

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She left the room, but came back again a few minutes later. The bishop, with a volume of Paley on his knee, was stretched in a deep chair.

"Excuse me," said Minnie, "I left a box of cigarettes here, why didn't you take one?"

"Thank you," said the bishop, "but I don't smoke."

From
"Minnie's Bishop and Other Stories"
Minnie took a cigarette from the box and lit it. "Ronald thinks," she said, "that you'll be shocked at my smoking; but I told him you wouldn't mind. Bessie Langworthy's husband keeps a special box of cigarettes for me when I am with them."

"I should rather like to meet Canon Langworthy," said the bishop. "He seems to be quite a remarkable man."

"He's a dear," said Minnie. "You're sure you don't mind my smoking?"

"There is a prejudice against ladies adopting the habit," said the bishop.

"So silly, isn't it? It's really not wrong, you know, not like marrying your deceased sister's husband."

"That," said the bishop, "is distinctly forbidden in the Prayer-book."

"Quite so," said Minnie, "and even if it wasn't, I shouldn't dream of doing it. I don't see how any self-respecting girl could put up with a second-hand husband. When I marry—but I really mustn't disturb you any more. Your sermon will be on your mind."

In his room there stood a small, old piano, soft and pleasing in tone, though it was rather out of tune. Bersenev sat down before it, and struck a few notes. Like all well-born Russians, he had in his youth learned music, and, also like all well-born Russians, he played very badly. He was, however, passionately

From
"On the Eve"
fond of music, though, to speak correctly, it was not the art, or the form in which the art expressed itself, that he loved. Sonatas, symphonies, and even operas, made him weary; but he loved the vague, sweet, undefined sensations and suggestions that he experienced under the influence of music. More than an hour passed, and he still remained at the piano, playing over and over again the same phrases, or trying to invent new ones, and letting the sounds die away in the diminished seventh. His heart was touched, his eyes filled with tears, and he wept unashamed in the darkness. "Pavel was right," he murmured to himself, "in my whole life there will be no such second night as this." At last he rose, lighted a candle, put on his dressing gown, took down from his bookcase the second volume of

Raumer's *History of the Hohenstauffen*, and sighing once or twice, began to read that learned work with attention.

Gordon and Lancey, Crawford and Ponsonby and Hackett, aye! and Wellington, too. What immortal names are spoken by the flunkies to-night as they usher these brave men into the hostess' presence. The ballroom is brilliantly illuminated with hundreds of wax-candles, the women have put on their pretty dresses, displaying bare arms and dazzling shoulders; the men are in showy uniforms, glittering with stars and decorations; Orange, Brunswick, Nassau, English, Belgian, Scottish, French, all are there, gay with gold and silver braid.

The confusion of tongues is greater surely than round the tower of Babel. German and French and English, Scots accent and Irish brogue, pedantic Hanoverian and lusty Brunswick tones, all and more of these varied sounds mingle with one another and half-drown by their clamour the sweet strains of the Viennese orchestra that discoursed dreamy waltzes from behind a bower of crimson roses; whilst ponderous Flemish wives of city burgomasters gaze open-mouthed at the elegant ladies of the old French noblesse, and shy Belgian misses peep enviously at their more self-reliant English friends.

In the first moments of realization I was not hurt—I was not stricken. An impassioned, cold hatred took possession of my being, I even laughed in a wild, insane way—perhaps for some minutes I was really mad. If Robert had stepped into the room at that moment I felt that I could have killed him! What incredible monsters men were. He had taken the love I had offered him—the love that I had poured on him—and he had treated it as less than nothing. All the time

From
"The Story of a Woman's Heart"
he had been lying to me and deceiving me. How he must have laughed in his sleeve! What an incredible fool he must have thought me. I was so easy to deceive—such a guileless, simple, unsuspecting creature! And if he had not been called away to the North on business I should not have found out—I might never have found out—and he and this woman.

The thought of her suddenly swept my feelings into a new channel. I read her address on one of the letters once more, although there was no need for me to read it, for it was burnt into my brain.

I found that I was pacing the floor again. The need for violent action seemed to be a necessity to me. I glanced at the clock. It was too late to go to the woman then—but I would go to her to-morrow.

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MUSSON'S MONTHLY CHAT

REX BEACH, STEWART EDWARD WHITE, C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON,
Famous Names in Modern Fiction, Figure in Our Announcement for This Month

"The Grey Dawn," by Stewart Edward White (The Musson Book Co., Ltd., cloth, illustrated, \$1.35), is a tale of love and adventure in California in the days following the great gold rush—the days of the Vigilantes—when Californian society emerged from chaos to a state of rough and ready law and order. The gay life of San Francisco is here vividly portrayed, and the reader will enjoy the tense excitement of the tale and the picturesque characters and setting of this interesting time.

Hitting the trail and taking the reader along with him through the country of adventurous romance is the thing that Zane Grey does best—and he has done it again most emphatically in **"The Rainbow Trail"** (The Musson Book Co., Ltd., cloth, \$1.50). Here is a new story which we can recommend to those who have not heard of the author before; while to those others who have enjoyed *"Riders of the Purple Sage,"* we need only say that this latest book describes the outcome of some of the stirring incidents in that widely-read novel.

"The Heart of the Sunset," by Rex Beach, author of *"The Spoilers,"* etc. (The Musson Book Co., Ltd., cloth, illustrated, \$1.50), we consider to be even better than the best of all his previous stories, famous as they are. Like *"The Barrier,"* *"The Spoilers,"* *"The Silver Horde"* and *"The Ne'er-do-well,"* it is Western. It is no society hot-house, town-dwelling novel, but a live story of living men and women—a great, breezy, outdoor romance of passion and adventure, set in the wilds of Northern Mexico. It tells of the love between the beautiful mistress of a large ranch and a heroic cow-boy, and is just as original and natural as it is superlatively exciting. We venture to say that it is a tale that, once begun, will hold you absorbed to the end.

A new novel by C. N. and A. M. Williamson may be said to have a cordial reception already prepared for it. The latest book bears a rather long title, reminding one in that respect of Chas. Reade's *"The Course of True Love Never Did Run Smooth."* It is called, **"Secret History Revealed by Lady Peggy O'Malley"** (The Musson Book Co., Ltd., cloth, \$1.25).

Little Lady Peggy herself tells the story of how she met Eagle March, and of the momentous piece of Secret History in which they became involved. There is something about her ready Irish wit and daring that appeals to this army aviator, and that results in a friendship destined to lead to many adventures. All the action, romance and clever dialogue that are always associated with a Williamson novel will be found in *"Secret History."*

"The Landloper"—The Romance of a Man on Foot—by Holman Day, author of *"King Spruce,"* *"The Red Lane,"* etc. (The Musson Book Co., Ltd., cloth, \$1.50), is a tale in which humor, sentiment and adventure tread upon one another's heels. It is the highroad romance of a modern knight-errant who did not set out to redress human wrongs, but who did good almost against his will. Why Walker Farr, a gentleman who reads Shakespeare as he journeys along a New England road, should be content to look like a tramp, the author does not explain till the end of the book. The scene shifts to Canada with interesting and sympathetic pictures of French habitants.

"Hempfield," by David Grayson, author of *"Adventures in Contentment,"* *"Adventures in Friendship,"* *"The Friendly Road,"* etc. (The Musson Book Co., Ltd., cloth, \$1.35; limp leather, \$1.50), relates how David Grayson obeyed the sign over the office door of the *"Star,"* and hitched his wagon to that bright luminary and power in Westmoreland County politics, and entered the lives of the interesting men and women who were making it—the old Cap'n, who wielded so "trenchant" a pen, and who fought so valiantly against the rebels at Antietam—Fergus MacGregor, the angular, red-haired Scotch Yankee, who read Tom Sawyer and Burns, and who had printed the *"Star"* since man could remember—Ed. Smith, whose new-fangled commercial ideas in editing were not in harmony with its age-long policies—Not, with his boyish enthusiasm for the uplift of country journalism—and Anthy, so quiet, yet so forceful, who owned the *"Star,"* and who, through the charm of her personality, kept peace among her strange assortment of employees. The volume is illustrated by Thos. Fogarty.

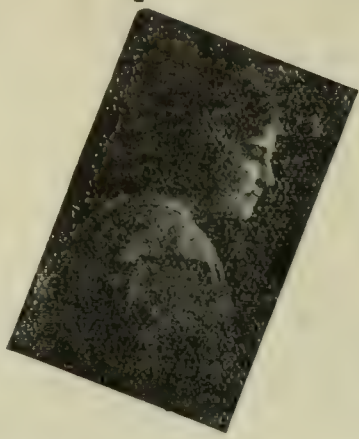
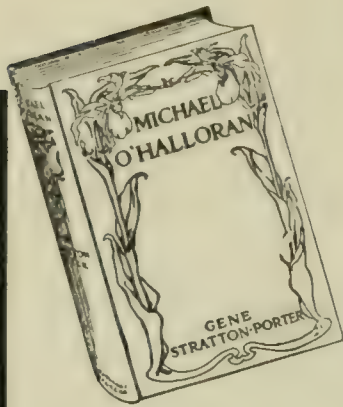
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Notes and Comments

The news from the various theatres of war is decidedly cheering. The combined advance of the Allies at last appears to have begun. Considerable progress has been made on all fronts, including the Russian. Notable successes marked the opening of the big drive to Berlin, the French forces in the Champagne region penetrating the enemy's trenches for about three miles, menacing one of the most important of the German lines of communication in the west. It now seems clear that the great offensive movement begun by the Allies in the west has as its object the control of railway lines feeding the German front in Champagne, and the capture of Lens. The fight is still raging. If the Allies succeed the Germans will be compelled to fall back from their present lines and evacuate Lens. In the Champagne district the French are creeping closer and closer to the railway on which the security of the enemy depends. The Allies have achieved initial successes by reason of their vast superiority in guns and munitions. For the first time since war broke out the Allies appear to have gained the advantage in gun-fire. The Germans, heavily reinforced, are making desperate counter attacks, without much result. The situation in the west is seriously complicated by the hostile attitude of Bulgaria. What the effect will be upon the general campaign cannot yet be determined. The landing of large British and French forces at Saloniki and the massing of an Austro-German army on the Serbian frontier direct attention once more to the operations in the Gallipoli Peninsula, to which both sides attach such importance. Greece may throw in her lot with the Allies, and the entry of Bulgaria into the war as the ally of the Turks will make it difficult for Roumania to maintain neutrality.

*

In the United Kingdom the great topics of discussion, next to the war itself, are finance and conscription. The big Anglo-French loan in the United States has been successfully floated, despite considerable opposition from pacifists and pro-Germans. The new British taxes increase considerably the burdens of all classes. Income tax has been increased and the import tariff list has been extended. It is a wise policy to meet some at least of the war expenditure by new taxation.

My Favorite Author

By W. H. WISE

MY FAVORITE author has a beautiful little poem on *The Dawn Wind*: the wind that stirs the leaves and rouses the cattle just before the dawn. I am reminded of that poem as I trace my subject into the "dark backward and abysm of time." For it was about a quarter of a century ago that a friend asked me casually what I thought of *rudyardkipling*. I do not know what put the question into his head, for he had thought nothing on the subject himself, and I learned only that it was a man and not a pursuit that he referred to. Nevertheless, I attach importance to the incident, for it was the very first rustle of the dawn wind. The second came from a salesman whom I overheard telling a lady that the book of the season in London was this,—*Plain Tales from the Hills*. Even then I no more than rubbed my eyes. It was to be some weeks later before the "wind full strength" came

"With a blow like an angel's wing,
Gentle but waking the world."

I wanted something to read on the train, and looked over the book stall. Ah, there is that peculiar name again; how is it spelt?—Rudyard Kipling. "I take that," giving some paltry silver in exchange, and there and then begin to read Kipling.

"Great was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven."

And to be able to remember it is one of the compensations of growing older. The young fellows of to-day live in stirring times; they must not complain; but they missed that. And what an experience it was! Our fathers or grandfathers lived through Dickens, but I wonder: was it as good? Was it quite so amazing? To his own age of sensibility Byron was perhaps as thrilling, but there can scarcely have been another. We had found genius, that incommunicable something, only in authors dead or long past their prime; but here was a youth of our own generation with the real magic.

I have said that Kipling was a man and not a pursuit, but I repent when I think of the breathless chase he led us through those wonderful "*Eighteen-nineties*." It began with Mulvaney, Learoyd and Ortheris, and we realized that this author created character; breathing bodies with live souls therein. And incidentally we were introduced for the first time to Tommy Atkins. Him we met in battle, camp and barrack square and occasionally his background deepened into that mysterious life of the East which held us captive in such stories as "Without Benefit of Clergy." And while some thought they were discovering that although he

was clever he was brutal, they came across his stories of child-life, and—wept.

I remember reading an interview in which Kipling stated that he was about to bring out his "*Beast Book*." I wanted more Mulvaney and was disappointed. But that interview was a "dawn wind" heralding Mowgli, Bagheera, Baloo and Kaa. And there followed as a matter of course, because Kipling has learned and discerned of "his brother the clod" as well as

"Of his brother the brute and his brother the god."—there followed "*The Ship that Found Herself*." And it was at that juncture that some sapient head discovered that Kipling was materialistic. I think it was Tyndall who said he was quite willing to be described as a materialist if you would first describe matter.

In the meantime, of course, the poems had appeared and in the popular mind Kipling the poet almost superseded Kipling the story teller. The popular mind may be right, poetry is compact, carries no impedimenta, clings to the memory like pollen to a bee, and so goes on perpetuating itself. Kipling's final niche may be among the poets, but I think it is a fact that whereas he is certainly not the greatest among poets, he is as certainly among the greatest of all short story writers.

It was evident from the first that Kipling took his work—not himself, but his work—very seriously. It was work and not play. And it was rooted deep in soil and subsoil. It may be said that the soil was what everybody calls his imperialism. The subsoil was his equally unmistakable mysticism. It is part of some people's training to look upon imperialism and mysticism as opposing forces, and their combination in Kipling's "*message*" has kept the nonsense mills working double shift.

In referring now to Kipling's mysticism I am not thinking chiefly of that next surprise which he sprang upon us in the "*Brushwood Boy*." That general favorite and the still more perfect "*They*," which came several years later, are the legitimate and, poetically considered, the most beautiful offspring of his mysticism. When I am asked by mathematical minds what they mean, I am dumb. For myself I accept them as I accept that other marvellous but very different story, "*A Matter of Fact*." I am not concerned as to whether their author knew, or knew of, such experiences. I only know that as in "*A Matter of Fact*" he brought to the surface a possibility of the unplumbed ocean, so in the "*Brushwood Boy*" and in "*They*" he revealed other potentialities of this beautiful and terrible universe of ours.

But Kipling's mysticism is more than these. It is something that saturates all his good work. Its mark of kinship with the great mystics is that it is rarely found trying to convince others and never found trying to convince itself. It has no half-beliefs, no plaintive doubts, no wistful longings. Its most condensed expression is perhaps to be found in the poem, *To the True Romance* with which he prefaces, "*Many Inventions*."

O charity, all patiently
Abiding wrack and scathe,
O faith that meets ten thousand cheats
Yet drops no jot of faith.

Devil and brute thou dost transmute
To higher, lordlier show,
Who art in sooth that lovely truth
The careless angels know!

It is this mysticism that gives depth to his imperialism. One of the greatest paradoxes that popular opinion ever evolved is the idea that Kipling is a Jingo. It was the absence of that very note of Jingoism that gave Kipling's imperialism its tremendous authority. What he emphasized was the spirit of sacrifice, even unto death, which the Empire demanded and received. If there was pride of possession it was in the possession of life's greatest gift:—something worth living and dying for.

DEATH OF CUCHULAIN*

All day the battle raged, and hundreds fell
Beneath Cuchulain's blows. Wide lanes he cut
Thro' the opposing ranks, till Maeve, the Queen,
Wept bitter tears, and clenched her hands in fear
To see her bravest champions thus laid low.

At last, in direst need, she had recourse
Unto the sorcerers of the Danaan race,
Bidding them fashion spears of magic power,
Three spears of fatal cast; and these she gave
To three of her best heroes. One she gave
To Curoi, who was king of Munster wide,
And one to Erc his son. The third great spear
She gave to Luha of the Heavy Hand,
Bidding him cast with all his strength and skill.
Curoi cast first, and, going wide, the spear
Pierced through the Grey of Macha. The brave steed
Tottered, and groaning, fell. Erc cast the next
Wounding Cuchulain lightly, and, beyond,
Pinning the charioteer. Cuchulain now
Forgot his guard, and tried to pull the spear
From Laeg's deep wound.

Fierce Luha made his cast,
And pierced the Hound of Ulster through and through
With deadly barb. Now great Cuchulain knew
His death had come, and, rising in his seat,
He tried to draw the spear-shaft from his breast,
But tugged in vain. A silence fell around,
And all men watched to see the hero die.
The blows of battle ceased.

There was, near-by,
A pillar stone set up in olden day,
By the De Danaan or the wandering Pict,
And runed with Ogham script. To this he came,
Saying he would not lie before his foes
Or cringe in death. He bound his girdle fast
Around the stone, and underneath his arms,
Placing his shield in front, and lifting high
His bloody sword in air. And thus he stood
The "Hero Light" a-shimmer round his head,
Pallid as when a winter sun goes down,
Till the weird lustre slowly died away
And the sword fell, as fell Cuchulain's head
Upon his wounded breast! Thus nobly died
Murhevna's Chieftan, glory of the Gael;
And when he died, the Three Great Waves made moan
Around the coast of Erin; while the Sidhe
Woke with wild caoining all the mournful hills!

*Pronounced Cu-hoo-lin.



The Story Hour, by Miss McEwen, Children's Librarian of The Westmount Public Library, Westmount P.Q.

Stories and story-telling may be considered under three main divisions: (1) What we may hope to accomplish by systematic story hours. (2) What stories we may use. (3) Some suggestions as to how to tell the stories to the children. To quote once more from Miss Bryant, "the one greatest aim in story-telling is to enlarge and enrich the child's spiritual experience, and to stimulate healthy reaction upon it." This is, of course, a very lofty aim, and the result cannot be seen and proved very easily, but one may hope to recognize at least the promise of its fulfilment.

Only a few weeks ago the children in one of the junior classes of a Westmount school were asked to make a list of the books they had read since Christmas. Their teacher told me that few of the lists soared above the level of *L. T. Meade*—and some contained such names as *Heart's Magazine* and the *Cosmopolitan*. If this be the condition of the so-called cultured districts in our cities, how much more necessary it must be to bring the beauty, the poetry, the strength and the chivalry of the old legends and fairy tales, in which our literature abounds, to the less fortunate children. That the story-teller has given to her the opportunity of raising the standard of reading and even of thinking, is, I think, undoubtedly the case. We have conducted a "Story Hour" in the Westmount Library for the past two years, and while the result has not been, perhaps, all that it might have been, yet it has certainly created an interest in the fairy tales, legends, and the better class of stories for little children; and has largely increased the reading of good books. The telling of a story to one child will make him wish to read it for himself, while another will be quite content to hear it, but even in the latter case he gets that joy of imagination which it is the first aim of the story-teller to impart.

In the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, which is said to be the leading library in America in its development of children's work, the "Story Hour" courses are very comprehensive, and are planned to cover eight years. For the first two years nursery tales, legends, fables and standard stories are told. For the following years, stories from Greek Mythology and the *Nibelungenlied*; stories from the Round Table and legends of Charlemagne; stories from the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*; stories from Chaucer and Spencer; stories from Shakespeare. This course covers practically all the great cycles of legend and romance with which the children should be familiar. In addition to these stories we have the fairy tales of Andersen and the Brothers Grimm; Ruskin's *King of the Golden River*; Browning's *Pied Piper of Hamelin*; Kipling's *Just So* and *Jungle Stories*—that little nonsense tale of *Epaminon-*

das which we find in Sara Cone Bryant's *Stories to Tell to Children*—many of the Hindu folk stories; Kingsley's *Water Babies* and *Greek Heroes*; Hawthorne's *Wonder Book* and the *Tanglewood Tales*, and a host of others which the story-teller will find for herself. For after all the final test of the story is the impression which it makes upon the story-teller herself. A child knows when the story-teller loves her story and loves it with her,—on the other hand, once let him detect insincerity, patronage, or self-consciousness and interest is at once lost.

Having found the story which you wish to tell, take your story seriously, and know it thoroughly. I do not mean to memorize it; but nothing is more fatal in dealing with children than to falter, hesitate, or make a mistake in a detail: and sureness, ease, and freedom come only with complete mastery of the story. Immediately before telling the story, it is well to summon it to your mind, let it pass rapidly through your thoughts, so that the impression which it originally made upon you may be recalled afresh.

Your English, of course, must be simple, to suit the child mind, but do not simplify too much—or you defeat your own purpose (which is to enlarge the child's mental and spiritual grasp)—and above all things, let your English be pure. Never let yourself be persuaded to become slipshod in your use of words and phrases. There is a tendency now-a-days to put everything into the language of the streets. We hear much of "baseball slang"—of giving the children great truths in the words which they are most accustomed to hearing. Nothing, I think, is to be more deplored than this commonizing of the great treasures of art and literature: and indeed, even in telling the most commonplace stories the effect is immeasurably improved if the standard of English is high.

Let there be plenty of action in the story, but never hurry in the telling of it. One excellent point made by Miss Bryant she calls, "The power of initiating the appreciation of the joke." This is the subtle suggestion which makes the hearer feel that it will soon be time to laugh. Strange as it may seem, it is often difficult to raise a laugh in an audience of children. They seem to hesitate to express their own appreciation of the humor, but they love to anticipate a joke, and at the first suggestion of a smile on the face of the story-teller, or any other indication that a joke is coming, they will begin to smile and dimple in anticipatory enjoyment. Children love repetition in their stories. The feeling that they know what is coming for the next few lines seems to have a very special charm for them. Such stories as the *Just So*, with their ever recurring "O best beloved," and the fascinating descriptive phrases which are repeated again and again through the story—*The Elephant's Child* is particularly rich in these phrases—*The Gingerbread Man*, *The Three Little Pigs*, *The Fisherman and His Wife*—In these and a host of others, much of the charm lies in the repetition of some special phrases.

In closing, I would like to mention the books of Sara Cone Bryant as being almost invaluable as handbooks for the story-teller. The two which I have found particularly helpful are *How to Tell Stories to Children* and *Stories to Tell to Children*.



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George H. Doran Company, Publishers, New York

The Art of Reading

By J. LEWIS MILLIGAN

READING is as much an art as writing. But all readers are not artists, as all writers do not write artistically. I have known people who professed to be great readers, who truthfully affirmed that they had read more books than they could remember. A man once amazed me by stating off-hand that he had read at least seventy novels, beside innumerable other books. I regarded him with awe and reverence, until I discovered that he was a very ordinary kind of person, who never burdened his mind with what he read. No one ever read intelligently without effort, and, indeed, labor; but it must be a labor of love.

The art of reading is not the mere devouring of books; mastication and digestion are necessary if literature is to enter into the blood and brain of the reader. This need not be an irksome process, for literature is a food, not a nasty medicine which one must take. This is the fault of most of our education. A girl who had escaped from her home in Cornwall, England, and had come to Canada, told me bitterly that she had been forced to stay in on Sunday evenings and read John Wesley's Journals. I have every respect for John Wesley, and his journals are worth reading; but my stomach would revolt at an enforced diet of his travels and meditations.

While a heavy literary diet is not good for children, there have been some remarkable infant prodigies in reading. Matthew Arnold was acquainted with most

of the classics at the age of twelve; but he was fortunate in his choice of a father, the great Master of Rugby, whom he immortalized in *Rugby Chapel*. Dickens read *Don Quixote* and most of the early English novelists as a boy, and it is most likely that he did so under compulsion. In *David Copperfield* he tells us of David being locked in a room by the Murdstones. He never forgave the Murdstones for this, but there happened to be some good books in the room, and he read them to wile away the time. He seemed to enjoy the reading, and he certainly ought to have been more grateful to the Murdstones, for they undoubtedly turned his mind into its proper channel. We all meet with our Murdstones, sooner or later, the sooner the better, and we all hate them most unreasonably.

The art of reading must be acquired early if what is read is to be retained and used in the life of the reader. Reading is one of the most powerful agencies in the formation of character, and it is true that a man may be judged by his book-shelf. Reading for its own sake is sometimes a good thing, but it is often a waste of time. A new book should make a new man of us; or, at least, we should be different for having read it.

Reading will be the balm of the nations, and the leaves of the tree of literature shall be for their healing when the strife is over and the battle is lost and won. When men shall look back on

"Old unhappy far-off things
And battles long ago."

HOSPITALITY

(Seventh to Tenth Century)

O king of stars that watch the night!
Whether my house be dark or bright,
It's door to none shall barred be,
Lest Christ should close his house to me.

And if thy house shall hold a guest,
And aught from him thou hast suppressed;
Not all to him the wrong is done:
Thou has concealed from Mary's Son.

JAMES H. COUSINS.

Shakespeare's Kings

LECTURING under the auspices of the British Empire Shakespeare Society in Dublin recently, Professor W. F. Trench, Professor of English Literature in Dublin University, dealt with Shakespeare's interpretation of English history, as revealed in the series of plays, Richard III., Richard II., Henry IV. (parts 1 and 2), and Henry V. That series, said the lecturer, represented work extending over a period of several years, throughout which the poet was learning life. In Richard III. Shakespeare set forth his provisional solution of life's puzzles, and declared that through all the confusion of the fifteenth century warfare he, looking back, could see a thread of rational purpose run, and trace above or behind that maze of passions and crimes a moral order. In that case Shakespeare's presentation of his reading of history and life was found to be deliberately set over against and in opposition to a philosophy known by the modern name of Nietzsche, but which flourished much in England as well as in Italy in the age of the Renaissance. After analyzing the play, Richard III. might be regarded as a perfect example, like the Tamburlaine of Marlowe, of the superman.

The lecturer, reviewing "Henry V.," said that the fact of a youth so unsatisfactory developing into so great and worthy a king presented a problem in psychology. "Within the last few months we had seen it with our own eyes, and learned it for ourselves. There was many a young man for whom we had no admiration and but little respect, many an one who seemed to be living a frivolous and unworthy life, and to such an one the call came. The responsibilities of an active and strenuous life were laid upon him; he awoke to that call, accepted the burden of that responsibility. Exuberant vitality which found expression in a selfish revolt against dull respectability had now found opportunity for a worthier, because an unselfish, form of expression, and he had gone forth to live soberly and strenuously, to endure the hardships of the trenches, and to imperil his life for the safety of us all. Shakespeare set down all that beforehand. In that play Shakespeare, perverting certain facts of history, was determined to propound, as a principle to be regarded as the very basis upon which society was built up,

the doctrine that it was to the interests of society to leave any man or class in undisputed possession of inherited privilege, unless there was marked inefficiency or irresponsibility that social and political rights might be rooted in historical wrongs, but rights they were nevertheless, for to disturb them meant disorder, and upon order social well-being depended."

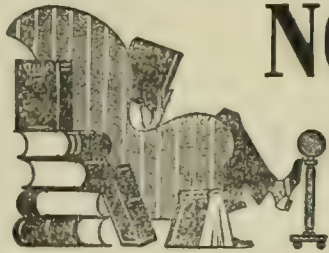
Turning to the foreign situation of the period and the war with France, Professor Trench continued: "Henry IV. held a theory of the right to make war which was not dissimilar from that propounded by von Treitschke in our own day. Shakespeare, being under no delusion as to the origin and nature of the war, was satisfied to represent its twofold origin—on the one hand, the War Lord, a religious man, determined to find some excuse to go to war with someone; and, on the other hand, the clerical schemers plotting war for selfish purposes. Shakespeare was satisfied at the same time that Agincourt was, nevertheless, to be regarded as a substantial part of the glory of England, and his verdict was the same as that of impartial history. In Henry V. what a picture Shakespeare had given us of a great war; what a picture, might he not say, of the great war of these days. Did history repeat itself? Those whose interest was in human life and nature would say "yes." The student of Shakespeare might declare that little was being said or done to-day, and little would be said or done to-morrow, which Shakespeare did not set down for us beforehand. Thus had the great dramatist furnished an interpretation, unequalled for richness and fulness, of human history."



SERGEANT AUSTIN C. DENT, R.A.M.C.

Killed in Gallipoli, July 19th, 1915

The heartfelt sympathy of the many friends which Mr. J. M. Dent has made in Canada will go out to him and his family in the death of his son Austin, the second of his sons to give up his life in defence of his country. It is somewhat strange that out of the sixty-six men who left the employ of Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. London, England, to go to the front, the two sons should be the first to fall.



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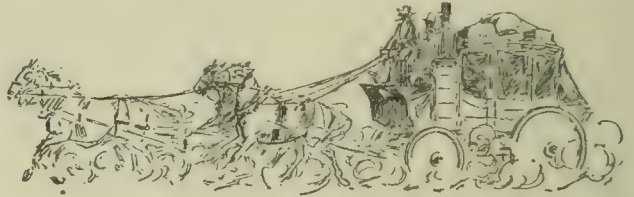
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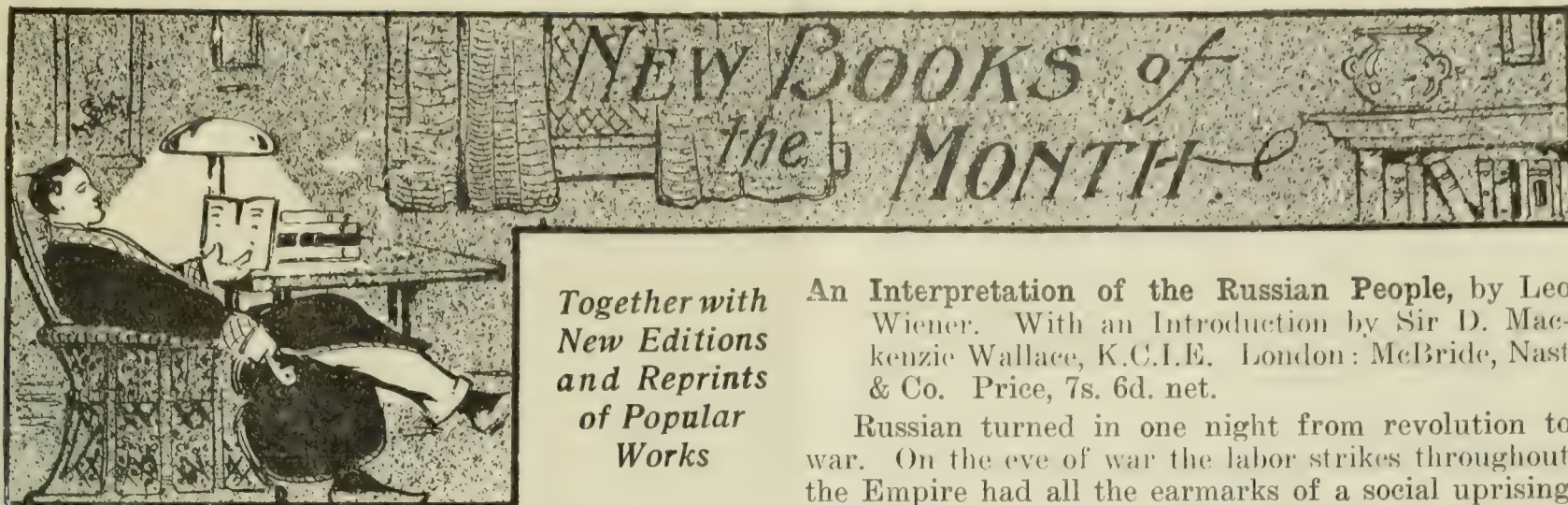
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Works

The Book of France. Edited by Winifred Stephens. Illustrated. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd.

The profits of this attractive volume go to the relief of the French sufferers from German brutality. Authors and publishers have given their services free. The British Committee responsible for the publication is presided over by M. Paul Cambon. The introduction is by Henry James, and the most brilliant intellects of France have contributed to its literary success. All the French contributions have English translations.

The analysis of British character by M. J. H. Rosny *ainé* is translated by Mr. Thomas Hardy; M. Anatole France's *Debout pour la Dernière Guerre* by H. G. Wells; M. Remy de Gourmont's *L'Envahissement* by Mr. Thomas Hardy; *Pierre Loti's La Basilique-Fantôme* by Sir Sidney Colvin; Mme. Duclaux's *Les Couloises d'une Grande Bataille* by Mme. Duclaux herself (or shall we say Mary Robinson, under which name she is better known to the reader?); M. Jacques Blanche's *Ma Rentrée dans Paris* by Lady Randolph Churchill; and M. Maurice Barrès's *Les Saints de la France* by Mr. Henry James. The illustrations include M. Henri Jacquier's portrait of General Joffre.

Kipling has contributed a fine poem, *France—France that is*

"First to follow Truth and last to leave old truths behind—
France beloved of every soul that loves its fellow-kind!"

Mr. Boylesve's analysis of German character is worth reproducing:—

"Germany, then, since the war of 1870, has not been a gathering of free individuals demanding analysis; it would be vain to look for its representative summits. It possesses but one summit: that from which there issues the word of command, which it obeys with servile docility. Now this word of command is not of a higher kind; it is a word of command that, through some unhappy fate, comes, not from a born leader, but from a non-commissioned officer who knows his military theory, but who is above all intoxicated by his stripes, playing the gentleman, and the gentleman in his Sunday best, but at bottom still a corporal. . . . The Germans as a people, emperor and serfs, are convinced that the non-German world is to be taxed and burdened at will. This folly is monstrous, the fruit of a pride incessantly nourished and superheated. A people that has got to such a state of aberration ceases to be what we can call intelligent, since intelligence consists essentially in discovering the true relations between different objects; and the German no longer sees the relations between objects and himself nor between one object and another. He sees, always and only, himself; he thinks he is alone, or else that others are entirely contemptible, because he has constructed out of nothing an entire and overweening opinion of himself."

In Mr. Knox's Country, by E. C. Somerville and Martin Ross. London: Longmans & Co. Price, 6s.

"In Ireland the inevitable never happens and the impossible invariably occurs." So say the authors, and those who know Ireland will at once agree. They have written a book of delightful surprises and have succeeded in giving to *In Mr. Knox's Country* the whimsical turn and Hibernian atmosphere that capture the readers of the *R. M.* Nearly all the old characters reappear, and some new and interesting figures face the glare of the footlights. The comic spirit of the Irish laughs from every page.

An Interpretation of the Russian People, by Leo Wiener. With an Introduction by Sir D. Mackenzie Wallace, K.C.I.E. London: McBride, Nast & Co. Price, 7s. 6d. net.

Russian turned in one night from revolution to war. On the eve of war the labor strikes throughout the Empire had all the earmarks of a social uprising against the Government. What the Russian Government failed to accomplish Germany brought about in one day. In the chapter on "The Intellectuals and the People," Professor Wiener says:—

"Just when the people, wearied with endless persecutions, were lapsing into a period of resignation, the challenge given by the Hohenzollern-Hapsburgs to the Slavic world reunited the Russian people as nothing has done since the days of Napoleon. We have the strange phenomenon that liberals exiled by the Tsar for the first time recognize the salutary effect of the autocratic Government, that the anarchist Kropotkin joyfully chronicles the unanimous hatred of all the classes in Russia for militaristic Germany, and that Burtsev, an arch-enemy of the autocracy, returns to Russia and begs to be allowed to fight for his country against the German invader. What the Russian Government has been unable to do for one hundred years that Germany has produced in a few weeks."

There are delightful chapters on Russian literature, art, and music, that should stimulate public interest in the Russian nation, about which the British people have been so sadly misinformed in the past.

J'Accuse, by a German. Translated into English by Alexander Gray. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton.

This is one of the most remarkable books of the year. The preface states, on the authority of Dr. Anton Suter of Lausanne, that the author is "a German patriot." He adds: "I regard this work as an act which can only confer a blessing on the German people and on humanity, and I accordingly assume responsibility for its publication." The anonymous writer puts the Kaiser and the Prussian war party under a powerful microscope and searches out with the instinct of a sleuth the truths about Germany and the war that are hid from the German people. It is the most telling indictment of Germany that has yet appeared, for it comes from within.

The Freelands, by John Galsworthy. London: Heinemann & Co. Price, 6s.

This novel belongs to the pre-war period and scents the social dangers of the times in Merrie England. The tied-cottage system sends Bob Tryst to prison and death. Landlordism is the problem; free cottages the solution. The author finds much to criticize in the England of 1913—landlordism hard and unchristian, politicians shallow and hypocritical, youth anarchical, old age hidebound reactionaryism. The restraining influence of the English land system on the liberties of the common people is a fine theme, and on the whole the characters perform their parts as living entities of the social order of which they form a part. Mr. Galsworthy, however, is so obsessed by the problems of the day that he does not hear the steady tramp of the New England which before the war was marshalling its forces for the overthrow of the land system and other obstructions to the social progress of the people.

Nicky-Nan, Reservist, by "Q." New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.35.

In this latest novel by Sir A. T. Quiller Couch. The reader is taken to Cornwall and the hidden treasure of Nicky-Nan. The author gives a delightful pen picture of life in a Cornish village, which in itself will well repay the reader.

The Successful Canadian Novel in the £1,000 Competition

THE LAND OF THE SCARLET LEAF

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The Land of the Scarlet Leaf is an enjoyable tale with its blending of English and Canadian ideals; its scenes laid in Montreal and New Brunswick. Mrs. Taylor writes of the Canadian out-of-doors as only one can who is familiar with every foot of the vicinity described. This gives a breezy atmosphere to the story. The heroine, Delia Chichester, is a loving and handsome English girl who is compelled to earn her living as a Companion. An advantageous marriage is her ambition. How she brought that about and the result makes one of the strongest stories of the season. It will be one of the best sellers of the year.

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It would have taken an uncommonly good story to beat THE PIONEERS. By Katherine Susannah Prichard. To feel, as we do, that if the story had been half as long again, it would have gained and not lost is to testify to the capacity and charm of the writer.

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The story of the Angels at Mons and a reply to "The Bowmen." By HAROLD BEGBIE, Author of "Broken Earthenware."

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J'accuse

23rd EDITION

BY A GERMAN

The words "*J'accuse!*" carry one back to the days when Emile Zola broke out in fierce denunciation of the persecutors of Dreyfus. This time it is not a Frenchman who accuses, but a Prussian—a Prussian who is uncorrupted and incorruptible, who is not bought and is not for sale—a man who loves his Fatherland and who, just because he loves it, writes this book. The German people, he says, was corrupted and blinded that it might be driven into a war which it never foresaw, never intended, and never desired. In order that it might be liberated, it was put in chains. It was to break these chains, to liberate the people from its 'liberators,' to fight against falsehood, that he wrote this book of Truth. . . . is an English translation of a book recently issued by a Swiss firm of publishers, and is guaranteed to be the work of a Prussian who loves his country.

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"Some people consider that 'Dodo' was the best book which Mr. E. F. Benson ever wrote, others claim that 'Mrs. Ames' is his masterpiece, but I—if I am ever asked my opinion—shall vote unhesitatingly for his new story 'The Oakleyites.' . . . Never, too, has he given us the portrait of a more charming woman than Miss Dorothy Jackson."

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New Books of the Month—Continued.

With the First Canadian Contingent. Published on behalf of The Canadian Field Comforts Commission. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton and The Musson Book Co. Price 75 cents.

"Somewhere in France" the First Canadian Contingent sealed with its blood the Imperial destiny of the Dominion. The army of thirty thousand men that sailed down the lordly St. Lawrence and across the broad Atlantic less than two months after the declaration of war was the answer of Canada to the German challenge. At Langemarck, St. Julien and Festubert the Canadians stood in the gap against the flower of the German army and saved the Empire. Where the dead lie will for all time be hallowed ground for Canadians. The first fruits of Canadian loyalty, the deeds of these men will one day be suitably commemorated in enduring stone or bronze on the foreign fields where they upheld the flag.

Other Canadian troops have followed in their track and are emulating their glorious example, but the First Contingent has a place by itself in Canadian history. It is fitting that some of those who shared in the difficulties and triumphs of those early days of military preparation in Canada should seek to perpetuate its memories. What it means to raise, train, equip, and despatch to Europe an army of over thirty thousand men is not, we fear, fully appreciated at home. How the men have themselves under very trying and unprecedented climatic conditions in England and in France is one of the most inspiring tales in military history.

"With the First Canadian Contingent" is a most attractive and most intensely human souvenir of Canada's first army in the field. Over a hundred pictures convey in more graphic detail than any pen could illustrate the history of the First Contingent, from the time it was organized at Valcartier to its arrival in the front trenches. The book is a beautiful work of art and is a companion volume to the Princess Mary and King Albert gift books already published by Messrs Hodder & Stoughton and The Musson Book Company.

The proceeds from the sale of this volume go to The Canadian Field Comforts Commission which has worked wonders in the camp and in the trenches in providing our fighting men with many comforts that help so materially to lessen the inevitable hardships of campaigning. The preface is written by one of the staff in the field, Lieut.-Mary Plummer, while Miss Arnoldi, her colleague, writes a most interesting chapter on her impressions of Salisbury Camp. Other contributions include: "The Lads of the Maple Leaf," a spirited poem, by Miss Jessie Pope; two poems by Rev. Canon Scott; "The Men of God," by "An M.O.," and a humorous skit on the British climate entitled, "Mud," by Captain G. W. Ambrose.

The history of the Contingent prior to its departure for the front is summed up in the catch phrases of the men: "Are we downhearted?" "No." "Are we wet?" "Yes." As Miss Jessie Pope writes:

Ripe for any adventure, sturdy, loyal and game,
Quick to the call of the mother, the young Canadians came.

Eager to show their mettle, ready to shed their blood,
They bowed their necks to the collar and trained in Wiltshire mud.

No more appropriate memento of the boys who have fought and died could be devised than this charming picture book of life in camp and in the trenches. The price, 75 cents, brings it within reach of all and the large demand for this artistic production that is bound to follow its publication should augment considerably the funds so urgently needed by Canadian

Field Comforts Commission. The book is dedicated to the First Contingent.

"Living and dead, their brave hands garland thee
With love and honor, an unfading crown
A goodly heirloom to be handed down
To children's children that are yet to be."

The War Thoughts of an Optimist, by Benjamin Apthorp Gould. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. Price, 75 cents.

This is a series of refreshing articles on the war by an American citizen who has lived for a number of years in Canada. The viewpoint of the author is that of a democrat who hates the autocratic spirit of the Prussian war lords, and whose sympathies go out to Britain and her allies as the standard bearers of individual and national freedom.

The author has made a careful study of the whole question and has no hesitation in declaring for democracy as the true remedy for the ills of Europe.

The War Thoughts of an Optimist will act as a tonic to the downhearted and strengthen the reader's confidence in the successful issue of the war and the final triumph of democratic ideals in European countries.

WAR LITERATURE

The World in the Crucible, by Sir Gilbert Parker. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart. Price, \$1.50 net.

The War Thoughts of an Optimist, by Benjamin Apthorp Gould. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. Price, 75c.

Drill and Field Training; Musketry; Machine Gun Training; Field Entrenchments; Signalling; Physical Training (Senior Course); Camps, Billets, Cooking, Ceremonial. Written by Officers of the Regular Army and Edited by E. John Solano. "Imperial Army Series." London: John Murray. Price, 1s. net each.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Life and Letters in the Italian Renaissance, by Christopher Hare. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Modern Germany and Her Historians, by Antoine Guiland. New York: McBride, Nast & Company. Price, \$2.25.

The Germans and Africa, by Evans Lewin. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Price, \$3.60.

John M. Synge, by John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.00.

The Life of Earle Williams, by Oren Clayton Reel. New York: The Shapkespeare Press. Price, \$1.25.

Marie Tarnowska, by Mrs. Chartres. London: Heinemann. Price, 6s. net.

Robert Hugh Benson, by Olive K. Parr. London: Hutchinson. Price, 3s. 6d. net.

FICTION

Nicky-Nan, Reservist, by Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.35.

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A Young Man's Year, by Anthony Hope. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.35.

Thirty, by Howard Vincent O'Brien. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Price, \$1.35.

The Young Man Absalom, by E. Charles Vivian. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, \$1.35.

Me: A Book of Remembrance, Anonymous. New York: The Century Company. Price, \$1.30.

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The Rainbow Trail, by Zane Grey. Toronto: Musson Book Company, Ltd. Price, \$1.50.

The Rose-Colored Room, by Maude Little. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.35.

The Brown Mouse, by Herbert Quick. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, \$1.25.

LITERATURE AND THE ARTS:
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In Pastures Green, by Peter McArthur. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.

A book full of the cheerful philosophy and subtle humor of a writer that requires no introduction to Canadian newspaper readers.

National Humor, by David Macrae. 12mo. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Price, \$1.75.

Patriotic Poems for the Young, selected by S. B. Tait. London: Chambers. 1s.

Poems of Peace and War, by Hubert Ord. London: St. Catherine Press.

The Silk Hat Soldier and Other Poems, by Richard Le Gallienne. London: Lane. Price, 1s. net.

Songs from the Clay, by James Stephens. Toronto: Macmillan

Poems of Kabir, translated by Rabindranath Tagore. Toronto: Macmillan

A Salute from the Fleet and Other Poems, by Alfred Noyes. London: Methuen. Price, 5s. net.

A Volume of Poems, by Maurice Maeterlinck. London: Methuen. Price, 5s. net.

Shakespeare on the Stage, by William Winter. Second series. Fully illustrated. Moffat, Yard & Co. \$3.

The second volume in a series devoted to the stage history of the plays of Shakespeare. It takes up the six plays, "Twelfth Night," "Romeo and Juliet," "As You Like It," "King Lear," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "Julius Caesar."

The Growth of English Drama, by Arnold Wynne. American Branch, Oxford University Press. \$1.15.

Beginning with the early church drama on the Continent, Mr. Wynne traces the development of the English drama from this starting point through the English miracle plays, moralities and interludes, the rise of comedy and tragedy and their growth, and finally treats fully of the Elizabethan stage.

The Dawn, by Emile Verhaeren. Introduction by Arthur Symons. Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.

A play by the famous Belgian poet.

Poems, by Emile Verhaeren. Translated by Alma Strettel. Gundy. \$1.

Comprises a selection of the Belgian poet's representative work, made and arranged by the translator, who contributes also a biographical preface.

The Færie Queene. Book I. Edited by Lilian Winstanley, M.A., sometime Fellow of the Victoria University of Manchester; Lecturer in English in the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth. Cambridge University Press.

This edition contains an important introduction. The historical interpretation of the allegory in Book I. is the most significant contribution the editor has made to Spenserian scholarship and should prove of

general interest. No pains have been spared to make it accurate. The volume is amply provided with notes.

The Conquering Jew, by John Foster Fraser. London: Cassell. Price, 6s.

Writers of the Day Series—

H. G. Wells, by J. D. Beresford.

Arnold Bennett, by F. J. Harvey Darton.

Anatole France, by W. L. George.

John Galsworthy, by Sheila Kaye-Smith.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward, by Stephen Gwynn, M.P. London: Nisbets. Price, 35c. net each.

Lord Selkirk's Work in Canada, by Chester Martin. Oxford University Press.

The Admirable Painter: A Study of Leonarda da Vinci, by A. J. Anderson. London: Stanley Paul. Price, 10s. 6d. net.

Critical Studies—

Bernard Shaw, by P. P. Howe.

Samuel Butler, by Gilbert Cannan.

W. B. Yeats, by Forrest Reid.

Rudyard Kipling, by Cyril Falls.

London: Secker. Price, 7s. 6d. net each.

The Royal Colonial Institute issues, as the first of its monographs, "Imperial Defence and Trade," by F. A. Kirkpatrick.

D. Appleton & Co. are bringing out at once three new books for boys: "The Lucky Seventh," by Ralph Henry Barbour; John Harbottle's "Finding His Stride," and Joseph A. Altshaler's "The Star of Gettysburg," the fifth volume in his Civil War Series.

Sturgis & Walton Company announce that they have just gone to press with fourth printings of "Constructive Rural Sociology," by Prof. J. M. Gillette, and "Neighborhood Entertainments," by Renee B. Stern. Third printings are announced of J. A. Lomax's "Cowboy Songs," L. W. Page's "Roads, Paths and Bridges," and Emily J. Putnam's "The Lady." A second edition of Dr. G. E. Partridge's "The Nervous Life" is also on press.

WE HOPE TO WIN

"We hope to win"? By God's help, "Yes";
Though of the "when" no man may guess,
Since there must yet be weary strain,
Alternate joy, alternate pain,
Till Victory come, at end, to bless!

But there are other wars that press,
Wars bred of fulness and excess,
Which—if we would our place maintain—
We hope to win!

There is the war with selfishness—
A sluggish fiend that doubts distress;
With hearts that fail and lips that feign;
With vice and drink and greed of gain—
These are the wars in which, not less,
We hope to win!

AUSTIN DOBSON, in *The Spectator*.

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VOL. I, No. 8

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1915

PRICE 10 CENTS
\$1.00 Per Annum

CANADIAN BOOKMAN

Registered, Canada, 1915

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HEAD OFFICE

IMPERIAL BANK BUILDING, Yonge & Queen Streets
TORONTO, CANADA

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Subscription

Canada, \$1; United States, \$1.50; Great Britain and Colonies, 4s. 6d.
elsewhere, 6s.

Notes and Comments

The publishing houses show signs of a steady revival of business after the depressing months of uncertainty that immediately succeeded the declaration of war in August of last year. The cautious and conservation policy that prevailed during the first twelve months of the war contributed very materially to the present upward trend which, in common with business generally, is being steadily maintained. The world of letters owes much to the courage and enterprise of publishing houses during these distracting times. The reading public has had eyes and fears for little else but war news, and yet it can be said that the quality of the publishers' output has maintained a very high level of excellence.

* * *

The autumn list of books includes some noteworthy volumes in biography and fiction. The war has been responsible for a big increase in books relating to the campaign and descriptive of the nations involved. Although the demand for general war literature shows signs of subsidence a tremendous interest is still displayed by the public in really good books that help to throw further light upon the questions involved.

* * *

Poetry has resumed its place in this time of crisis as a popular vehicle of thought. Some remarkably good verses have been published that will find a permanent place in the literature of the times.

* * *

Book gifts are entering more largely each year into the thoughts of those concerned as to the most suitable token of remembrance at this Christmas season. There is less disposition on the part of publishers to encourage extravagance, and beautiful works of art and books that gratify the taste are now on sale within the reach of the slenderest purse.

* * *

Mr. Arnold Bennett has visited the French and British fronts at the invitation of the respective Governments. He saw wonderful things, and in "Over There: War Scenes on the Western Front," he has reported them after his own manner, laying special stress on the ruin for which the Germans are famous, cities as Rheims, Arras and Ypres.

How I Began

BY PATRICK MACGILL, THE "NAVY POET," AUTHOR
OF "SONGS OF THE DEAD END"

MY earliest recollections take me back to a time when I was always hungry and when every meal taken between Lammas and Candlemas consisted of potatoes and buttermilk, and every meal taken between Candlemas and Lammas of buttermilk and Indian meal porridge. I was born in the county Donegal, the eldest of a family of ten; my people were very poor, the eternal rent of the croft seemed to be ever due; almost yearly the blight destroyed the potatoes and our hay-fields which lay near a river were generally flooded in autumn, with the result that the hay was often carried out to the sea. My mother used to knit socks for a rich yarn merchant in Glenties, the neighboring village. Working fourteen hours a day, summer and winter, she used to earn the princely wages of one penny farthing a day. A penny farthing a day amounted to a great deal at the end of the year, and it went a long way towards paying the rent. It is said that this merchant made three hundred thousand pounds on the knitting industry. One of my earliest poems was a rhymed appeal to this merchant asking him to give better prices to the knitters for their work.

At the age of twelve, when engaged as a farm-hand in the Irish midlands, my work there beginning at five in the morning and finishing at eleven in the evening, I wrote verses on the stars. My bedroom was an attic with a leaky roof, which allowed the rain to come and saturate my blankets during the wet weather. On a good night I could see the stars peeping in through the rents in the roof, and I wrote songs to each particular star when I had time. One day my master caught me writing a song when at work and threatened to give me the sack. After that, the star-songs came to an end.

At fourteen I came to Scotland and got work digging potatoes. I worked with a gang consisting of over a score of men and women, and we travelled about the country from one farm to another, sleeping in byres and pigsties and working through wet weather and dry.

At this time a great Home Rule demonstration was held in my native village, and hearing of it I wrote some verses in commemoration of the event. The verses appeared in a Nationalist publication, the "Derry Journal," and a few days afterwards Mr. Hugh A. Law, M.P., wrote to me congratulating me on my work. This was my first appearance in print.

Nothing more appeared from my pen for four years afterwards. At eighteen all the books I had ever read could be counted on the fingers of one

hand. Suddenly then, however, an insatiable desire to get on obsessed me, and I began to study French and German, but afterwards gave these languages up and set to study my own. Being at this time working on the Caledonian Railway, I wrote a long poem entitled "The Lady of the Line."

At that time my interests surged between wrestling and writing, but I gave up the former for good when a Japanese exponent of the art of jiu-jitsu defeated me in a contest lasting only forty-seven seconds. I got tired of railway work and literature at the same time, and having a leaning towards the roving life, I took to the roads and tramped through the country for quite a long while. But I worked sometimes when the mood seized me, and also wrote verses and read books whenever I could pick these latter up.

At nineteen I collected all the verses written by me and published them in a sixpenny brochure, under the title "Gleanings from a Navvy's Scrap Book." I was then stopping in a lodging house in Greenock, and having met with an accident was out of work. Having nothing better to do, I went round from door to door with my volumes and made about two-and-sixpence a day. One of the booklets fell into the hands of Dr. Neil Munro, and he gave me a long review in the "Glasgow Evening News." After that some of the books found their way to London. The "Westminster Review" gave me a long notice, and Andrew Lang gave me a half-page review in the Illustrated London News.

The first thousand copies sold out, a second thousand followed, and in all I sold over nine thousand copies of "Gleanings from a Navvy's Scrap Book." Following Dr. Munro's advice, I wrote verses for the Glasgow News, and got paid at the rate of three-and-sixpence a poem. A few articles on navvy life were accepted by the London press, and I found myself growing rapidly rich.

Mr. C. Arthur Pearson read my book and wrote asking me to come to London and take up a post on the editorial staff of the Daily Express. I answered, saying that, though I was a writer among navvies, I might be merely a navvy among writers, but he insisted that I should come and try my hand at journalism. I was easily induced and I went.

When in London I ventured to publish a second book of verse, dealing with those things of which I had first-hand knowledge. I told of the navvy, his life, the danger he dares, the work he performs and the death he dies. A shilling volume in paper covers, entitled "Songs of a Navvy," and published by myself, was the result. The volume met with a warm reception; one critic said that I was the greatest poet since Kipling, another that the poet of the age had come, and three thousand copies were sold in a few weeks. After these were sold I allowed the book to go out of print. A new volume, "Songs of the Dead End," was published soon afterwards by the Year Book Press, and this book is now selling well both in England and America.

The success of my short stories gave me courage and I wrote a long tale, "Children of the Dead End." When it was finished I sent it to Herbert Jenkins,

Limited. A fortnight afterwards the book was accepted. "Children of the Dead End" is largely autobiographical; it took three months to write and fifteen years to gather the material for it. But I have told how I began.

INDIAN SUMMER

Red moons that wax and wane, and in the air
A smell as of a fragrant smoke outpoured
From thuribles that swing before the Lord;
And little puffs of drowsy wind that bear
Tamarac odors, and the perfumes rare
Of pine and cedar! Rich as wine long-stored
Soft sunlight fills the day. Than miser's hoard
The jewelled leaves flash out in tints more fair.

The Red Gods call the woodsman; by the streams
The Indian's wigwam lonely waits. Afar
He seeks the happy hunting of his dreams
In magic vales beyond the horizon's bar;
Through the calm ether falls a whisper clear:
"Such peace is not of earth—God's heaven is near."

(REV.) JAMES B. DOLLARD.

SEA-SONG

[The following poem from the pen of a Toronto relative of Mr. W. B. Yeats, appeared in The University Magazine.]

I will go down to my sea again—to the waste of
waters, wild and wide;
I am tired—so tired—of hill and plain and the dull,
tame face of the countryside.

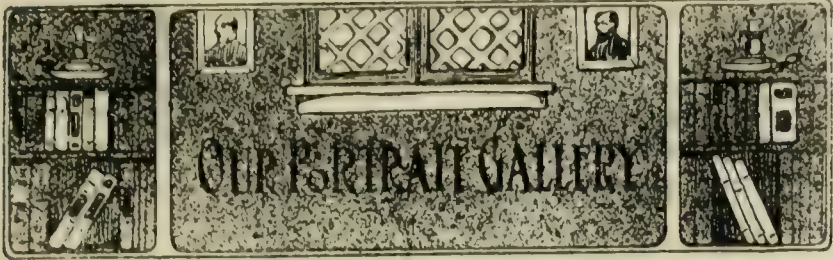
I will go out across the bar with a swoop like the
flight of a sea-bird's wings
To where the winds and the waters are, with their
multitudinous thunderings.

My prow shall furrow the whitening sea, out into the
teeth of the lashing wind,
Where a thousand billows snarl and flee and break in
a smother of foam behind.

O strong and terrible mother sea, let me lie once
more on your cool white breast,
Your winds have blown through the heart of me and
called me back from the land's dull rest.

For night by night they blow through my deep, the
voice of waves through my slumber rings,
I feel the spell of the steadfast deep; I hear its
trappings and triumphings.

And at last, when my hours of life are sped, let them
make me no grave by hill or plain;
Thy waves, O Mother, shall guard my head—I will
go down to my sea again.



GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM, in his recent volumes, has found in America a prolific source of inspiration, and his latest book, "Gossamer" (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart), is inspired by a trip across the Atlantic, in which Irish characters predominate. The author of "Spanish Gold" is amazingly productive, and yet one always finds his characters fresh and amusing. It is difficult to think of George A. Birmingham as a Canon of the Church of Ireland. As Rev. Canon James O. Hannay, he was for years rector of the parish of Westport, County Mayo, Ireland, and here he seems to have imbibed the Irish literary atmosphere with the western breezes of the Atlantic. Born in Belfast, in 1865, he reflects in his genial personality some of the paradoxes of Irish life. Of Unionist parentage he is a Home Ruler, and a warm supporter of the Gaelic League movement. In taking this stand he displayed great moral courage, for it was not fashionable, ten years ago, as it is to-day, for Protestants to be on the side of the Irish people. His intimate knowledge of both sides of politics in Ireland has made him rather critical of all politicians. His political novels are handbooks on the Irish question to those who can read between the lines. "The Red Hand of Ulster," for example is a most illuminating commentary on Irish affairs which to outsiders are so puzzling. His "Spanish Gold" made him famous in the circulating libraries. Before that he was well-known to the elect in his own country.

"General John Regan" extended his circle of admirers and to-day there are few writers better known on both sides of the Atlantic. Writing of him about a year ago in *THE BOOKMAN* Mr. St. John G. Ervine, the author of that remarkable delineation of the Ulster character, "Mrs. Martin's Man," says of Canon Hannay: "I discover in his writing a tremendous tolerance of all sorts and conditions of men. When a Belfast man is tolerant, he is extremely tolerant. That is the one paradox he permits to himself. Canon Hannay is a tolerant Belfast man, and, like all tolerant men, he is slightly cynical in his views. A man who can tolerate all men must be in a position to see the humbug and folly of them, as well as the sincerity and wisdom. The chief note in his writing is one of tolerant and dispassionate criticism."

His humour is of a type that is intolerant of snobbery. "When Canon Hanny sees a pompous person," says Mr. St. John G. Ervine, "he has the common Irish desire to upset his dignity. Mr. Shaw has it, too. We all have it. We dearly love to pull the leg of an Englishman, but Canon Hannay is worse than most of us, for he will even pull the gaiters of a bishop."

Like most writers his work is uneven in quality, but it is a long time since Ireland produced a humorist so racy of the soil and so delightfully piquant in his criticisms of his own countrymen.

War-Time Reading

BY A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK

In his weekly London Letter in *The Boston Transcript*, Mr. Adcock says:

"I was talking on this subject to one of our prominent publishers the other day, and he said nothing had surprised him more than the markedly increased interest the public has taken in poetry since the war has been upon us. 'I was publishing a series of very clever plays of the distinctly modern kind and they were selling remarkably well,' he said, 'but the sales fell off rapidly when the war started, and in the last few months have so completely stopped that I have discontinued the series for the present. There is still a reasonable demand for general literature of a serious or scholastic kind, but on the whole the books that are sellings are books that in some way deal with the war; novels of almost all sorts except those of the rather sordid psychological type that were in vogue down to August, 1914; and poetry. There has been a significant increase in the demand for several of the great poets of the past, and new poetry, if it is the real thing and natural and human in its appeal, wins a wider hearing nowadays than has been usual with us. After all, it is what one might have expected. The war has made a vast difference; it has knocked a lot of the nonsense out of people, and they have no use now for the poseur and the merely self-conscious artist, however brilliant he may be. The pretty or fantastic affectations that pleased us when we were only playing at life can't satisfy us now. We are up against tragic realities and they have turned us again into simple men and women, and it is the books that appeal to the emotions or to the common humanity in us that are generally asked for in these days. That, at all events, is my experience.'"

None of the other new poetry has met with a reception comparable with the enthusiastic admiration that has greeted Rupert Brooke's "1914 and Other Poems," but none of the other has been so nobly inspired, and none of the other has come to us haloed by the poignant story of the poet's death—and, of course, that story of his death out at the Dardanelles has given an impetus to the sale of his book. I hear that it is still selling wonderfully, and am not surprised to learn that certain of its poems have found such favor with the men in the fighting line that the publishers, Sidgwick & Jackson, have decided to reissue the war sonnets from it in a small, separate booklet, which is likely to be a popular gift this Christmas among soldiers at home and in the trenches. Not the sort of gift that would have been very acceptable to our armies on former campaigns. But this is no ordinary war, and our fighting men are no ordinary Tommy Atkinses.

Mamua, when our laughter ends,
And hearts and bodies, brown as white,
Are dust above the doors of friends,
Or scent ablowing down the night,
Then, oh, then, the wise agree,
Comes our immortality,
Mamua, there waits a land
Hard for us to understand,
Out of time, beyond the sun.
All are one in paradise,
You and Pupure are one,
And Tau, and the ungainly wise.
There the Eternals are, and there
The Good, the Lovely and the True,
And Types, whose earthly copies were
The foolish, broken things we knew;
There's the Face, whose ghosts we are;
The real, the never-setting Star;
And the Flower, of which we love
Faint and fading shadows here;
Never a tear, but only Grief;
Dance, but not the limbs that move;
Songs in Song shall disappear;
Instead of lovers, Love shall be;
For hearts, Immutability;
And there, on the Ideal reef
Thunders the Everlasting Sea!

Rupert Brooke



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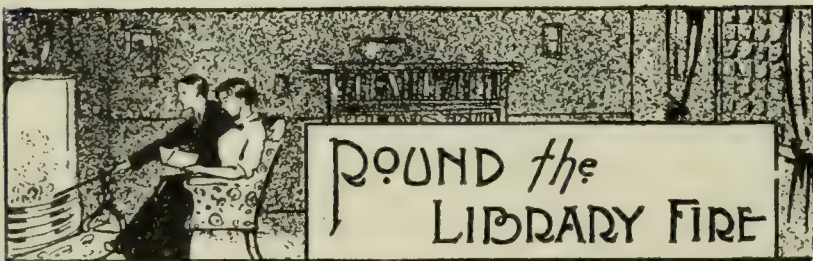
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AT ALL BOOKSELLERS

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THE war continues to provide a theme for writers, and the publication of books relating to the European campaign shows no falling off. In point of general interest the war is easily first wherever two or three meet together in conversation. There were times when it was feared that public interest would be killed by the vigorous censorship enforced, but the demand for war books is well ahead of the supply. The war is still the biggest thing in human history. What else matters if Germany wins? And so men and women when they meet find in the stirring events at the front a mutual rallying ground. When the newspapers fail to provide decisive victories conversation is stimulated by the introduction of the latest book.

One of the most gripping stories of the fighting is Mr. Frederick Palmer's volume, "My Year of the Great War," (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Limited). Mr. Palmer had exceptional opportunities, as an American war correspondent, for the portrayal of life at the front. With photographic vividness he sketches the daily round of the fighting

men on land and sea, interlarded with shrewd observations that evidence a penetrating insight into the psychology of war.

Another book that should be read is "The Soul of the War," from the same publishers, by Phillip Gibbs. The author is a well-known London journalist who was in Belgium when war broke out and was an eye-witness of the horrors that followed the German invasion. Of all the books written on the war I like that of Gibbs' best. His style is attractive, he marshals his facts in historical sequence and paints in vivid colors, with the skill of the true artist, the diabolical crimes of the German army as it swept with irresistible force to the banks of the Marne in the early days of the war. It is a book that can be taken up at intervals and is always fresh in its impressions of the tragedies of armed conflict.

Still another volume, by a lady who remained in her home on the banks of the Marne during the most critical period of the war is "A Hilltop of the Marne," by Mildrid Aldrich (Musson Book Co.). It is a charming little book, chatty and entertaining, and views war from a new angle of view—that of a woman who, in the midst of her domestic duties, and the delights of a beautiful landscape is suddenly engulfed in the tidal wave of the retreat from Mons and Charleroi, hears the explosions as the retiring Allied divisions cross the Marne in safety and

destroy the bridges behind them, and then witnesses with unnerving suspense the turn of the tide as the Allied armies recoil, driving back the Hun almost from the gates of Paris.

A book which many Canadians will treasure as a memento of the war is "With the First Canadian Contingent" (the Musson Book Co.). It is published on behalf of the Canadian Field Comforts Commission, and records numerous photos and appropriate contributions in prose and verse, the mobilization, training, and actual experience at the front of the men who shed undying glory on their country at Langemarck, St. Julien and Festubert. Of the brave men who sleep on foreign soil, Rev. Canon F. G. Scott writes near Ypres:

"The anguish and the pain have passed
And peace hath come to them at last,
But in the stern looks linger still
The iron purpose and the will.

"Dear Christ, who reign'st above the flood
Of human tears and human blood,
A weary road these men have trod,
Oh, house them in the home of God."

"With the First Canadian Contingent" is particularly valuable for the selection it contains of letters from the front. Here the reader gets into intimate touch with the soldier at the front. No war correspondent can supply the color and atmosphere which these letters reflect. They are human documents which will be read when many of the war books have been forgotten.

AN OLD FOGGY.

CHRISTMAS EVE

BY ALFRED GORDON

'Tis Christmas Eve, when all men bow before
The Incarnate Christ! The Prince of Peace! Ah me!
How full of iron is the tragedy
With all professing Him fast-locked in War.
How long, how long, we bitterly implore,
Shall this affliction of Christ's servants be?
And we forget, in our extremity,
Man's boast that might must rule for evermore.

"Peace upon earth." Nay, only peace within
Earth's very bosom doth man's striving know;
And still Christ's reign shall verily begin
There shall not cease the ensanguined rivers' flow;
But now, O Winter, for one night, our sin,
Though red like crimson, make as white as snow.



John M. Synge

PEN-PICTURES OF THE GREAT IRISH DRAMATIST

"THE couplet: 'But they are rotten (I ask their pardon), and we've the sun on rock and garden,' gives me, whenever I read it, the feeling that he is in the room, looking up with his hard, quick, guttural laugh and kindling eyes, from the rolling of a cigarette."

In a volume of personal recollections (published by Macmillan), Mr. Masefield brings the world into close contact with the author of "Deirdre of the Sorrows" and "The Playboy of the Western World," whose death, in 1909, robbed Ireland of a most promising life, and literature of one who, in the judgment of many competent critics, was the greatest writer since the days of Shakespeare. His output is small, and his masterpiece, "Deirdre of the Sorrows," was unfinished, death intervening.

Born near Dublin, Ireland, in 1871, Synge was from his earliest days of a delicate constitution and spent most of his youth in Annamoe, County Wicklow, a county lavish of scenic beauty and rich in antiquarian remains. In this delightfully romantic spot young Synge spent his summer holidays and received his first impressions of life that to him held so much of tragedy. Not far from Annamoe is the old home of Charles Stewart Parnell, with its wealth of scenery in mountain, stream and valley; the famous Seven Churches, the Vale of Avoca where—"There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet." and other delightful places that could not fail to leave a lasting influence on such an impressionistic mind. Synge reflects in his works the tragedies of his country. In County Wicklow, a veritable Garden of Eden, one is oppressed by the deep silence, broken only by the gurgling brook or the lowing of cattle. It is thinly populated and its mountain peaks look down on no industrial towns. In after years Synge caught the deeper meaning of the Irish tragedy in Aran Islands, to which he went at the urgent request of Yeats. It is this grey background with its pent-up human emotions breaking out in revolt against the bitter pangs of life that find expression in "Riders to the Sea," and "The Shadow of the Glen." Mr. Robert Lynd, the well-known literary critic, writes of Synge:

"In his early enthusiasm, when he first began to write about Ireland, he seemed to get near the large and simple and elemental things in the people around him, and in 'Riders to the Sea,' he gave us a tragic rearrangement of life whose appeal is universal and which is written in imaginative prose of a texture without an exact parallel in literature."

It was in 1903 that Masefield first met Synge and so little known was the latter at that period that Masefield for a time labored under the impression

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NOTE: A Beautiful Holiday Catalogue with Fuller Descriptions of the Books on this Page, and many others, will be sent Free on Request by Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N.Y.

 **DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.** 

that the man with the dark haunting face who sat in the rush-bottomed chair, was an Irish politician. But Synge had none of the loquacity of the traditional Irish politician.

"I had known a good many Irish people, but they had all been vivacious and picturesque, rapid in intellectual argument, and vague about life. There was nothing vivacious, picturesque, rapid or vague about Synge. The rush-bottomed chair next to him was filled by talker after talker, but Synge was not talking, he was answering."

"But for his humorous mouth, the kindling in the eyes and something not robust in his build, he would have been more like a Scotchman than an Irishman." His voice, "very guttural and quick, with a kind of lively bitterness in it, was of a kind of Irish voice new to me at that time."

Of the man himself Masfield recalls the impression Synge's appearance first created as that of a "strange personality." As he sat smoking, looking on while others talked, "gravely watching, gravely summing up, with a brilliant malice, the fools and wise ones 'inside' the circle there was something in his air that 'gave one the fancy that his face was dark from gravity." He had a rather thick and heavy moustache, reminiscent of Dr. Douglas Hyde, and on his lower lip was a tuft of hair, too small to be called a goatee. "The face was pale, the cheeks rather drawn," and "rather seamed and old-looking." The eyes were "smoky and kindling," and the "mouth had a great play of humor on it."

Mr. Masfield's sketch is an intimate pen-picture of a genius who was already under sentence of death, and to whom life made a strong appeal. When working he composed directly upon a type-writer. He worked rather slowly, and very carefully, writing and re-writing his plays. Some of the few books near him as he wrote were by M. Pierre Loti. He regarded M. Loti as the best living prose writer. His favorite author was Racine. The influence of Loti is seen in Synge's book on the Aran Islands.

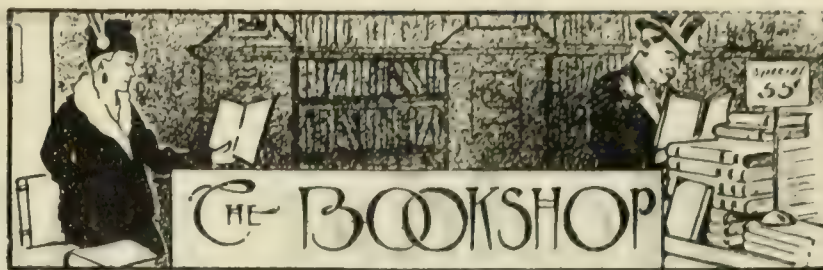
Of the great dramatist's work Mr. Masfield writes:

"His mind was perhaps a little like Shakespeare's. We do not know what Shakespeare thought; I do not know what Synge thought. I don't believe anybody knew, or thinks he knows." Though Synge's plays, to some, appear rather cynical, he was not cynical in himself. "They seem heartless at first sight. The abundant malicious zest in them gives them an air of cruelty. But in the plays, Synge did with his personality as he did in his daily life. He buried his meaning deep. He covered his tragedy with mockeries."

Ireland has given some great men to literature, but none greater than John Millington Synge who loved life and who was too intensely interested in life to be busy with the affairs of life or the criticism of life. It may be said of him as Matthew Arnold wrote of Goethe:

"He took the suffering human race,
He read each wound, each weakness clear—
And struck his finger on the place
And said—'Thou ailest here and here.'"

THE BOOKWORM.



The Hudson Bay Road, by A. H. de Tremaudan. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. Price, \$2.25.

The publishers as well as the author are to be congratulated on this most valuable contribution to Canadian books of the year. A member of the Manitoba Bar, the author was for two years editor of *The Herald at the Pas*. In a most attractive and exhaustive manner the book covers the early history of the country between Pas, Manitoba, and Port Nelson, as well as the work of railway construction. He also deals with the geological features of the country, its climate and natural resources. Over thirty maps and half-tone illustrations enable the reader to grasp the potentialities of this vast area, which is being opened up by the Hudson Bay railway.

Everyman's Library. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. Price, \$0.00 each.

Twelve new volumes have been added to this famous series and the selection of new books adds some valuable works to the Library. These include the two volumes of Green's *Short History of the English People*, edited and revised by L. Cecil Jane, with an appendix by R. P. Farley, B.A., which brings the history down to the end of the nineteenth century. Other volumes include Dickens' "Edwin Drood," Gogol's "Dead Souls," Balzac's "Ursule Minouet," (with introduction by George Saintsbury), and translations of some of Ibsen's works. "Everyman's" keeps up its reputation as one of the great benefactors of the age.

The Fall of Mary Stuart, by Frank A. Mumby. Toronto: Oxford University Press. Price, \$3.50.

The period covered in Mr. Mumby's new book embraces the marriage with Darnley, the assassination of Mary's Piedmontese favourite Rizzio, the birth of James VI., the murder of Darnley and the mystery of the Casket letters, the marriage with Bothwell and its tragic sequel in the imprisonment of Mary in Lochleven, her escape and her defeat at Langside, and finally her crushing disillusionment, on seeking safety in England, to find that she had only exchanged one prison for another.

In Pastures Green, by Peter McArthur. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. Price, \$1.50.

Poet, humorist, and philosopher, Peter McArthur has won a warm place for himself in the hearts of Canadian readers. On his farm he finds time, as well as subjects, for his witty pen. These charming essays deal with life on the farm, and his rare fund of human sympathies oozes out on every page. The introduction gives the key to the green fields of rich pastures beyond and in it the reader comes face to face with the author who fairly bubbles over with irrepressible humor.

Bernard Shaw, the Twentieth Century Moliere, by Augustin Hamon, with Four Portraits. Translated from the 3rd French edition by Eden and Cedar Paul. Toronto: Oxford University Press. Price, \$2.50.

M. Hamon is a French writer of note, author of *La Psychologie du Militaire Professionnel* (translated into most European languages and also into Japanese), *Determinisme et Responsabilite*, and numerous other works of advanced tendency. A most original and entertaining work. Among the many that have been published on Shaw, this volume ranks high.

Ireland: Vital Hour, by Arthur Lynch, M.P. Toronto: Oxford University Press. Price, 10s. 6d. net.

Here at length, is a fearless and illuminating book, written with inside knowledge of Irish politics. The author has had opportunity given to few of possessing essential knowledge of Irish organizations. As leader of the Irish brigade in the Boer war, sentenced to die and afterwards reprieved, Colonel Lynch is one of the most intellectual and picturesque figures in public life in Britain.

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This valuable series will include, in addition to this volume, a second volume on the course of the war and a third on the conclusion of peace. Professor Stowell gives promise in the first volume of a monumental work from his pen when the series is completed. As an authority on international politics he provides in the present book a most exhaustive study of the negotiations preceding the war. Those who criticize British diplomacy should ponder over these words:

"It now appears how perfect was the British diplomacy in taking advantage of the Belgian question on that critical Friday morning, July 31st. At one stroke Sir Edward Grey showed Germany's designs, secured an opportunity to urge upon Belgium a timely resistance, united the Cabinet and the country against Germany, intervened in good season for the defence of the balance of power, and came to the aid of the Entente soon enough to be sure of the gratitude of Russia and France; yet he had also succeeded in holding off both sides long enough to try the effect of every inducement for peace he could bring forward."

The author's conclusion regarding Sir Edward Grey is emphatic, and it will be endorsed by every student of the events that led up to the war. "It is my opinion that instead of heaping blame on Sir Edward Grey we should accord him the Nobel Peace Prize for his active and intelligent work to preserve peace." The author effectively disposes of the contention of some critics that Britain used the Belgian neutrality question as a hypocritical pretext for going to war with Germany.

The Life of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal. Edited by Beckles Willson. Toronto: Cassell & Co., Ltd. Price, \$5.00.

This is the authorized life of the great pioneer, railway builder, financier and philanthropist who died in harness as the Canadian High Commissioner. There is no more romantic page in Canadian history than that which records the struggles of Donald Smith in the Northwest. He was a big man, a towering giant who in the amassing of a huge private fortune strengthened the foundations of Canadian prosperity and Imperial greatness. Mr. Willson has done his work admirably, and has displayed rare judgment in the use made of the documents at his disposal.

The Royal Marriage Market of Europe, by Princess Catherine Radziwill. Toronto: Cassell & Co., Ltd. Price, \$2.25.

The effects of Royal marriages upon the international affairs of Europe is a timely subject in view of the part played by the Queen of Greece. The author writes from inside knowledge of life in the highest circles and her book is racy and informative. The inner history of the marriages of the Habsburgs, Hohenzollerns and other Royal Houses provides a topic around which the author weaves a multitude of reminiscences of absorbing interest at the present juncture of European affairs.

The Freelanders, by John Galsworthy. London: Heinemann. Price, 6s.

This novel treats of England a year before the war. The social struggle provided a theme of great importance before the bugle sounded to battle. It seems a long cry back to the year 1913 and the tied-cottage system against which the novelist inveighs now that the Great War obsesses men's minds. His characters are drawn with the artistic delicacy characteristic of Mr. Galsworthy. He strikes a somewhat pessimistic note which the trend of reform in England at that period scarcely justified.

The Accolade, by Ethel Sidgwick. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. Price, \$1.25.

A delightful study of two forms of egoism in the characters of John Ingestre and his wife, varied and enlivened by moving incidents and the introduction of most interesting and attractive people.

Nietzsche and the Ideals of Modern Germany, by Herbert Leslie Stewart, M.A. (Oxon.), D.Ph., Professor of Philosophy in Dalhousie University, Halifax, Nova Scotia. Formerly John Locke Scholar in mental philosophy, University of Oxford, London: Edward Arnold. Price, 7s. 6d. net.

A series of brilliant lectures on the key to the enigma of Germany, and in which the author shows that, while few persons are foolish enough to believe that the prophet of "Zarathustra" made the war, Nietzsche "enforced with singular effectiveness just those doctrines of immortalism which Prussia has put into execution."

The Modern Study of Literature, by Richard Green Moulton. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. Price, \$2.50 net.

The book offers a most carefully chosen and well-blanced presentation of the poetic works of Americans, covering the entire period of their history.

The Sorrows of Belgium. A play in six scenes. By Leonid Andreyev, author of "Anathema," "The Seven Who Were Hanged," etc. Authorized translation by Herman Bernstein. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd. Price, \$1.25 net.

Devastated Belgium is the subject of this play by a writer whose past contributions to literature have put him in the class with Dostoevski, Tolstoy and Gorky.

Rivers to the Sea, by Sara Teasdale. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada. Price, \$1.25.

A delightful book of verse. The volume opens with a sequence of love lyrics which, taken together unfold an interesting romance. Each lyric is complete in itself, and possesses a quaint simplicity and human quality.

The Song of Hugh Glass, by John G. Neihardt. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd.

The adventurous life of the pioneers of the west celebrated in narrative verse.

The Faithful, by John Masefield. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd.

A volume of characteristic poems.

The Human Side, by U. N. C. Dudley, with illustrations by H. W. Cooper. Canadian War Press.

A profoundly sympathetic and a far-resounding note is struck by a new Canadian writer, U. N. C. Dudley, in "The Human Side," the first book to reflect "Canada's relation to the fate of the liberty of the world" through her participation in the present war.

Dramatic Works, Volume VI., by Gerhard Hauptmann. B. W. Huesch. Price, \$1.50 net.

Parsival, by Gerhard Hauptmann. Authorized translation by Oakley Williams. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd. Price, \$1.00.

The great German dramatist retells the famous story as an allegory of life with an application to modern conditions.

Painless Childbirth in Twilight Sleep, by Hanna Rion. Illustrated. Toronto: Oxford University Press. Price, \$2.00.

Being a complete history of Twilight Sleep from its beginning in 1903 to its present development in 1915, including its successful use in Great Britain to-day, with all the important medical records of the doctors who have employed the method, as well as the personal accounts of mothers who have experienced painless childbirth.

The Rose-colored Room, by Maude Little. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. Price, \$1.25.

This novel has been greatly praised by the London reviewers and deserves the encomiums that have been bestowed on it as a book of exceptional merit as a work of art.

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WAR LITERATURE

The Soul of Europe, by Joseph McCabe, author of "Treitschke and the Great War," etc. Toronto: Oxford University Press. Price, \$3.50.

The course of the great European war has brought surprises which remind us how little the peoples of Europe know each other. Germany has blundered into defeat largely through her ignorance of moral factors—of the spirit of Belgium, for instance, and the moral temper of England. Serbia and Russia have equally surprised friend and foe, and the unanimity of the German people in an evil mood has astonished those who believed in the existence of a German peace party. There is need for a special psychological study of each of the fighting nations, in the spirit of the modern sciences of the psychology of peoples.

Russia of To-day, by J. Foster Fraser. Toronto: Cassel & Co., Ltd. Price (illustrated), \$1.50.

A Surgeon in Khaki, by A. A. Martin, M.D. London: Edwin Arnold. Price, 10s. 6d. net.

The World's Highway, by Norman Angell. Toronto: The Musson Book Co. Price, \$1.50 net.

Paris Reborn, by Herbert Adams Gibbons. Illustrated. New York: The Century Co. Price, \$2.00 net.

With the Russian Army: Being the Experiences of a National Guardsman at the Front, by Major Robert R. McCormick. Illustrated. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd.

Nationality and the War, by Arnold J. Toynbee. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons. Price, \$2.25 net.

Oxford Pamphlets. Toronto: Oxford University Press.

Twenty-one pamphlets on war themes have been added to the previous lists since April.

Punch Cartoons of the Great War. Toronto: The Musson Book Co. Price, \$1.50.

A collection of the most amusing cartoons in London Punch since the outbreak of war.

The Book of France. Edited by Winifred Stephens. Illustrated. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd. Price, \$2.00.

Over There: Scenes of the War, by Arnold Bennet, with etchings by Walter Hale. New York: George H. Doran Co. Price, \$1.25 net.

My Year of the Great War, by Frederick Palmer. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart. Price, \$1.50 net.

The War Lords, by A. G. Gardiner. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. Price, 30 cents.

Nelson's History of the War, by John Buchan. Vols. I to VII.

FICTION

The Little Iliad, by Maurice Hewlett. Illustrated by Sir Philip Burne-Jones, Bart. Toronto: S. B. Gundy. Price, \$1.35.

Gossamer, by George A. Birmingham. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart. Price, \$1.25 net.

Plashers Mead, by Compton Mackenzie. New York: Harper & Bros. Price, \$1.50.

Beltane the Smith, by Jeffery Farnol. Illustrated by Arthur Becher. Toronto: The Musson Book Co. Price, \$1.35.

Kings, Queens and Pawns, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. New York: George H. Doran Co. Price, \$1.50 net.

The Rat-Pit, by Patrick MacGill, the Navvy-Poet. New York: George H. Doran Co. Price, \$1.25.

The Way of These Women, by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Illustrated by C. H. Taffs. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price, \$1.35.

Eltham House, by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Colored frontispiece by Frank Crane. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Ltd. Price, \$1.35.

The Research Magnificent, by G. H. Wells. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada. Price, \$1.50.

GIFT BOOKS

With the First Canadian Contingent. Published in aid of The Canadian Field Comforts Commission. Toronto: The Musson Book Co. Price, 75 cents.

One of the most attractive gift books of the season. Pictures of the lads who made history at St. Julien, Langemarck and Festubert. Over a hundred pictures convey in more graphic detail than any pen could illustrate the history of the First Contingent, from the time it was organized at Valcartier to its arrival in the front trenches. The book is a beautiful work of art and is a companion volume to the Princess Mary and King Albert gift books already published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton and The Musson Book Company.

The "Lucy Kemp-Welch" Edition of Black Beauty, by Anna Sewell. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons. Price, \$1.80.

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Mother Goose. Toronto: McLeod & Allen. Price, \$2.00.
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The Blinded Soldiers and Sailors' Gift Book. Published in aid of the British Soldiers and Sailors blinded in the war. Illustrated. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, \$1.25.

Edmund Dulac's Picture Book for the French Red Cross. With 16 separately mounted plates in color, by Edmund Dulac. All profits on sale to French Red Cross Fund. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, \$1.25.

The Land of My Fathers. A Welsh Gift Book. Edited by Professor Morris Jones and Professor Lewis Jones. Illustrated in color and black and white by famous living Welsh artists. All profits on sale given to the National Fund for Welsh Troops. Toronto: The Musson Book Co. Price, \$1.00.

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Melba's Gift Book of Australian Art and Literature. Profusely illustrated. All profits on its sale will be devoted by Madame Melba to the Belgian Relief Fund. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, \$1.25.

Black Beauty, by Anna Sewell: The Lucy Kemp-Welch Edition. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. Price, \$1.80.

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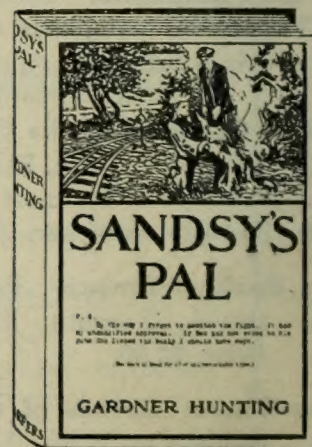
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